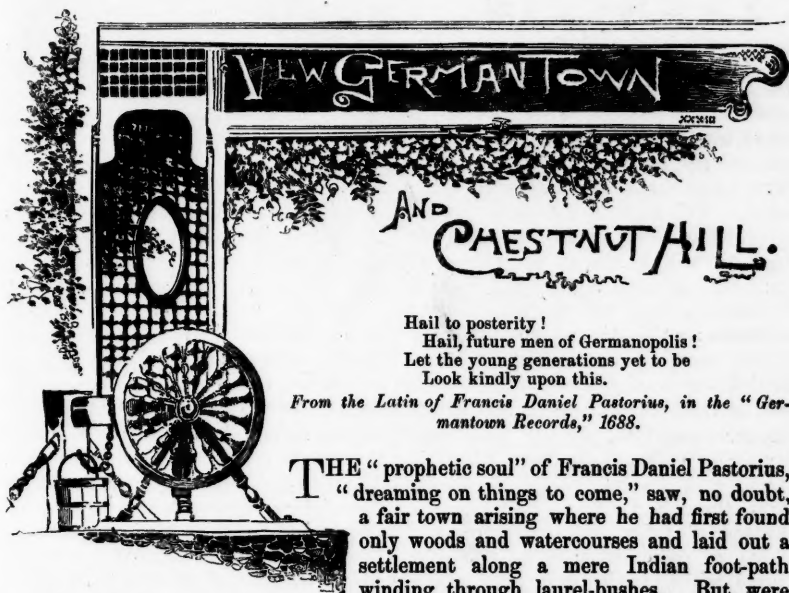


LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.



THE "prophetic soul" of Francis Daniel Pastorius, "dreaming on things to come," saw, no doubt, a fair town arising where he had first found only woods and watercourses and laid out a settlement along a mere Indian foot-path winding through laurel-bushes. But, were his disembodied spirit to revisit the scenes of his earthly ministrations and behold what two centuries have accomplished for his "Germanopolis," he might—that is, if he still judged by the mortal gauge of skill and effort—feel a glad amazement at the wisdom of his own foresight. Nor would he encounter any rude shock of surprise at the changes which have taken place; for not much of what was ancient and time-honored in Germantown and Chestnut Hill has been swept away by modern innovations. Little has needed to be crowded out to make room for the new. Not only have all the characteristic features which gave beauty to the landscape been preserved, but their effect has been heightened by the opening of fresh vistas and the added human interest of pretty and comfortable habitations.

The site of Germantown and Chestnut Hill was extremely well chosen, both with a view to their own internal resources and to their becoming the sub-

urb of a populous city. The outlying region, from the first, naturally belonged to Philadelphia, being placed on a long ridge rising from the heart of the city and extending between the valley of the Wissahickon and a wide rolling plain bordered by the Cheltenham Hills and other heights,—a ridge along which the ascent is so gradual that it is only after reaching the eminence of Chestnut Hill, and seeing the noble view it commands far across the Whitemarsh valley to the distant hills withdrawn into haze, that one realizes the height of the elevation attained. Germantown Road, ten miles long, runs in a tolerably straight line through this populous suburb, dividing it longitudinally into two sections, while two railroads, one of them nearly the oldest in the country and the other still unfinished, intersecting each other at the start and nearly meeting at the terminus, form a loop that skirts and engirdles the whole. This region is laid out in squares, street after street diversified and made beautiful with houses whose architecture runs into such striking irregularities that it creates a fresh interest from its very contrasts; while, with all this adherence to the accepted forms which a thickly-settled community necessitates, one is within reach of a rural country full of the most delightful pictures. An infinity of by-roads diverge from Township Line, each leading toward the breezy hills, through woodlands and pastures, hedges of brier and hawthorn, and fields of grain, in a grand sweep of curve which in its downward course takes in the Wissahickon road. To have a thing of beauty like the Wissahickon for a joy forever is in itself a priceless possession for Germantown and Chestnut Hill, the more so that the romantic features of the stream and its surroundings are likely to remain forever what they are now, secure against the accidents of time. Belonging, as the creek now does, to Fairmount Park, and no longer forced to be lashed by water-wheels and broken up to make water-falls and weirs, the same sanctification and peace which the early settlers found in its shady retreats when they

used it for a baptistery may be found in its lovely haunts still. The masses of hemlocks, oaks, chestnuts, and maples which overhang the stream, clothing the steep ramparts which rise above it from base to top, are not to be ravished and spoiled by lumbermen and tanners. They are inviolate, and nature has set her seal upon them and made them rich in beauty.

Although the community which Pastorius planted grew in wealth and prosperity and felt the full force of the currents of change, a liking for the serious, the substantial, the permanent, always remained with them, and has never been lost. Accordingly, the rugged architecture of the primitive settlers, their cement and stucco, their imperishable stone walls, have remained to give dignity of motive and truth of sentiment to the prodigality of modern fancy and the many-sided varieties of expression which modern life embodies. A beautiful town cannot be created off-hand. It requires, in the first place, generation after generation of people abiding in the same place to lay the foundations of the picturesque in art and life. Nature withdraws herself from all crude and hasty processes, and is slow in her adhesion to man's undertakings. She must be propitiated by long and patient service before she approaches his habitations after once being driven away. The best landscape-gardener cannot induce her to advance a step beyond her dainty inclination. But, most fortunately, Germantown settlers were never foes to nature, and invaded as little as might be her ancient solitudes with axe or brand. Thus the grand and steadfast forms of the old trees have gone on lifting their stately tops high in air, renewing their strength and beauty year by year by their deep and inscrutable processes, until, quite undisturbed by the changes going on at their feet, they find themselves without protest bending over the dwellings of men. In many of the park-like grounds of the new places one comes upon a gush of blue wood-violets along the sod and finds tufts of anemones and hepaticas at the roots of the great oaks and chestnuts.

The new Germantown which has grown up against the background of the old is a many-sided place. Since everything has been wrought in stone or stucco, one may study to advantage the

various phases of architecture, beginning at the earliest period, when all the houses had pent-roofs running above the lower doors and windows. These pent-roofs were no doubt intended as a shelter from



the weather. Shakespeare makes more than one mention of them :

This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand,

Gratiano says, when assisting his friend to despoil the rich Jew of his ducats and his daughter. These houses, well planned and substantially built, were gradually improved into a style that left little to be desired so far as the aspect of dignity and tranquillity was concerned. They were succeeded by an entirely unpretentious form, that of a long, low, comfortable homestead, many-windowed, which, with ivy and other creepers, took on peculiar picturesqueness when well set with fine trees about it. A striving for the classic brought Grecian porticos and columns into occasional play ; then followed the ecclesiastical, or Gothic, with elaborate roof-supports, filigreed and with arabesque ornamentation, while some fancy for the striking and romantic suggested towers and pinnacles, until the mansard roof carried all architects and builders along with it for a time. At least one place in Germantown shows a clear

MR. T. M. STEWART'S HOUSE, CHESTNUT HILL.

study of Italian architecture, and, with its wide expanse of front, its turrets and high campanile, where a silver-voiced clock chimes the hour, produces a very stately appearance. This breadth of effect gained in connection with avenues and shrubberies is much to be desired in country-houses, which should be wrought into the very speech of the landscape. A good instance of this may be found in the residence of Mr. James A. Wright, on Township Line, where every part of the building tells, each gable, bow, projection, and chimney

standing out and helping by every angle and variation to produce a perfect harmony with the closely-neighboring oaks and chestnuts.

It is not often that a prevalent fashion of architecture can be equally well handled among trees and among rows of houses. The renaissance of the old English, attended by the various modifications of the "Queen Anne" or the "Free Classic," was a happy event for places like Germantown and Chestnut Hill, where not only are there admirable sites, but neither architect nor builder desires any cheapening of effects. This style possesses, indeed, marvellous facilities for adaptation: it may be used to renovate and modernize any kind of house; it may be given with good effect under almost any circumstances, whether on a street crowded among others or in an isolated position among trees and lawns. It offers not only the greatest varieties of accepted forms to the architect, but allows him as well individual and poetic expression of his own taste, and is so pliant to the hand of a master that the most widely differing elements, seemingly foreign and even antagonistic, may be merged in it with the happiest effect.

Nothing could better show the whim and the paradox which lurk in the meanings of this architectural renaissance than the house of Mr. T. M. Stewart, at Chestnut Hill. It stands on a slope commanding a fine view of the broad, slow rise of the valley toward the hills, and has room to show itself from many points of view, each of which discloses new features. It is the lightest and airiest of Queen Anne houses, its red roof broken into every striking irregularity which turret and gable can make; and this villa is planted as it were on the battlemented walls of a mediæval castle, whose stone parapets frown over the narrow slits which make the lower windows. A high chimney of gray stone, its whole length visible, in itself a fine feature of the structure, makes one corner; a stately arch, fit for a portcullis, adds the rich effect which only an arch can give, and deepens the impression

of great massiveness running counter to the delicate modern prettiness of conception. Whence we may gather that there exist no fixed laws in modern architecture, and that we may expect almost every modification of form which sentiment, circumstances, and individual taste may suggest when offered entire free play. Two houses on Green Street, Germantown, said to have been modelled after some ancient houses in Chester, England, furnish an instance of the worth of a revival which breaks up the uniformity of a regular street with striking and picturesque form and agreeable color, without the heightening effect of a fine position and spacious grounds.

The Queen Anne style affords ample opportunities for the tendencies of modern art, and flatters at every point the vagaries of that very fluctuating principle called æsthetic taste. It is at once simple and intricate. It permits entire plainness, yet may be carried out with the costly details which endear it to those who love domestic magnificence. Its leading idea is not to treat the essential details of buildings too meagrely, but to give poetry to a door or a window, to enrich the fireplace, not only to lend charm to the little nooks and corners, but to make them useful; to show the chimney outside, breaking it up into various shafts, not disregarding the claims of a single flue; to give all embellishment real beauty by making it rest upon a basis of propriety and actual worth. Other houses appear in comparison to have been built to wander about in, lost and comfortless, while the Queen Anne house seems peculiarly fitted to settle down and live in.

These houses—in brick and stone, sometimes partly timbered, with contrasting effects of stone, brick, and tiles, with stacks of chimneys and roofs diversified with every quaint device to break their monotony—may be seen to unique advantage lifted on the slopes and knolls of Germantown and Chestnut Hill, where there is ample room for dwellings to gain some imaginative expression, with a background of fine

scenery which they help to reveal in new aspects. With plenty of forest-trees, luxuriant ivy, and other creepers which clasp the stone to their heart, most of these houses seem almost to belong to the soil, and do not aggressively claim recognition as an individual and personal assumption of taste.

School-House Lane—or, in the more common abbreviated form, School Lane—may be easily conceded to be the finest street to be found in a region of fine streets. A pleasing picture meets the eye at every turn, and something in the effect of the whole gives an impression of its being completed and serene,—of being far

removed from the sordid and annoying incidents of vulgar every-day life. The lofty, silent colonnades of trees which spread their branches over the wide lawns seem to sleep and to enfold in their day-dream the porticoed and bow-windowed houses, like the palace of the sleeping princess. One longs to speak the magical word and see the day-dream end,—to see the trees toss their boughs, children and dogs run riot over the smoothly-cut grass, or a party in archer's green move along the shady precincts and let fly their arrows into the pleasant distances. These fine estates, running back to the Wissahickon, are, in a ma-



HOUSE OF MR. F. J. KIMBALL, SCHOOL LANE,
GERMANTOWN—WINTER VIEW.

jority of instances, the country-residences of Philadelphia people. There was a time when the town in winter and Germantown in summer made up the Philadelphian's year; but often enough now a two months' residence in Germantown in May and June is followed by a flight to Newport, the White Mountains, or the Catskills, until October, when life in the suburb is again taken up until cold weather comes.

Manheim Street creates a different impression from that of School Lane. Although houses and trees are only a little less fine, they have a more *naïve* and "homey" look. The lawns are bright with tennis-parties, and the houses seem to be lived in all the year round. Two other characteristic streets of Germantown are Tulpehocken Street and Walnut Lane, both well shaded and brightened with color, variety, and picturesqueness.

Walnut Lane, which bridges the ravine of the water-works and commands the fine landscape opening to the west, is, no doubt, destined to become more populous and more improved from the facilities offered by the new railroad.

The present tendency of Americans to imitate English houses, English modes of living, and English forms of recreation does not so much account for a certain resemblance to an English country neighborhood in Germantown and Chestnut Hill as the mental bias of people with ample domestic ease and small taste for merely frivolous gayeties. Thus,

riding, driving, and paying visits at wide distances, and games on the field and lawn, naturally become the occupations and amusements. The mildness and aptitude of the climate, too, have naturally much to do with these habits of out-of-door exercises. Then, with the close vicinity of Fairmount Park and the far reaches of the Wissahickon road, where there is ample room for a swift gallop or a leisurely canter, it is not strange that good horsemanship is not a rare accomplishment.

Practised riders seldom rest content without putting some added stimulus of the race or the hunt into their exercise. The spirited and exciting game—as it may be called—of “Hare and Hounds” offers the delights of the chase, with none of its drawbacks. All the picturesqueness of the time-honored “meet” is realized at the gathering of the horsemen and horsewomen who belong to the Germantown “Hare and Hounds.” A fine place, with a pretty house of gray stone, a jutting roof with pinnacles, turrets, and gables, its grounds about planted with spreading trees whose shadows creep all day along the close-cropped lawn, is always a pleasant object, whether amid the greenery of summer or the flying clouds of a spring day. But it can never be as beautiful as in autumn, when the masses of foliage of tree and vine and creeper are all changed and brightened into gradations of rich tints for which there is no name, and the light seems to come as much from the crimson and golden leaves as from above. To have this vivid color heightened by the “pink” coats of the men as they gather to the meet, and the radiant faces of the fairer equestrians as they ride up singly or in pairs, their horses full of spirit, tossing their heads and snuffing recognition of their competitors in the race for which they are eager, makes one of the prettiest scenes to be imagined. Groups gather together and exchange greetings, the blithe voices mingling with the pawing of the horses and the clomp of their hoofs and the laugh and talk of the people in the carriages, who have taken their afternoon

drive to see the hounds “throw off.” The hares have been allowed a good start, and the horses, which have been backing and rearing, with leaps and curvetings, in their revolt at the curb, grow more and more alive every moment: a tremor runs along their glossy coats, their ears are pricked up eager for the starting-signal. And now at last they are off, starting with a wild gallop down the avenue or across the grounds to the breezy uplands, where the winds rush forward to greet the riders with a bluff freedom, across woodlands and pastures, by fields where patches of yellow stubble alternate with the brown furrows freshly turned for the winter grain, between hedge-rows red with sumach and the hips of brier-roses and white with the starry nebulae of the wild seeded clematis. Then comes the ride home along the pleasant roads when the sun is well down in the west, and only the tops of the reddened and golden trees hold the final beams, and the spirit of twilight silence takes possession of the landscape. All these are pleasant experiences, and have given the riders a fine hour. Not even the “hares” are worse off for the lively chase they have endured. The ground-squirrel may have popped into his hole a moment sooner at the sound of the approaching hoofs, and the gray rabbit have crouched closer in the grass: no other harm has been done.

Autumn is also the great cricket-season, and gives prominence to Germantown's distinction in possessing two cricket-grounds,—one the “Germantown Cricket-Ground,” which is on a fine plateau that formerly belonged to the great estate of Stenton, and is the best in the United States; and the other, the “Young America,” which possesses quite unique advantages of its own. Both have been managed with a view to foster and promote a love of out-of-door sports, which might at the same time be surrounded and supported by the best influences and kept entirely free from all the graceless and lawless elements which too often invade any contests of skill in the neighborhood of

great cities. Every variety of game in which a ball may be used is played at the Young America Cricket-Ground. Just as the heavenly bodies swing and revolve through space, their little anti-type, the ball, is made to toss and curve and dart and whirl and soar with each centripetal and centrifugal force which

hand and bat and foot and mallet and cue and racket can exert. The ball has, in fact, a merry life of it all over this round earth, and nowhere a merrier one than in the games of base-ball, cricket, lawn-tennis, lacrosse, and croquet played through the year on the fine grounds of the "Young America." Nor is the ball



CHESTER HOUSES, GREEN STREET, GERMANTOWN.

always wielded by the sterner sex: Monday is "Ladies' Day,"—a graceful concession to social observance, and one that has endeared the Cricket Club as much to its fair adherents as to its actual supporters. Then rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and coquettish costumes are in the ascendant, and Diana and her nymphs come to the front, swift of limb, light of movement, darting with the grace and rapidity of birds

To match their rackets to these balls.

Unbribed Atalantas are these joyous young creatures, who cannot be overtaken by the fleetest male pursuers. In fact, the wide, smooth lawns of Germantown and Chestnut Hill have given such ample opportunities for steady practice to the fair contestants with racket and ball that they are not easily to be eclipsed at

lawn-tennis, and may hold a tournament against the world.

All Philadelphia and its outlying region know the Germantown Cricket-Ground on the days of the great matches, when all the beauty and fashion crowd to the grand stand, where there is a flutter of bright feminine raiment and the murmur of gay voices buzzing flirtation and gossip. So wide a sweep is commanded by the eye at Stenton, so unconfined is the sense of space, that even without a game in progress it is pleasant on an October day to watch the boundless dome of sky, with its soft, white, fleecy clouds resting at an immense height, with openings between into great aerial lakes which seem like rifts into heaven itself. There is an especial charm in the scene to those who love the open air. But the riveting

point of the picture is likely to be half-way across the expanse of pale-green turf, where the wickets are guarded. Everybody loves to watch a game. One of our great army generals was seen once noting with deep interest a trial of speed between two indifferent horses, and was asked if he cared for races. "Madam," replied the general, in his terse, crisp way, "I love anything in which there is a contest." And at the cricket-grounds there is likely to be a super-added thrill of interest if the match be an international one. Patriotism, sentiment, and a strong *esprit de corps* of course throw the balance of feeling on the side of the American players; but at the same time, no matter what the score may be, all the spectators are ready to say,—

You, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us
here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding,

to the foreign team when they are competing for honors. Honors are generally easy for the English cricketers, let the Americans field and bowl as well as they may. But then it is the English game *par éminence*, and it is a good thing for us to see such brawn and muscle, such thews and sinews,—to hear the deep English voices bellowing out the cries with their great healthy lungs. The sense they create in the beholder of physical power which never tires and never clogs is a tonic in itself for American nerves. The rich life these trained players show in every motion, and their



WATER-WORKS, GERMANTOWN.

joy in life, are good to look upon. More than one English "Eleven" have paid a high tribute to Germantown cricketers and declared them to be the best players on this side of the water; and a picked "team" of the Germantown players are this very summer to cross the ocean and meet the English on their own ground.

But Germantown is not given up to

out-of-door pastimes, healthy and excellent although they are. They are merely an added instance of the natural and harmonious development of the old Germantown into the new. The good old Friends accepted only healthy and rational conditions of life: they were sure of themselves and of their aims and ends. They inculcated beliefs which fixed a deep constancy to dignity and rectitude

in their habits and in their lives: thus they needed no altered poise when they accepted larger impressions and fuller conditions to mould their destinies and the destinies of those coming up about them. Their desire to think and do the best that could be thought and done was as strong as ever when the changes

which have affected the spiritual temper of all the sects in the last fifty years began to move them. This movement may at first have seemed a dangerous leverage: it must have suggested a final loss of the old invisible and intensely spiritual ideals of life. But increase of wealth had brought luxury, and habits of



VIEW FROM MR. E. N. BENSON'S HOUSE, CHESTNUT HILL.

luxury had brought developing ideas—a slow but sure leaven—of beauty. With this roused æsthetic sense, no matter how formless and how vague, there could be nothing less than a decrease of the simple faith and naïve piety of earlier times. But whatever change came in religious habit was a change more of outward observance than of inward conviction. Manners, ideas, and the every-day routine were less simple than of old, and outward manifestations must necessarily alter. Since the invisible and intangible no longer carried with them the force of their first inspiration, let the younger generations love the Spirit as it shows itself in the visible and tangible. Among the churches which meet the eye on every hand, beautiful with stately façades, steeples, towers, oriels, and rose-windows, nestled

in rich greenery, like English churches, where

Much ivy creeps around, a comely growth,
The tuneful haunt of [sparrows],

are to be seen plenty of the old drab-colored meeting-houses which touch the heart like a benediction. There the Spirit is still humbly waited for, and comes with plenitude of power and grace. It has not departed, although to many it may no longer speak with just the old voice. Where so much is everywhere manifested of outward beauty with absorbing force to draw and bind, the more sober and quiet harmonies must wait.

Among other monuments of the wisdom and generosity of the old sect, the Friends' Free Library is noteworthy. It is a library so well projected and so

judiciously managed that it is a model for all libraries. The books are well chosen, and so excellently classified that each of the ten thousand volumes is as easily under the hand as if it belonged to the scores or hundreds in our own private book-cases. It is kept in a pleasant, sunny, lofty room, well lighted and well aired, presided over by a genial and kindly presence: its rules are marred by no petty restrictions, no arbitrary requirements. Little that even the most erudite reader requires is absent, and nothing in contemporary literature is excluded except novels. Novels, indeed, are quite inappropriate in any public library, and, being a form of luxury and self-indulgence, should have a high restrictive tariff.

As for the good works, in a humane and charitable sense, so much has been accomplished nobly, munificently, and yet, withal, without the least ostentation, that one would hardly know where to begin and where to end the recital. A quiet strength of purpose, a power without apparent effort, has achieved results which challenge admiration, while the effective processes remain almost hidden. The Germantown Hospital, the Relief Society, the Pauline Home, other orphanages, homes, church reliefs, and free kindergartens, might each tell their story. Much arduous work has been done, and much good faithfully accomplished, with little parade of circulars and subscription-lists, and little fine-spun theorizing. Ruskin says, "It may be 'Utopian' to hope for the entire doing away with drunkenness and misery out of your city; but the Utopianism is not your business,—THE WORK IS. It is Utopian to give every child in our land the knowledge of God from its youth; but the Utopianism is not our business,—THE WORK IS." And that has been the stirring principle of all these well-organized charitable movements. Besides the Young Men's Christian Association, which is well established here, there is a very energetic and ably-managed Workingmen's Club, ardently devoted to the diffusion of intelligent and practical ideas.

Whittier, in his fine poem upon Pastorius, writes,—

Still on the town-seal his device is found,
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil
ground,
With *vinum, linum, et texturum* wound,—

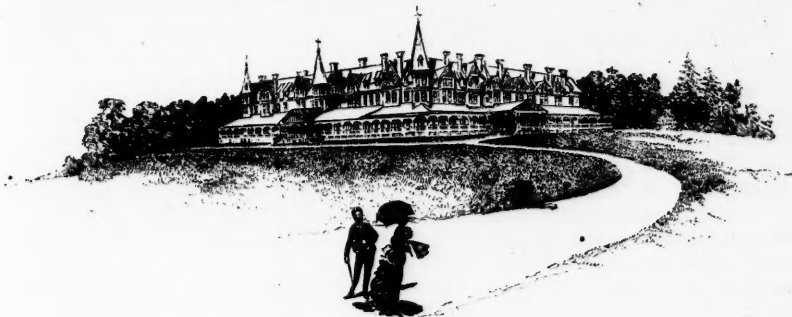
thus hinting at the industries of Germantown which give occupation to multitudes of work-people. Pastorius's idea of planting vineyards on the slopes and hill-sides of his fair new possessions, like the vineyards of the Rhine, and treading wine out of the grapes which autumn brings in rich bacchanal profusion, seems to have had little substantial result. But among the textiles of the period, "Germantown wool" holds its own, and, beginning humbly as a yarn, has been given a higher place not only by caprice of fashion, but by its good color and good quality, until it has almost usurped the place of imported zephyrs and wools, both for hand use and for many light manufactured fabrics. What this yarn may be made into, one sees to advantage in Button's factory, which gives employment to some four hundred operatives. Extremely pretty are the processes by which the raw wool is spun into worsted, made into skeins, colored, wound upon spools and bobbins and spindles, which, turning to feed the flying looms, all help to make a shifting kaleidoscopic mass of color—blue, red, scarlet, black, and white—that pleases the eye irresistibly. Each of these frail threads is carried on from process to process through a tortuous labyrinth which makes Queen Elinor's appear in contrast a straight road, and emerges at last woven into fleecy shawls, scarfs, head-gear, and, above all, the elastic jersey, which has become a prominent feature among worsted manufactures.

It seems a pity that Pastorius's dream of the vineyards could not have come true; but the grape is perhaps of all natural products the most difficult to understand, and the difference between one grape and another for purposes of the vintage is almost as unexplained as what causes the germs of two seeds exactly resembling each other to produce flowers of contrasting hues. Certain it

is that almost every variety of tree and shrub and flower and vine which grows outside the tropics may be acclimatized in Germantown, and will grow with remarkable luxuriance and beauty, except perhaps the elm, which is hardly seen in this region. Magnolias, cottonwoods, Spanish chestnuts, cypresses, and many trees almost tropical in their habit thrive as if they belonged to the soil. Figs may be grown in the open air. Roses often bloom till Christmas, and only the coldest January weather daunts the yellow jessamine, which at the first hint of a warm sun throws open its primrose-colored petals. To Germantown belongs that beautiful climber, the wisteria, which takes its name from the Wister

family; and nowhere does it wreath its garlands of leaves and blossoms in such luxuriant profusion.

Germantown is nowadays German only in tolerated memorials, which are no longer an effective moving power. Still, many of the smaller shops suggest foreign shops, not only from the fact that they are the homes of the proprietors, but because the shop-keeper's wife and daughters often carry on the business. German names are still more common on the signs than English names, sometimes changed a little from those one sees in row upon row of the head-stones in the old burial-places, but oftener as German as they were two centuries ago. It may be mentioned, in passing, that



THE "WISSAHICKON," CHESTNUT HILL.

Danenhower, one of De Long's companions in the ill-fated Jeannette, belongs to one of the old families of Germantown settlers. At Christmas-time may be found in all the bakers' shops the highly-flavored little sugar-cakes, stamped with pictures of the trades, called *sprengel*, which have been for centuries, and still are, the regular accompaniment of the Christmas-season in Germany; while pretzels are as well known in this country as productions of Philadelphia as are abroad those of Vienna and other South-German cities. But most of the old German manners and customs have vanished. A "boy in blue" looks down from the "Soldiers' Monument," in Market Square, just where in old times the Indians

used to loiter, waiting for the tables to be spread for their meals, when they came to the town on their yearly visit.

Real life has been so acceptable that it has not been necessary to task the imagination to produce something pleasanter. Intellectual culture is quite as general as in other communities, but the place has few celebrities to boast of, and is not disposed to lament its deficiencies in this respect. In fact, all Philadelphia piques itself upon its application of well-tested ideas to life, rather than upon its application of life to ideas. However, literary people have come and gone in Germantown. The Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, was for years pastor of the Unitarian church, and entertained many a notable guest from Bos-

ton. Mr. Henry James has been here, although he has drawn his Daisy Miller and other heroines from different regions. Mr. Matthew Arnold has left nowhere in America more of the effulgence of his sweetness and light than in Germantown. Miss Alcott, the popular writer for young people, was born in Germantown, at the time when her father taught in the place, and in the zenith of her reputation she returned to see the town she had left before her memory began. She visited Germantown Academy, where she received a hearty recognition and three rousing cheers from the troops of boys—fine little fellows, full of the enthusiasm and truth and honor which she had preached to them—who had delighted in her "Little Men" and found their first sweethearts in her "Little Women." Walt Whitman's leonine head is often seen in certain coteries, and George W. Cable has sung his Creole songs in the place. And of many excellent artists who belong to Germantown we must name Mr. William T. Richards, whose pictures show, as those of no one else quite can, the cool, crisp, tender, silver-gray complexion of our coast, with its luminous, shifting-hued swell of waves and its sparkling fall of surf; also Mr. George C. Lambdin, whose skill as a painter of roses is well known, and who gives to his portraits in a high degree the clearness and purity of tone, the delicacy of texture, and the nicety of detail he has made himself master of in his flower-studies.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, whom all the world recognizes as one of the most brilliant and versatile women of this century, at one time resided just on the borders of Germantown, and she must long remain one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in any reminiscences of the region. Carried away although an eloquent woman is apt to be by a swift imaginative insight which acts too sweepingly and sees too far, she has yet given us very clear impressions of this section before it became the present "pretty, populous villadom," as she calls it, "with the cheerful, civilized charm that now characterizes it." The

"meadows, lanes, by-roads, . . . mill-streams, and bits of picturesque rock" all pleased her, little as did the roads which led "to the beautiful crest of Chestnut Hill, overlooking its wide expanse of smiling foreground and purple distant horizon." She is inclined to lament the loss of pretty rural nooks which are being swallowed up by the stream of "progress,"—that is, railroad facilities,—the cutting up of noble estates into petty house-lots, and the gradual advance of the city to the very gates of Butler Place. Any lover of nature must feel this, notwithstanding some inward appreciation of the convenience of the very reforms that one is forced to deprecate. One cannot always see equally well before and after, and balance with exactitude the claims of the real and the ideal. Many old beautiful things vanish, to be replaced by new and hideous inventions, among which Mr. Ruskin classes railroads.

But, naturally, one of the most important points in which requirement must be fulfilled for a suburb is some sort of convenient transport to town. It must be swift and easy as possible, lest the *entr'acte* should prove more tedious than the play is amusing. Distance may lend enchantment to some views, but hardly to a goal which must be won by slow and arduous travel through mud and dust. Belgian pavements and macadamized roads have succeeded many of those which belonged to the days Mrs. Kemble wrote about; but some of the thoroughfares, like Morton Street, for instance, have been left in their natural state, "heavy, dusty, . . . muddy quagmire," quite unspoiled by art, and are a crying evil to be got rid of. Such relics of the past as the bad roads of a clayey region are not to be held in reverence, and go far to counteract the prevailing aspects of civilization.

Wordsworth might well have uttered his famous

Ye mountains, vales, and floods, heard ye that whistle?

when the Germantown Railroad was laid out in its sinuous curves like the undula-

tions of a serpent through the beautiful woods; while the branch of the Pennsylvania Road now in process of construction would still more rouse a poet's wrath. Did Germantown possess a Ruskin, wild would be his wail over its violation of the beautiful sanctitudes of wooded and open forest glades. But, like a Jugger-naut, the work goes on, and everything bows down before it: sometimes it fills

up a valley between falling wooded slopes, again it cuts its deep groove through a high table-land; it crosses meadows where until now the golden beards of the wheat have nodded against the July skies; it covers the track of woodland brooks, spans ravines, and levels beetling ridges. Still, when all is done and one has had one's lament, one may rejoice that the sylvan prospect has not wholly van-



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, RECTORY, AND CHAPEL, CHESTNUT HILL.

ished, that the beautiful glen of the Germantown Water-Works Park still keeps unspoiled its fair pictures, which are a rest for weary eyes, that the Johnson woods, even if skirted, are not actually invaded, that the Wissahickon remains, although the approaches to it may be threatened, and that a fine country hitherto almost untouched is opened up both to traveller and to enterprising builder.

With two railroads reaching up to it, one on the right and the other on the left, the future capabilities of Chestnut Hill afford room for the imagination to expand itself upon. "A city on a hill cannot be hid;" and this, overlooking as its heights do the valley on all sides, commands a view quite remarkable in its broad sweep of country, played over by a thousand radiant and changeable lights,

while beyond rise the purple hills, half veiled by a vaporous haze which makes them loom to the size of mountains and thus fortify and deepen the meaning of the scene.

There are happy moods to be found in the landscape, and this is one of them, with its green breadths of undulating park- and pasture-lands and the slope of the surging woods to the far distances. Strange to say, one view of this vast amphitheatre between the hills may be gained through the arches of the great stone *porte-cochère* of the house of Mr. E. N. Benson, left untouched amid the fiery devastation which has brought down great piles of solid masonry, but high overhead, suspended in mid-air, left a red brick chimney, and on the sides a mighty wall of massive blocks, cutting

sharply against the sky, while the sunlight streams through the glassless windows. No perfection of architecture can produce just the impression on the eye that a ruin makes,—the doors and windows open to vacancy, column-shafts lying prone. Painful as are the processes which make ruins, before a fine ruin like this one may at least pause and enjoy watching the clouds sail across the span of the semicircle, feeling sure that the fallen walls will yet overlook the smiling valley again and long defy time and change.

Although the view of the rich and smiling valley beckons one at every opening vista at Chestnut Hill, the pictures near at hand are attractive enough to rivet the eye and keep the fancy at home. The adaptability of the knolls and slopes for dwelling-sites may be part of the secret of architects and builders having been guided to such picturesque and harmonious results, but it is certain that one rarely finds such a variety of fine places, attractive in themselves and well fitted to their surroundings. A thousand pleasing suggestions may be gained in a drive about the Hill,—in the general *composition* of the picture, the fall of light and shadow, the originality and versatility of contrasting architectural effects, and, at the same time, the recurrence of the simple and familiar forms most pleasing to the eye. St. Paul's Church, Rectory, and Chapel make one of these agreeable interludes, being quite an ideal group, perfectly adapted to the neighborhood, yet invested at the same time with such distinct ecclesiastical features that its beauty is quite separated from that of the pleasant precincts round about.

Chestnut Hill is, in fact, singularly fortunate in its expression of itself, both in the general effect and in the details. Enjoying as it does an elevation of some four or five hundred feet above Philadelphia, it has always been a cool, sequestered nook toward which to flee from town for summer coolness. And now a large new hotel, the "Wissahickon," conducted by the proprietors of the "Continental," is about to be opened,

which will offer fresh facilities for the enjoyment of the place. It is located on Willow Grove Avenue, near a station of the new railroad, and commands all the resources which the beautiful Wissahickon region offers.

All roads from Chestnut Hill lead, as they should lead, to the Wissahickon, which gathers its fountains together from the far-off hills and from the springs close at hand, an almost voiceless but many-pictured stream, now and then foaming in rapids, but oftener lying in sea-green- and nut-brown-colored pools. The Wissahickon is one of the few small watercourses which the growth of town and village has not helped to dry up. It has, on the contrary, gained volume since the opening of streets and drives on every hand has brought springs to the surface, welling up from their hidden reservoirs to add their clear trickle to the river's flow. So many points of view offer the scenery of the Wissahickon to the lover of the picturesque that one hardly knows whether to dwell upon the more weird and mysterious aspects it takes in some of its far reaches, or those of a lighter and more varying mood. Then, too, it would be difficult to decide in which season of the year the scenery is the lovelier. To see it in midwinter, after an ice-storm followed by snow,—when every twig and branch is covered with its delicate white burden, made up of multitudes of shining crystals, each tree and vine and bowery nook retaining its own form, and yet so magically altered that the radiant vistas seem transfigured into paths which lead into fairy-land itself, is to gain a glimpse of prodigal loveliness,—evanescent, yet leaving an impression never to be lost. Then in May, when the dog-wood is in bloom and the great forests of oak, hemlock, and pine are lighted up by its masses of great white stars, the Wissahickon road is beautiful in its gladness. No glimpse of cool nooks could be more refreshing than is found there under the heavy-foliaged trees in summer; but perhaps the autumn is finest, when every tree, every leaf, almost, has

its separate tint, and up to the very top of the ridges on either hand of the stream flame the "banners, yellow, glorious, golden," which the trees fling out.

Besides the general shifting picturesqueness of the views on either hand, there are the closely-guarded secrets and the beautiful surprises which one may find who penetrates the solitudes, following up the streams and descending into the glens. Nothing could be more unexpected than to come upon such a bit of enchanted woodland as that which hides

the Devil's Pool,—a mysterious and romantic spot, where Cresheim Creek leaps into the Wissahickon with a pretty cascade and then seems to bury its bright waters in the black basin which gloomily engulfs them and holds them in a relentless clutch. The deep shadows of the evergreen trees, lighted up but rarely by a sunbeam penetrating through the dense greenery, the sombre rocks, all create an effect which belongs to nature in her untamed and unreclaimed wastes, rather than to a park. At Val-



VIEW ON THE WISSAHICKON.

ley Green may be found a pretty and remarkably picturesque stone arch over the stream, while Greenwood Dam is one of the places which artists love and have painted from almost every point of view, with its bridge, half-decayed water-gate, and overhanging rocks and woods.

Without this outlet into the unmatched Wissahickon region, Germantown and Chestnut Hill would still be a beautiful suburb, rich in all that is pretty, quaint, highly civilized, and comfortable; but they would lack what widens and multiplies the uses and the pleasures of life from the commonplace to the ideal.

It is a priceless advantage to have within easy reach these far stretches into the tranquillity and simplicity of nature, unspoiled and comparatively uninhabited. All people who live in cities owe a deep debt of gratitude to any influence which for a moment overpowers the usual and the material and creates an illusion which brings us nearer to the spiritual and the eternal. And there are glimpses of beauty in the Wissahickon woods which stir a sense of beauty in us, and a faith in the power which creates beauty, which no every-day cares can quite take from us.

THE PERFECT TREASURE.

FOUR PARTS.—II.

EARLY in the Cheltenham season the Fletchers were invited to come to "tiffin" at "The Bungalow," a charming little villa on the outskirts of the town, with French windows looking out on a model English lawn in front, and verandas covered with wisteria running around the other three sides. It was a delicious little nest, bursting with books, prints, souvenirs of travel, good bits of china and odds and ends that cried out to be examined, rugs with a bloom on them like a plum, snug corners that invited irresistibly the most insensible visitor and rewarded him with unexpected glimpses of the grounds, the conservatory, or the Malvern Hills, and everywhere that last indescribable touch which showed that it was a home, not a museum or a bric-à-brac shop, and that, after all, its best furniture was the master and mistress of the establishment. Very clever, cultivated people they were, —a retired officer (often described in the community as "an old Indian," in allusion to his past military service) and his accomplished wife. They had taken a fancy to the Fletchers on first meeting them, and had shown them marked attention, producing so favorable an impression that poor Mr. Fletcher's letters from England were one hymn of praise of the Venables, and he wrote back that he hoped he might, without giving offence, say that he wished he either knew the Venables and could therefore share the enthusiasm of the family, or that they didn't and could not therefore bore him further with accounts of their friends' astounding perfections. A series of luncheons was one feature of the intimacy, and the one in question was a rather more formal affair than usual, given by Mrs. Venable with the view of introducing her American friends to some English cousins lately arrived in the place,—Sir Robert Heathcote and his nephew and heir.

The baronet was a fresh-colored, well-preserved man of sixty-five, with rather a brandy-and-watery eye, genial manners, and that general *bouquet* of prosperity which the possession of thirty thousand pounds a year never fails to impart when it comes by inheritance. His nephew was an extremely good-looking young fellow, of the conventional London stamp, not very bright, but with plenty of conversational sixpences that passed current everywhere and were often declared to be sovereigns by British matrons with marriageable daughters, —a simple-hearted officer in one of the household regiments, and wonderfully unspoiled, considering that he had been brought up in the purple,—who knew perfectly well the advantages as well as the disadvantages of being a *bon parti*, and never meant to be taken alive by any matron in the land, charm she never so wisely. Besides these gentlemen, there were only two other guests present,—a very shy, fair girl, who blushed deeply whenever she was directly addressed,—Mabel Vane by name,—and a quiet young London barrister, who had the good fortune to be seated next to Jenny.

Sir Robert, with Mrs. Fletcher on one side of him and Lucy on the other, naturally began (in a large, hearty voice) to talk of America, and astonished them quite as much by his breezy familiarity with the history, climate, population, and peculiarities of Chicago, on which he evidently greatly prided himself, as by his utter ignorance of the rest of the country. He had never crossed the Atlantic, he said, but fully meant to do so, as he had a distant cousin out there who had a town-house in Ohio and a country-place in Saint Louis (pronounced in the French fashion), to say nothing of a friend, a Southern general, "quite the gentleman," who had done something very remarkable during the war, he really couldn't say what; only of one

thing he was sure,—the general had been with Grant on the Potomac. The ladies made polite responses to all this, and, without meaning to do so, lapsed into the local standard of pronunciation in naming the American localities; but Sir Robert did not mind it. He clung firmly to his preconceived idea of the way the names ought to be pronounced, said "Just so" to all their objections, and insisted that, according to the Indian standard, he was right. Nobody present having the faintest idea what the aboriginal standard was, the discussion naturally fell to the ground, leaving Sir Robert wearing the wreath and the smile of the victor.

His nephew was less fortunate. Attracted by the delicate high-bred beauty of his neighbor, he had made unusual efforts to monopolize her attention, only to find that Jenny persistently appealed to her host or hostess, to Mabel Vane, or to the quiet man with the keen, clever face, on her right, for sympathy, or, if she turned to him at all in talking, did so evidently from a well-bred desire not to ignore him altogether. Her fresh and original way of putting things interested them all, and so piqued his languid interest that he did not lose a word, and before the meal was over felt quite viciously toward the unoffending barrister, whom he mentally scorned as "a poor devil with not more than five hundred a year." The truth was that Mr. Heathcote, from a long habit of looking down upon women as dangerous or disagreeable creatures, all more or less bent upon marrying the heir to "The Towers," securing the usual settlements, and wearing the Heathcote diamonds, had contracted a moral squint which showed itself in some ugly little ways, well veneered as he was, and really well intentioned in the main, and this Jenny, with the *esprit de l'escalier* of the sex, had at once divined and resented. Jenny having mentioned that she hoped to have a season in London before going home, he said, with animation, "Oh, yes; you really ought, you know. You will have no end of a good time. Pretty girls always do. But I am afraid I shall not

be allowed to do more than make my bow. English girls never look at me in their first season,—they all feel booked for a duke; but in the second they can see me across the Park; and in the third you have no idea how irresistible I am, and how the dear mamma dotes on me."

"Come, now, Arthur; you really ought not to make fun of the poor mothers," put in his hostess. "Only fancy what agonies of mind a woman with five daughters undergoes in England! We were only two, you know, but all the same when we both got engaged the same year I really thought mamma would have died of joy!"

The Americans thought this quite the most delightful speech they had heard for an age, and joined heartily enough in the general laugh that followed it, which had not yet died away, when the door opened and a tall elderly woman in deep mourning appeared. The hostess seemed a little disconcerted, but rose and greeted her cordially, saying, "Just in time for a nice *pâté*, Miss Frynne!" made a place for the new-comer beside her, and introduced her to the Fletchers. Miss Frynne had a perfectly stolid, expressionless face, a wandering eye, and a rather fidgety manner. She fingered her knife, fork, spoons, and napkins nervously until she was served, and then fell to and ate steadily and ravenously, with swift despatch but without grossness. Learning from some remark of Sir Robert that there were Americans present, something like a flash of intelligence passed over her face, and she said with animation, to nobody in particular, "Do the birds sing there?" Now, the girls had been asked so many absurd things about their native country that they were rather sick of lecturing on the subject, and, besides, misunderstood the temper of this inquiry, and fancied it patronizing in tone: so Jenny said quickly, "Oh, dear, no! they wouldn't dream of taking such a liberty in a new country!" and Lucy, "Why, of course! What an odd question!" almost at the same moment; whereupon Miss Frynne hurriedly begged pardon, and said,—

"No offence meant, I assure you, only they don't in Australia," astonishing the girls in her turn. After this she devoted herself to her pudding again, which she pronounced "beautiful." But no words could paint Jenny's amazement when, chancing to look at her a few minutes later, she saw her put down her spoon, clap both hands behind her ears, press some springs, take off an auburn wig that covered a head as bare as a billiard-ball, wave it about a few times, clap it on again, settle the springs, pick up her spoon, and go on with her pudding, quite unembarrassed by the performance. It had been done so quickly and quietly that no one but the cousins and their hostess had seen it. Mrs. Venable gave the girls a meaning glance, and they said nothing; but from that moment conversation was almost out of the question for them, and they were always stealing furtive glances at Miss Frynne to see what she was about. Presently a general move was made, and, as they filed into the drawing-room, Mrs. Venable dropped behind, and said to the girls, in a perfectly tranquil, matter-of-fact way,—

"She is a little touched, you see, but quite harmless, poor dear, and not often as disagreeable as she was to-day. She used to be a great friend of my dear mother's."

"But is she allowed to go about like this?" asked Lucy. And Jenny put in, "All alone?"

"Not quite; I dare say we shall find her sister waiting for her."

In this Mrs. Venable was not mistaken, for on the first sofa they found Miss Anastasia Frynne, a cheerful, brisk little old lady, who took her sister and put her down in a corner with a book of photographs, saying authoritatively, "Sit there, dear, for a bit. We shall be going presently," and then came over to talk to the Fletchers, who, she said, were the very first Americans she had ever met. "You see, being in mourning, I go out very little" (the girls glanced at the bright scarlet cloak that enveloped her, at the magenta cravat tied in her throat, and the bow of cardinal

ribbon that fastened her collar,—worn, it is true, with a black dress,—and thought that grief wore a cheerful face in England), "and so miss seeing people. Barbara is very confining, too. But I am sure I should find Americans most interesting,—really most interesting. I have read a great many books about America,—a very great many,—if I could only remember what they said,—the conversion of the natives, and all that. Is that work going on now, do you know? I should like to know more about it. Do the natives wear clothes? And what do they speak? Surely they aren't all as fair as you and your sister. Of course time and education, and all that, would make a difference, I can quite see."

Miss Anastasia was evidently laboring under an impression that the girls were reclaimed Indians, and they were framing some sort of indignant explanation, when she burst in again:

"Now, do tell me, what do people do in America to amuse themselves?"

"Very much what people do elsewhere, I suppose," said Jenny. "They have dinners, and balls, and parties, and go to the theatre and opera, and all that."

"Do they, now, *really*? Poor things!" exclaimed Miss Anastasia, in the tone people employ when talking of a Christmas dinner at an almshouse or Thanksgiving Day at the penitentiary, adding, presently, "How very interesting!" Then, getting up, she announced her intention of going, made her sister put on her things, and, coming back to the girls, said,—

"You will let me come and see you, won't you? And should you mind if I bring Barbara? Some people do; but I don't see why they should, she is so very harmless; and she enjoys going about tremendously, though you wouldn't think it, perhaps."

Lucy, though fully aware of the rudeness of the act, could not stand this, and gave Jenny's elbow a warning pinch. In vain: Jenny only smiled, and said she was sure her cousin, Mrs. Fletcher, would be very happy to see both sisters.

When they had gone, Mrs. Venable

came up, and the girls could not resist the temptation to repeat the choicer portions of Miss Anastasia's conversation, spiced with their own amusing comments, and afterward Mrs. Venable explained that the two sisters had lived all their lives in that county, had only twice been up to London, even, and might be pardoned a good deal on the score of extreme provincialism.

"Oh, Katherine, what a delicious time we are having!" exclaimed Jenny as they drove home. "Talk of the discovery of America! what is it compared to the discovery of England? To find all these foreigners speaking my own tongue, to speak their tongue and feel myself a foreigner, and to be at home and abroad all day long, is just perfection. Don't dream of taking us on the Continent: it couldn't interest us half as much."

A discussion of the people they had just left followed, and the hope was expressed that they might see more of them except Miss Barbara.

"And Mr. Heathcote," Jenny put in.

In this they were not destined to be disappointed, for their new acquaintances all called early and often, and were, besides, met elsewhere at every turn (the maiden ladies excepted), and so became on more or less intimate terms with the Fletchers.

The Heathcotes, indeed, soon came to the house as regularly as the postman, and more regularly than the sun, and with a better knowledge of the pair came a cordial liking of the elder man, and a good-natured tolerance of the younger as a well-meaning but not particularly interesting and certainly very conceited person. Sir Robert delighted the ladies in many ways. He was so kind, simple, and sincere—so genuine, in short—that they really grew fond of him; and he was never happier or more entirely at ease than in their congenial and sympathetic society. He brought the girls books and music, sent Mrs. Fletcher's cablegrams, talked Spurgeon to Mrs. Fletcher senior (whose heart was much set on the destruction of the world, and who muddled herself con-

tinually with the prophecies and their interpretation by various divines), and made himself, as he expressed it, "a house-cat,"—really a trusted friend. At first they were much amused by what struck them as oddities and eccentricities. He was an enthusiast about cricket, and constantly went to see the college matches, took part when he got a chance, and talked rapturously of the play. Then, urged by the girls, who had heard from his nephew that he was musical, he would, after dinner, get up before a roomful of people, and, without any consciousness, apologies, or even accompaniment, roar out with capital spirit, if not much voice, hunting-songs, Border songs, Irish songs, in a simple, hearty fashion that was delightful. One evening, when the talk happened to turn upon national dances, what did Sir Robert do but get on the floor, and, with Lucy for a partner, go through the sword-dance and an Irish jig! The family being alone, and the girls dull, this performance was rapturously applauded and encored. Suddenly Sir Robert snapped his fingers and wrung them violently as though he had been stung by something, and started off with amazing celerity, his coat-tails spread out like a fan, jigging and hopping away for dear life in the Highland fling. When it was finished, he dropped into the nearest arm-chair and turned the reddest, jollicest, kindest face that ever beamed upon a delighted audience toward the girls, crying out, "See what you have beguiled me into, you rogues!"—adding, as he mopped and composed himself, "I used to be a famous hand at that kind of thing when I was a youngster; but, God bless my soul! I haven't tried it for an age."

Sir Robert had only been giving a rather unusual proof that he was like the rest of his countrymen; for even the cleverest Englishmen—men distinguished in every walk of life,—men who have held the highest positions of public trust,—men of the most liberal education, extensive travel, and widest experience—seem to retain to the last a certain childlike quality of mind, a relish

for simple pleasures, a natural, homely, clean-hearted way of looking at things, that is beautiful,—rare in our young people, and confounded with childishness by many of our men.

"We should think Jay Gould or one of our Cabinet officers quite mad if he had behaved like Sir Robert to-night; but if I were a little boy I shouldn't at all mind asking Mr. Gladstone to join me in a game of marbles. I don't think he would trouble himself much about the loss of personal dignity, and would put more heart into it than into the reception of a Parliamentary committee," said Jenny to Mrs. Fletcher, as they took up their bedroom candles and filed up-stairs that night.

"True, Jane; but all the same I have no desire to see the Stock Exchange and both Houses of Congress doing the racket," that lady replied.

Next day, about eleven o'clock, the ladies were comfortably established around the drawing-room fire, and Lucy was reading Froude aloud, when an interruption came in the person of Walton, who tapped, entered, stood near the door, and finally approached Mrs. Fletcher, but still said nothing. Impatient to go on with her book, Lucy at last said, by way of dismissal, "We did not ring, Walton, and require nothing." But that functionary lingered, and presently said, his eyes on the carpet, his whole manner intensely respectful,—

"If you please, 'm, there is a party" (here he coughed discreetly behind his hand)—"a person describin' himself as a relation of the family—from America, which I was to say the name is Ketchum, —Mr. Job Ketchum, is what I was told."

Walton made little pauses between his clauses. He felt that he was impressive. Having finished, he cast one swift glance around the group, caressed thoughtfully his luxuriant side-whiskers, and dropped his eyes again, waiting for orders.

"Job Ketchum!" cried out Mrs. Fletcher senior, in a tone of horrified amazement.

"Cousin Job!" echoed her daughter-

in-law feebly. "What on earth—" "can have brought him here?" she was about to say, but, catching Walton's deferential eye, she changed it into "can have prevented his telegraphing or writing to us to expect him?"

The look of gayety and cheerful comfort had quite died out of the little circle, and, feeling that they were betraying their consternation too plainly, Kate paid no attention to Jenny's plaintive "Who is Cousin Job?" but rose, saying,—

"Well, we must go down to see him." And with the elder lady she walked out of the room and down the stairs. Walton, who had seated "the person" on one of the hall chairs until his claims should be investigated, had preceded them, and was hanging up a shabby overcoat and a new soft felt hat, hopelessly limp in the crown, on the rack, making a feint of brushing the latter carefully, that he might be present at the interview without seeming to wait for it.

Divested of his outer shell, Cousin Job appeared a man of medium stature, carelessly arrayed in slop-shop garments, having a pleasant, shrewd face, and a stamp of immense vitality and energy about him. He hurried to meet his aunt, imprinted a sounding kiss on her cheek, and said,—

"Well, this is nice,—to see relations in this strange land! Been in London for a week, where I didn't know a soul. I am delighted to see you all,"—with a heartiness and an air of feeling himself entirely welcome, now that he had got among his kindred, that made both ladies instantly ashamed of their secret sentiment, and infused something more than politeness into Kate's reception of him.

"Where is your luggage, Job?" she asked; "for of course you are going to stay with us?"

"That's all the baggage I've brought" (pointing to a shiny black portmanteau on the hall floor). "I didn't want to bother with more, just for a flying trip. I knew I could rig myself out over here if I needed anything; but I guess

"I'll do as I am. When did you hear from your husband?" said he, mounting the stairs as he spoke. Then over his shoulder to Walton, "Here! Bring that along up to my room, and get me some water."

The ladies winced at this peremptory way of addressing "the archbishop," and were prepared for a revolt; but Walton said, with his usual respectful air, "Yes, sir. At once, sir," and, seizing the bag, disappeared into the back premises.

"Hold on," said Cousin Job to the ladies; "I've got something for you." And, running down the steps, he undid a gigantic yellow-paper parcel he had brought with him, and displayed a remarkably fine bunch of bananas. "Those are for you, aunt. I remembered you were fond of them when I saw them hanging in a big fruit-store on Regent Street, and brought them along. They ain't as good as you get over in New York, but it was the best they had. Nice place that was. There was the prettiest girl in there I've seen since I landed. And, if you'll believe me, aunt, I saw five little sweet potatoes, no bigger than an egg, hanging up in the window, labelled 'Madeira fruit.' I told the man they'd kill themselves laughing at the idea out in Tecumseh, Michigan, where I came from; and he looked like an owl that's been hit over the head with a shingle."

Displaying in his amusement a splendid set of white, even teeth, and with an eye that twinkled with the remembrance of his London adventure, Mr. Ketchum rejoined his relatives on the landing, and together they made their way to the drawing-room, to which the girls, who had been hanging over the balusters meanwhile, had now prudently retreated. Here he was duly introduced to Lucy, whom he had not seen since she was a child, and to Jenny, whom he had never met, and, remarking, as he walked about the room, that they were "fixed up first-rate," and that their "parlor" was unlike most English rooms, which he said were "hardly big enough to swing a cat in," seated himself near the fire and

poured out a vivacious account of his trip across the Atlantic, his detestation of and disappointment in Liverpool, the English climate and hotels, and indeed almost everything except the English beefsteak. Of his private affairs, too, he talked with the utmost frankness. "I was pretty well cleaned out three years ago," said he, as he crossed his legs and contemplated a neat boot (which was the one evidence of dandyism about him, and flowed naturally from his having an uncommonly small foot), "but I kept a stiff upper lip, and I said to myself, 'Don't you let yourself get down in the mouth, Job Ketchum: you'll light on your feet yet.' And, sure enough, I made a change, and went into partnership with a friend of mine, and just prospered right along. And here lately I made a hundred thousand at a clip, on wheat. That'll do for a start, I guess. And I got tired seeing Sam Bates, the biggest man in Tecumseh he thinks himself, swelling around the place like the President of the United States, talking about Europe and what he did when he was 'abroad:' so I just put twenty thousand to my credit at Brown Brothers', and determined, if there was anything to see over here, I'd see it, as sure as my name was Job Ketchum. And here I am, ready for fightin' or fiddlin' or feastin', as the Irishman said."

The luncheon-bell interrupted the flow of his eloquence, and, looking at his watch, he exclaimed, "Why, what time do you have dinner at this ranch?"

"At six. But we will have something now," said Kate.

"That's right. I like to be fashionable when I can afford it. I used to take dinner—when I could get it—about twelve out in the mines in Colorado, and two is the hour in Tecumseh; but you are all high-flyers over here. Well, when I'm in good health I'm as good for dinner any time as five cents is for a ginger-cake. Don't put yourselves out for me," he replied, and, noticing the girl's smiling faces, said to his aunt, "Nice lot of goods, these, aunt. All

silk, and more than a yard wide, if I'm not mistaken."

At which the smiles developed into hearty laughter.

The afternoon proved a rainy one, and, for a wonder, no one called: so the ladies had Cousin Job all to themselves, —a state of affairs they were far from regretting. Learning that he proposed to spend a month (and, seeing their countenances fall, he reassuringly added, "And longer, if I like it") before "going the big circuit," they employed it in trying to give him some idea of the formalities and conventionalities of English society, insinuated a good deal of advice disguised as general information, which they hoped and prayed he would lay to heart, and with infinite tact contrived to set before him some of the most prominent reforms that would be expected of him.

"There is a capital tailor here, Cousin Job; and clothing is so cheap in England, you really ought not to go home without a complete outfit. Let me see: you will need a Park suit, and an evening suit, and a couple of morning suits, at once," said Kate.

"Nonsense!" said he. "Ain't this all right? And I've got another one in my bag that is better still. They ought to last me for three years,—made of the very best broadcloth. Why, I could get married in this out West: it's fine enough for anything." He looked down complacently at himself as he spoke, and Kate was obliged to yield the point for the moment.

She shifted her ground. "I dare say we shall have you 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' in a little while,—a regular Bond Street swell," she said. "Of course you know that you will have to sacrifice your felt hat promptly, cousin. You wouldn't like to be conspicuous."

"Oh, no; I'm sure he wouldn't," put in Lucy sweetly.

"Everybody who is anybody wears a silk hat in England, except when they are in the country, and then a pork-pie is permissible," announced Mrs. Fletcher senior, with an aggravating air of being

a supreme court and giving a final verdict.

This was unfortunate. With a thousand good qualities, Mr. Ketchum had some faults, and, for one thing, was as obstinate as a mule. He scented a feminine conspiracy, and planted all four feet firmly. He was not going to be led,—no, not he,—still less to be driven. So he made what he and a great many of his countrymen consider the proper response to any suggestion looking to the imprisonment of one of Columbia's free-born sons in the strait-jacket of European conventionalities, and, though not generally profane, lost his temper, and said hotly, "Damn it! I am an American, and I shall do as I please."

After this, as may be supposed, an embarrassing half-hour followed for all parties, which was broken by the girls saying that they must go and dress for dinner, as the Heathcotes were coming. Mrs. Kate followed them, and, leaving her dressing-room door open, wandered in and out of the girls' room while they were all engaged in this rite, reciting Mr. Ketchum's biography in fragments:

"You know, his mother ran away with a man the family detested, and went out to the West to live, and this was the only son, and she indulged him to the top of his bent and let him run perfectly wild. He came on to New York when he was about twenty, and electrified the family." (Disappearing for a while, and then coming back.) "And—what was I saying? Oh! Well, before he was twenty-five he had run through everything he had, and the last we heard of him he was washing bottles at a beer-saloon out in Colorado and leading a very dissipated life. In fact, he was supposed to have gone to the dogs altogether."

"It is no wonder, Kate, that you turned positively green when you heard his name," said Jenny.

"Mamma asked him about it to-day, and he said it was a pure invention; that he was really working in the mines, and that the only thing he regrets about it is that he sold a claim for fifty dollars to

some man who got thirty thousand out of it," said Lucy.

"It can't have been all true. At all events, he seems all right now. But, I must say, I wish he hadn't turned up here. Of course he is a gentleman at heart, and all that, but he is dreadfully rough, and has absolutely no *usages de monde*; and English people are so formal! And I can't manage him a bit, as you see. What *will* the Heathcotes think of him? What on earth is he putting on for dinner, I wonder! I pined to beg him not to wear that awful green cotton necktie, but I didn't dare. Oh, you may laugh, Jenny; but I don't find it amusing at all," said Mrs. Kate, as she swept in for the last time, fully arrayed.

The objectionable necktie was not visible when they got down. Cousin Job had put on the other suit, which looked to them an aggravated form of the first one,—more hopelessly ill fitting as to the coat, baggier in the trousers, shorter in the waistcoat, cut neither high nor low, with linen bulging carelessly above it, and a very narrow black cravat tied in a wild bow, with long ends, and already showing a disposition to work around under the left ear. He looked decidedly worse than before, and all the more so by contrast with the Heathcote men, who, in full canonicals and displaying about an acre of spotless linen, had an easy unconsciousness of being well dressed and the general *mille-fleurs cachet* about them of their caste. Cousin Job looked at them, and, having long ago made up his mind that any man who parted his hair in the middle must be a fool, made no exception to this valuable rule in the case of the uncle and nephew. They probably thought him—indeed, young Heathcote said as much, later—"an awfully rum chap;" but both saw reason before dinner was over to modify these impressions considerably. For, in spite of the anxiety of Kate and the incongruous element introduced at the eleventh hour, the meal went off very pleasantly, even gayly. Sir Robert seemed delighted to have an opportunity of learning some-

thing "from an eye-witness" of Colorado and the Far West generally. He asked some ten thousand questions about mining, milling, the various ores, the climate, population, agricultural peculiarities, and geographical situation of the border States, said "Just so" perpetually, as though he had known it all before, and listened with avidity to all Cousin Job said in reply.

Knowing the ground thoroughly, the American lost sight of himself, talked not only fluently, but well, and so appeared to advantage. Sir Robert grew more and more interested, and harked back to particular points about which he said he was "not quite clear," begging everybody's pardon if he was becoming a bore, and so beguiled Cousin Job into further statements, and on to reminiscences, and then to jokes, given in his native vernacular, and of the flavor which is so relished by English palates.

Mr. Ketchum had shown himself a man of sense and wit, and knew it. His *amour-propre* soothed, he was no longer on the defensive, and he grew every moment more at ease. As for young Heathcote, he seemed exquisitely tickled either by the matter or the manner of this recital, broke into what he considered frightfully indecorous and unseemly guffaws, only to cork himself up again with the utmost suddenness, and at last, when Mr. Ketchum said something incidentally about "the business end of a tin tack," gave way altogether, and burst into the most uproarious and infectious fit of laughter. He went so far, indeed, as to slap his knee in his ecstasy, referred to the tack with a fresh outburst of hilarity several times during the evening, and repeated the story the very first thing at his club next morning, where, indeed, Sir Robert buttonholed old General Bludger and poured out a mass of statistics about a certain portion of America which he had been "credibly informed was the greatest grazing-region of the world," advising his friend to send his sons out there.

But to return to the dinner. When Sir Robert took up the conversational ball, he drifted into some of his hunting-experi-

ences in various parts of Europe, Africa, and India, and Cousin Job was obliged to concede mentally that the connection between the premises of his favorite theory was not as perfect as he had supposed, and that he might be mistaken in his conclusion; in short, that "a creature bearing the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monkey," might have something in a head of which the hair was parted right down the middle that entitled him to the respect of his fellow-men. Having decided this, he ordered Walton to fill Sir Robert's glass, and insisted on giving as a toast, "The Anglo-Saxon race, first, last, and all the time." It was well received; and, the talk turning upon yachting, Mr. Ketchum said that he had met an English fellow out on the Plains two years before, who, he had heard, owned the fastest yacht afloat,—a splendid fellow, he said, named Bartow, and from Liverpool, he thought.

"I've met that fellow somewhere," put in young Heathcote. "Big, black man, isn't he, with a cast in one eye?"

"Yes," assented Mr. Ketchum. "Who is he? What is he?"

"I don't know. I can't say, really. I've heard he was a kind of a—" (he hesitated, striving to pierce the aristocratic haze that veiled such occupations in his mind, and then went on)—"a sort of cotton fellow. Poor devil!"

This amused Mr. Ketchum in his turn, and, the *entente cordiale* being now complete, he ordered more champagne, and it was not long before Kate fancied that he had already taken rather too much, and heard with dreadful anxiety his demands to have his glass refilled.

Walton, whom nothing escaped, caught her eye as it travelled toward her cousin for the twentieth time, and understood the whole situation. His conduct from that moment was worthy of Talleyrand. The way he contrived to be deaf and blind, and out of the way, and coming presently but never got there, and only

half filled the glass once after that, was masterly; but he reserved his great *coup* for the moment when Kate had given the signal for the ladies to retire (with outward calm, but a sinking heart) and Mr. Ketchum had ordered him to "bring up a half-dozen bottles of that champagne." Then, inscrutable as the Sphinx, he stepped up, with his usual quietly respectful air, to his mistress, and said, "I beg pardon, 'm, but it is all out. The order was not left in time, and Brown & Wentworth's young man has just been round to say it will be sent in first thing in the morning, and hoped you would excuse it."

Kate, being a woman, understood like a flash, and with graceful apologies insisted that the gentlemen should forsake the dining-room as soon as they had enjoyed a cigar, unless they preferred the Continental fashion of accompanying the ladies. Cousin Job would, she knew, with his American ideas of galantry.

Thus appealed to, Cousin Job rose, young Heathcote opened the door, and they all trooped back to the drawing-room, where the remainder of the evening passed delightfully.

Before leaving, Sir Robert confided to Kate that her cousin was "a most shrewd, clever fellow,—a delightful fellow," and had offered to put him up for the club, in spite of a meaning cough from his nephew.

When they had gone, Job very much surprised the ladies by saying, "Well, Kate, you were right, after all. I guess my clothes ain't quite the cheese. I'll go and get myself fixed up to-morrow at that place you were talking of to-day. What's the name?" and allowed that lady to tell him that his cravat had slipped quite round behind, and that he *must* remember to put a pin in when he dressed himself, without showing the least annoyance.

F. C. BAYLOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THE ROMAN SPENT HIS YEAR.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

THE manner in which any community divides its year and spends the several portions of it will generally be found a pretty fair indication of the character and civilization of that community. The variety and succession, or, on the other hand, the monotony, of employment, the election-days and other public occasions, the festivals and birthdays, are all closely interwoven with the social and political life and the religious usages of a people. Take the meagre list of American holidays,—New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Fast, Decoration Day, Independence, Election Day, Evacuation Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas; add to these the religious anniversaries in May, the camp-meetings in August, the "cattle-shows" in September, and "Cornwallis" in October,—what a complete view of American life do they give in nearly all its phases!—not the least significant feature of them being their fewness as contrasted with the numerous holidays of most European countries. They are the festivals of the people of whom Hosea Biglow says,—

Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the inch;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us that the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

The year of the ancient Romans possesses peculiar interest for us, because our year, like so much of our civilization, is derived directly from Rome. Our week of seven days is, to be sure, a proof of the Eastern origin of our religion; for the Roman week had eight days, that of Oriental nations seven. But in nearly everything else our calendar is Roman. The number and names of the months, the number of days in each month,—the old doggerel, "Thirty days hath September,"—the system of intercalation, by which the civil year is

made to agree with the astronomical year, all these find their explanation—when they find it at all—in the absurd and complicated calendar of ancient Rome. The Gregorian calendar, which we use, is perhaps as exact and convenient as human learning and skill could make it; but it is derived directly from a system which, in its complications and inconveniences, is a monument of human ingenuity.

The Roman method of reckoning time, before the reform of Julius Cæsar (B.C. 46), was briefly as follows. Like all primitive nations, they reckoned originally by moons; and, when they wished for a larger measurement of time, they grouped ten months into a year. The earliest Roman year was decimal, beginning with March and ending with December, the tenth month. It was easy, then, to see that it took about twelve moons to make a natural or solar year, and they added the two months of January and February. But, seeing that the twelve moons did not make quite a year, they found it necessary to lengthen them, and thus bring the calendar year into correspondence with the solar year. The months by this ceased to be *moons*; but many of the divisions and usages which belonged to the lunar month were retained when it had ceased to have any connection with the phases of the moon. Even with this additional number of days, however, the twelve months, by some miscalculation, still fell short of the required time. The old superstition, that there is luck in odd numbers, led them to make their months of twenty-nine and thirty-one days respectively; and unfortunately they made but four months of thirty-one days,—March, May, July, and October: the rest (except February) received twenty-nine each, and the year was still short by ten days. Of the method by which

they undertook to remedy this defect we will speak when we come to the place for intercalation, at the end of February.

But even worse than the reckoning of the months themselves was the method of reckoning the days of the month. The month was divided into three unequal periods by three fixed points,—the Kalends, or day of the new moon, the Nones, five or seven days later, and the Ides, or full-moon day. From these fixed points they reckoned backward,—always dropping one day, however, in the counting, so that they said, for example, the Ides, the day before the Ides, the third day before the Ides (instead of the second), and so on. These three divisions, as has been said, were unequal. The Roman week consisting of eight days, a *nundinum*, each month contained three full weeks and a few days over. The first two of these, counting backward, were taken together, so that the Ides, or full-moon day, always (except in February) came sixteen days before the Kalends of the following month; the Nones, again, came eight days before the Ides: there remained, therefore, only four or six days for the space between the Kalends and the Ides. Thus, in the thirty-one-day months—March, May, July, October—the Ides came upon the 15th and the Nones upon the 7th; in the other months they fell upon the 13th and 5th respectively.

This division of the month belongs, it is evident, to the very earliest times, when the month was really a moon. When the new moon was seen for the first time, the king summoned the people to the Capitol, where he announced to them the length of the first subdivision of the coming month, five or seven days: "Five days [or seven days] I call thee, crescent Juno!"—Juno being here the goddess of the new moon, and the day of calling—the Kalends—being sacred to her. On the day thus announced,—the Nones,—the people were assembled again to hear the announcement of the festivals and business-days of the remainder of the month. When the months came to have names and definite lengths, so that they no longer corresponded with

the phases of the moon, the Kalends were, of course, no longer determined by actual observation, but by calculation. Still, however, the practice of making the announcements upon the Kalends and Nones was kept up; and when the republic was established, and the city no longer had a king at its head, a special priest was appointed for life, called King of the Sacrifices,—*Rex Sacrorum*,—whose duty it was, among other things, to make these announcements.

Besides the Kalends, Nones, and Ides, which came upon fixed days of the month, there was a weekly market-day, once in eight days, called *Nundinæ*, which might, of course, fall upon any festival or business-day. And the days that were not occupied by festivals—*feriæ*—were assigned to the holding of public assemblies, *dies comitiales*, or of courts of law, *dies fasti*. The festivals themselves varied at different epochs. At first care was taken not to have them fall on two successive days; but they were gradually increased in number and duration until many occupied a week or more, and the year was almost filled with them.

I propose, month by month, to give an account of the most important festivals and other public days of the republican period.

JANUARY.

January is the month of opening: not necessarily of the opening of the *calendar* year, for, as the year originally began in March, this was the eleventh month; but, coming directly after the winter solstice, it is the beginning of the *solar* or natural year. It is at this season that the year starts afresh. The sun returns from his southern travels, the days begin to grow longer, and the earth is now ready for the labors of the new year. It was natural, then, that, after many changes, the 1st of January should at last be fixed upon as the commencement of the civil year. This took place B.C. 153, from which date the Roman magistrates entered upon their offices on this day. From this time,

therefore, the calendar year began with January. As the month of opening, January was sacred to the god with whose name it was identified,—Janus, god of beginnings, whose image presented two faces, looking backward as well as forward. Janus, although one of the chief gods of Rome, was not the object of much special worship, and he had no priest, as Jupiter and Mars had: the King of the Sacrifices, the head of the ritual, officiated in his rites. But, as he was the god of beginnings, he must be approached first in every sacred office. In every prayer and sacrifice his name was first invoked.

New-Year's Day was kept, as with us, with rejoicings and gifts, and was, even in antiquity, a time for carousings and intoxication. The gifts of the day—*strenæ*—were for the most part trifles, given rather for the sake of the omen and good-fellowship than for their value, —small coins, figs, dates, sweet acorns, jars of honey, sweetmeats. No people has ever had a more superstitious regard for omens than the Romans; and the omen connected with the beginning of things was of especial importance. The whole observance of this day, therefore, had regard to the omen, and everything unpleasant and likely to disturb was carefully avoided, in order that the year might begin well. But idleness would have been a bad omen: therefore a show of business was kept up. On this day, as on all Kalends, a sacrifice was offered to Juno Lucina, the goddess of birth; and to Janus a kind of cake called *janual* was offered.

The principal business of the day was the inauguration of the new magistrates, which took place upon the Capitol with great solemnity and in a great concourse, with the sacrifice of a white ox. The first duty of the new consuls was to hold a meeting of the Senate, also on the Capitol, in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus: its usual place of assemblage was in the *Curia*, upon the Forum, or in some temple in that neighborhood. The special business of this meeting was to announce the time of the great Latin festival, held on the Alban Mount, about

fifteen miles from Rome. This festival of Jupiter Latiaris had been, in early times, the common or amphictyonic festival of the Latin Confederation; but when the Latins lost their independence and were brought under the rule of Rome, the great festival passed into the hands of the Romans. It was celebrated yearly, at some time before the military campaign opened, usually in April or May, belonging to the class of movable festivals, *feriæ conceptivæ*, like our Thanksgiving, while most festivals were fixed, *feriæ stativæ*, upon some definite day. On the day appointed, a solemn procession proceeded up the mountain, by a paved road, part of which still exists in good preservation, to the Temple of Jupiter upon the summit. Here a sacrifice was offered, and portions of the slaughtered ox were distributed to the several members of the Latin League. Other festivities and diversions followed, and swinging was a favorite amusement. It was believed that this was in commemoration of Æneas and King Latinus, who had vanished from human sight, and were sought in the air as well as on the earth,—“by swinging, which is, as it were, an image of human life, in which the lowest are raised on high, and the highest are brought to the earth.”

On the 11th of January were the *Carmentalia*, the festival of Carmentis, an ancient goddess of Latium, whose name —of the same root as *carmen*, “song”—appears to point to prophetic powers, for the early oracles were all expressed in verse. She was sometimes identified with the mother of Evander. A second festival, on the 15th, participated in chiefly by women, recognized two Carmentes, Porrima and Postverta, whose names were sometimes interpreted as referring to knowledge of both past and future. Of this goddess little is said in historical times, when the primitive Latin worship was obscured by a crowd of Grecian and Oriental deities; but she must have held a leading place in early times, for she had a special priest, the Flamen Carmentalis, and the gate near which her altar stood—just at the foot of the Capitoline, between it

and the river—was called Carmentalis. Into her chapel it was not permitted to carry any part of a dead animal,—for example, anything made of leather. It is related that the famous Marcus Popilius, in the time of the Samnite wars,—the first plebeian who ever obtained the honor of a triumph,—was flamen of Carmentis. When one day he was performing a sacrifice, clad in the *læna*, or priestly robe, a tumult arose in the city. Popilius then hastily left the sacrifice, clad as he was, made his way to the assembly, and calmed the tumult by his authority and eloquence. In memory of this, from the *læna* or robe which he wore, the people gave him the name of *Lænas*, which was borne by his descendants; for it was quite out of order to address the people in any robe but the toga, the distinctive costume of a Roman citizen.

All Ides were, as has been already said, sacred to Jupiter: on the 13th of January, therefore, a sheep was sacrificed in his temple by his special priest, the Flamen Dialis.

There was only one more festival in January, and that a movable one, on two days a week apart,—the *Ferix Sementivæ*, or feast of sowing. This was the first of the long series of agricultural festivals, the number and antiquity of which are the best proof that Rome was at first a community of peasants. Sacrifices were made to Tellus, the earth, and Ceres, goddess of agriculture; and all the minor deities who presided over the several operations of tillage were invoked to be propitious: Vervactor, the god of breaking up fallow-land; Reparator, of renewing its powers; Obarator, of ploughing; Occator, of harrowing; Imporcitor, of drawing furrows; Insitor, of sowing; Sarritor, of hoeing; Subruncinator, of weeding; Messor, of harvesting; Convector, of gathering in; Conditor, of storing up; Promitor, of bringing out for use. So minute were the Romans in their religious observances; and, for fear that any divine power had been overlooked, they were wont to add in their prayers, *sive deo, sive dæ* ("any unknown god, male or

female"); but always Janus was called upon first. On the same day with the *Sementivæ* the *Paganalia* were celebrated in the country,—the feast of the townships,—*pagi*,—when the seed was all in the ground, the plough was laid away until spring, and the cattle rested in the stall.

FEBRUARY.

February is the month of purification,—from *februum*, a "purifier," and *februo*, to "purify." Being the end of the year, it was a suitable time for expiatory and cleansing rites, both public and private; and these give the month its special character. With these purifying festivals are naturally associated those in which the dead were commemorated and, the household rites were celebrated. Each family rendered service to its dead whenever it pleased,—on anniversaries or days marked by special associations. But there were, besides these private celebrations of the household, a series of public festivals in the last part of February,—the *Dies Parentales* or *Parentalia*,—beginning upon the Ides (the 13th) and ending upon the 21st with the *Feralia*, or festival of the dead, upon which there followed the *Caristia*, which may be called the festival of the living.

It is well known how large a part in the religion of all early nations is taken by the worship of deceased ancestors. Service is rendered to the shades of the founder of the family upon the household altar, a solemn meal is taken in common by the members of the household, and in these rites centres the institution of the family. As the primitive family enlarged and became successively the *gens*, or clan, and the tribe, the household worship, the common hearth, still continued to be its most vital and integral feature, until in the city, the highest development of the family organization, the king, as representing the head of the family, performed formal sacrifices upon the public altar or hearth, the same in nature, if differing in degree, with those which the father of the family performed in

his *atrium*, or hall. The special goddess of the hearth, Vesta, was one of the most remarkable and lofty conceptions of the Greeks and Romans,—the goddess of household purity, of the family hearth, and protectress of the successive groups into which the family was developed. On the family hearth she was attended by the household gods, or Penates; and Rome, too, had its Penates, believed to have been brought over the sea by Æneas from burning Troy. They were preserved and worshipped in the city of Lavinium, which, tradition said, was founded by Æneas, and their cult was the care of the state. But the special worship of Vesta in Rome was in the hands of the Vestal Virgins, six in number, whose duty it was to maintain the undying fire upon the altar of the goddess, and who were invested with special sanctity by the people of Rome.

Seeing that the household worship and the services to the dead stood at the very foundation of the civil institutions of Rome, it is easy to see the importance of these February festivals. The *Parentalia*, or days sacred to the dead, continued, as has been said, a full Roman week (eight days) before the solemn festival of the *Feralia*. They may be called days of preparation, and, indeed, the whole month may, in a sense, be considered as devoted to this service, for it contained no festival before the *Parentalia*, except that at some time during this period came the *Fornacalia*, the second of the agricultural festivals,—a movable festival, like the first of the list, the *Sementivæ*. The *Fornacalia* were in honor of Fornax, goddess of the oven or kiln. In ancient times, it was said, they dried their spelt (the grain used by the early Romans) at open fires. Much of it, of course, was burned or wasted; then the oven was invented, in which it was dried securely and evenly. To mark this step of progress this festival was established. It was celebrated by the whole people, not, however, as a whole, but by its subdivisions, the curies. The people were in the earliest times divided into thirty curies, each consisting of a number (theoretically, ten) of

gentes, or family groups. Each of these thirty curies celebrated the festival by itself, the whole being under the direction of the Curio Maximus, chief priest of the curies. This officer posted notices in the Forum of the date on which the festival would take place, and the share that each cury was to have in it. But, as the festival was very ancient in its origin and the curies were organizations which had become obsolete for nearly every other purpose, many persons did not even know to what cury they belonged. For these provision was made in a supplementary celebration on the 17th of the month, the day of the *Quirinalia*, or feast of Quirinus. Of this festival nothing is told; but the day was also known as "Fools' Festival,"—*Stultorum Feriæ*,—because of this provision made for the fools who did not know their own place at the *Fornacalia*.

Two days before the *Quirinalia* came the great purifying festival, the *Lupercalia*; and this day, the 15th of February, was sometimes called in especial the *dies februatus*, or day of expiation. The traditions of this festival, its localities, and its rude, strange rites, belong to the most primitive times, when Rome was a half-savage community of shepherds. The Lupercal—"wolf's grotto"—was a cave on the western slope of the Palatine Hill, and close by it was the *figus ruminalis*, or fig-tree under which the twin infants Romulus and Remus had been stranded by the Tiber, when they were found and nursed by the wolf which had its home in the cave. The Luperci, who celebrated this festival yearly, were young men of noble birth, who formed two brotherhoods,—the Fabian and Quinctilian Luperci, belonging respectively to the Sabine and Latin parts of the city. A third brotherhood, the Julian, was afterward added in honor of Julius Cæsar. The number of the Luperci is uncertain. The festival commenced with the sacrifice of goats and a young dog at the Lupercal. Then two young men were brought in, and their foreheads touched with the bloody knife; another of the brotherhood wiped the blood away with wool dipped in milk,

upon which the young men broke into a laugh. Then followed the sacrificial banquet of the brotherhood, after which the Luperci, clothed in nothing but pieces of the hides of the slaughtered goats, and holding in their hands thongs cut from the same hides, ran up and down through the city, striking everybody that they met. It was as leader of the Luperci Julii, a month before Cæsar's assassination, and the very year of the establishment of this brotherhood, that Mark Antony,

On the Lupercal, . . .
Thrice did offer him a kingly crown.

We can well believe that in the corrupt days of the later republic and the empire such a festival as this would be characterized by wanton and indecent practices; nevertheless, it kept its ground even after the triumph of Christianity, and was, indeed, the last of the pagan festivals to be given up. Probably its memory survives in the modern Carnival.

On the 21st of February the *dies parentales*, or days of the commemoration of the dead, were closed with the festival of the *Feralia*. Offerings were brought on this day to the shades of the departed,—wine, milk, honey, oil, and blood from the sacrifices. "Trifles satisfy the Manes," Ovid says: "what they require is dutiful affection, not rich gifts. The Stygian gods are not greedy. A tile will answer, with garlands laid upon it, and scattered fruits, and a pinch of salt, bread dipped in wine, and violets thrown about loosely." But he adds that once, when these slight offerings were neglected, the angry shades brought a terrible pestilence upon the city. Lamps also were lighted at the tombs, and a banquet followed. The next day was the cheerful family festival of the *Caristia*, or *Cara Cognatio*,—the Christmas of the Romans, when relatives feasted together and those who had been estranged sought to be reconciled before the year should close.

Upon the 24th was the *Regifugium*, or "King's Flight," generally supposed, but probably without reason, to com-

memorate the banishment of King Tarquin. The King of the Sacrifices—*Rex Sacrorum*—offered on this day a sacrifice upon the Comitium, or elevated part of the Forum, used for public assemblies, and then immediately fled, as if in fear. It had its counterpart in the *Poplifugia*, or "People's Flight," on July 5.

February, being the last month in the year, was naturally the time for bringing the calendar year into accordance with the true year, by intercalating or inserting a sufficient number of days to make up the deficiency in the regular calendar. But it would hardly be possible to devise a clumsier and more imperfect scheme than that adopted by the Romans. It has already been said that the year, before Cæsar's reform, consisted of four months of thirty-one days (March, May, July, October), seven of twenty-nine, and February, which had twenty-eight. So the year was ten days short. Therefore, every other year a month was inserted, called *Mercedonius*, or, more usually, *Mensis Intercalarius*, of alternately twenty-two and twenty-three days: this, of course, made the year too long. But, instead of bringing this month in where it belonged, at the end of February, that is, the end of the year, they must needs cut February in two, insert the intercalary month in the middle, and add to it the closing days of February. And, as if this were not complicated enough already, they must needs vary in the place of division: the twenty-two-day month was inserted after the *Terminalia* (the 23d), and the twenty-three-day month after the *Regifugium* (the 24th). The remaining days of February, four or five, as the case might be, were now added to the intercalary month, which thus always had twenty-seven days, while February in these years ended alternately with the *Terminalia* and the *Regifugium*. Thus February had every other year twenty-eight days, the other years, alternately, twenty-three and twenty-four. Three years out of the four the *Regifugium* followed directly upon the *Terminalia*; the fourth year it fell in

the intercalary month, twenty-three days after the *Terminalia*.

But, as if this were not bad enough, when the civil year, being a day too long, had got completely out of correspondence with the solar year, they seem to have been too conservative to strike out some of the intercalated days and thus remedy the defect. It was decided to leave the whole matter to the College of the Pontifices, or priests who superintended the state religion and to whom belonged the regulation of the calendar. They were to watch the seasons and decide when an intercalation was needed, and thus keep the year in trim. But this only made the matter worse than ever. The pontifices were not professional ministers of religion, but active politicians, and their judgment as to the necessity of intercalation was governed largely by the consideration whether to lengthen or shorten the year would accommodate a friend or gratify a grudge; and at last the year was so completely out of joint that Cicero speaks of being delayed by the equinoctial storm on the 16th of May.

This was the condition of things when Cæsar, being Pontifex Maximus and thus having officially the direction of the calendar, added fifty-five days to the year 46 B.C., and, having thus rectified the year, provided for keeping it right in future by distributing the ten lacking days among the twelve months, which he made as they are now. The single intercalary day once in four years was inserted, following the old custom, not at the end of February, but after the *Regifugium*, February 24, or, according to the Roman reckoning, the sixth day before the Kalends of March. And, in order not to disturb the reckoning of the following day, the intercalary day was called "the second sixth,"—*bis sextus*,—from which our name "bissextile."

MARCH.

March was the only one of the months, except January, and perhaps June, which received its name from that of a god: it was the month sacred to

Mars, the patron deity of the Italian people, honored by them next to Jupiter, the highest god of all. Mars was not originally the god of war,—it was the goddess Bellona who personified the spirit of war: he was the god of manly courage, the national god of a nation of herdsmen, and so himself in especial a protector of herds and flocks. Most of the Italian peoples had a month sacred to Mars, although it came at different times of the year.

On the first day of March, the Salian brotherhood, one of the most ancient priesthoods, performed their annual procession in honor of Mars. Clad in embroidered tunics, brass breastplates, and purple robes—*trabeæ*—over the breastplates, they proceeded through the city in a solemn dance, beating with spears the sacred shields which they bore upon their left arm, and chanting a song so archaic in its language that the priests themselves could not interpret it. These sacred shields—*ancilia*—were of a peculiar shape, indented on each side, and were twelve in number. Of these, as tradition said, one had been dropped from heaven as a palladium of the city, and the others were made after the copy of the original by a skilled artisan. They were preserved in the sanctuary of the brotherhood upon the Palatine, and it was believed that when danger threatened the city they moved of themselves, as if under the inspiration of the god of war. There was another band of Salii, having its sanctuary on the Quirinal Hill, the original seat of the Sabine community in Rome, and called Collini—the "Hill"—Salii, while the original brotherhood was known as Palatini; and these, too, had shields modelled after the original *ancile*, and performed their annual dance on the 1st of March in honor of Quirinus, a Sabine counterpart of Mars. Nor was the 1st of March the only sacred day of the Salii: their march was repeated on other days and they had other festivals in the course of the month.

The first day of every month was sacred to Juno, the patron goddess of women,—the Kalends of March especially

so, as being in early times the beginning of the year. On this day fell the *Matronalia*, the festival of matrons. It was celebrated with gifts from husbands to their wives, and with prayers for good fortune to the married pair, and the women thronged to the temple of Juno Lucina, one of the most ancient in the city, to offer their vows there. "You ask," writes Horace, "what I, a bachelor, have to do on the Kalends of March,—what good to me are the flowers, and the censer of frankincense, and the coal laid on the green turf." The bachelor must have felt out of his element on this day of the women; but he might relieve himself by watching the procession of the leaping Salii as they made their way through the throng of women. On this day, too, as an omen of the beginning year, the women served their own slaves at the table, just as their masters did on the *Saturnalia* in December.

We have spoken of the New-Year's observances on the 1st of January; but there were enough still celebrated on the 1st of March to keep up the memory of the ancient New-Year's day. Senate and people held a short assembly for the sake of the omen; the threshold of the Curia, or Senate-house, and those of the houses of the King of the Sacrifices, the Vestal Virgins, and the Flamens, or priests of special divinities, were decked with fresh laurel, and the sacred fire of Vesta was kindled anew. As a pure and holy flame, it must not be borrowed from fire contaminated by the uses of life, but must be lighted directly from the beams of the sun, or by boring a piece of the wood of a fruit-bearing tree until the flame was started. The school-year began upon this day, and the teachers received their fees. It was the day also for letting public contracts.

On the Ides of March (the 15th), the first full moon of the new year, was the festival of Anna Perenna, a goddess who is best explained as the personation of the revolving year. It was the day for a merry picnic in the pleasant spring weather, described in graceful verses by Ovid. The whole population poured

forth to the grove of the goddess, which was upon the Tiber, about a mile north of the city, therefore not far from the present Porta del Popolo: here they sat in groups upon the grass, or in tents and booths hastily constructed of the branches of trees, feasting, singing, dancing, and, above all, drinking: it was a point of honor for each to drink as many cups of wine as the years he had lived. Naturally, the return to the city at night was disorderly, as the revellers reeled home singing indecent songs.

Two days later, on the 17th, came the *Liberalia*, the festival of the ancient Roman deity Liber, identified by the Romans of the classical times with the Greek Bacchus, the god of wine. But the wine was placed by the ancient Romans under the special protection of Jupiter, the god of the atmosphere and weather; they had no special god of wine; and Liber, as the name indicates, was associated with the idea of freedom. On this day, the boy who had reached a suitable age (usually seventeen) was formally admitted to manhood. He laid aside his boyish toga with purple border—*toga prætexta*—and assumed that of a man, the plain robe of unbleached wool,—*toga virilis*; the *bullæ*, or ornament worn about the neck of the child, was consecrated to the *lares*, or household gods, after which the young man was conducted by his father or guardian to the Forum, where he appeared as a citizen. The day ended with a sacrifice and a banquet, and now for the first time he bore a name of his own. This was the celebration of the day for young men coming into manhood. The citizens at large offered on this day little sweet cakes to Liber, which were sold in the streets by old women crowned with ivy, who had with them portable hearths or altars for the use of the votaries.

The fifth day after the Ides of March, the 19th, was the great festival of Minerva,—the *Quinquatrus*: this was believed to be her birthday. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was also the goddess of the mechanic arts; and not only the school-teachers and physicians, but also

the guilds of dyers, fullers, and shoemakers, celebrated this day. The pipers alone had their celebration on the so-called Lesser *Quinquatrus*, on the 13th of June. Women, too, on this day worshipped the goddess of the loom and distaff. It was always a holiday for school-boys, and after this holiday began the school year, with its new courses of study.

APRIL.

April—the month of opening,—the season when the earth displays most actively her productive powers—is characterized in a peculiar degree by rustic festivals: the hard work of the spring is over now in those Southern countries, and the countrymen have leisure for enjoyment. Before these rustic festivals, however, came the festival of the *Megalesia*, dedicated to the great mother of the gods, Cybele.

The worship of the "Berecynthian Mother," as she was called, was of comparatively recent origin in Rome, having been introduced during the Second Punic War, in consequence of an oracle found in the Sibylline books, which declared that the foreign enemy would be driven from Italy as soon as she should be brought from Pessinus to Rome. An embassy was therefore sent to King Attalus of Pergamus, in whose dominions Pessinus was situated, and by his influence the Romans were enabled to receive and bring to Rome the meteoric stone which was the fetich of the great goddess. The oracle of Delphi added the direction that the goddess should be received in Rome by "the best Roman," and for this purpose the young Publius Scipio Nasica, cousin of the great Scipio Africanus, was designated. On the arrival of the sacred stone, Scipio proceeded to Ostia, the port of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber, and brought it forth from the ship, when it was taken by the matrons of the city and carried the whole distance (about fourteen miles) by them, one receiving it from the hands of another. The most active in this service was one Claudia Quinta, a woman of doubtful reputation, which was wholly redeemed

by the sanctity with which this act invested her. This was on the 4th of April, B.C. 204, and this day became the sacred anniversary of the goddess. Her festival was afterward extended so as to embrace the seven days from the 4th to the 10th of April.

This was an event of more significance and importance than the mere introduction of a new form of worship to be added to the many already existing. Not merely the worship but the goddess herself was brought to Rome, and this now became her home, in place of the wooded mountains of Phrygia, which had been her seat. More than this, it was the beginning of those wild and orgiastic rites which afterward held such a leading place in the Roman worship. The original religion of the Romans was sober, formal, directed to conduct, or, on the other hand, to elaborate ritual. These new, strange forms of worship were introduced by command of Apollo; and when the goddess herself consented to be conveyed to Rome, it was a recognition of the greatness of their city and its high destiny which was acceptable enough to the sedate Senators; but the wild procession of foreign-clad priests, the drums and horns, the begging from bystanders a contribution for the support of the institution,—these were things that they never heartily liked. But this was only a beginning. The *Megalesia*, the earliest of the Asiatic festivals, was always kept under control and free from the most repulsive features of the Oriental religions. But when once the populace had tasted the excitements of orgiastic rites they craved them more and more. Soon followed the debaucheries of the *Bacchanalia*, and under the empire the worship of Isis, Serapis, and Mithras crowded the native Roman observances quite into the background. Perhaps the most interesting of these Oriental festivals is the March festival of the Great Mother, from March 24 to 27, in which the death of nature, and its revival after the equinox, were symbolized with fasting and prayer, and then with unbounded rejoicing. The celebration of the *Mega-*

lesia was characterized especially by scenic representations: it is known that the "Pseudolus" of Plautus was first represented at this festival; and through the seven days of the feast the courts of justice were suspended, business was interrupted, and the members of the nobility gave entertainments to each other. The last day, the 11th, was devoted to Circensian games,—races, etc., in the Circus.

Immediately after the *Megalesia* followed the *Cerealia*, or feast of Ceres, lasting eight days, the 12th to the 19th of April, the 19th being the original and principal day. As the foreign *Megalesia* was especially appropriated by the nobles, so the festival of the Roman goddess of agriculture belonged peculiarly to the plebeians; they feasted one another at this time, as the nobles had done in the former festival. This was, indeed, a time of the greatest hilarity and merriment, and for this reason the celebration of the *Cerealia* was omitted in times of public mourning, and it was regarded as a great breach of propriety when on one occasion the gladiatorial shows were given instead of the Circensian games which properly belonged to the festival. The last day, the 19th, was the great festival of the year for the common people. They crowded in the Circus or race-course, where nuts and other trifles were thrown among them; and, besides the horse-races, it was the practice to set foxes loose in the Circus with lighted torches tied to their tails,—a symbol, it is thought, of the red blight or rust that burns up the corn.

Both the *Megalesia* and the *Cerealia* were, like many other festivals, originally celebrated for only one day; and when the *Cerealia* were extended over an entire week they were made to embrace the ancient festival of the *Fordicidia*, when a sacrifice was made to Tellus, goddess of the earth. Preparation was made in this festival for the sacrifice of the *Palilia*, or *Parilia*, April 21, sacred to Pales, god or goddess of the flocks,—for the name is both masculine and feminine. This was a herdsmen's festival, and its special character was that of lustration or purification. The ma-

terials for the purifying rite had been stored up by the Vestal Virgins in their court, and were now fetched out and burned. The votaries sprinkled themselves with a bunch of laurel dipped in water, fumigated house and barn with sulphur, and leaped over piles of burning straw. This festival was also regarded as the anniversary of the founding of the city.

On the 28th were held the *Robigalia*, or festival in propitiation of Robigo, the goddess of rust, the worst enemy of the growing corn. The time for averting this pest was at this season, when the sheath had not yet grown about the blade of the corn. A procession went to the sacred grove of Robigo, about five miles to the north of the city, headed by the Flamen Quirinalis, or sacred priest of Quirinus, who chanted a prayer entreating harsh Robigo to spare the plant of Ceres and to withhold her rough hands from the crops. No enemy of the growing grain, he said, neither wind, nor rain, nor frost, was so much to be dreaded as the burning heat of the sun, when rust invaded the fields. He ended the prayer by begging the harmful goddess to attack instead the implements of war, of which the world had no need, but to let the tender plants and the farmer's tools alone. It was believed that the blight which destroyed the corn was the same as the rust that consumed iron. And as it was created by the fierce heat of summer, and as the dog-star—the star which governs the summer heat—rose at about this time, a red dog, the color of the blight, was the victim in the sacrifice; a sheep, too, was slaughtered, and wine and frankincense poured upon the altar.

The last of the rustic festivals of April fell upon the 28th,—the *Floralia*, or feast of Flora, the goddess of flowers; afterward extended to six days. It was celebrated with games and dancing and with rude sports and revelry, and of all the Roman festivals was the one most notorious for indecency and debauchery. On the last of the six days, the 3d of May, were Circensian games.

WILLIAM F. ALLEN.

HER LOVER.

"IT is perfectly absurd!" said young Mrs. Jordan; "and Christabel would be the first to laugh at it."

"Well, I am not going to have it," replied her mother-in-law, "and there is no necessity for saying anything about it to her. It might just unsettle her; and he is not as desperately in love as he thinks he is. He said she was the one woman in the world!" and Christabel's mother gently laughed. "Is it not ridiculous? and a girl of her age!"

"She is nearly thirty," said the other contemplatively. "But you may be sure of one thing: if he should ever speak to me about it, I will throw cold water on it."

"He will not speak to you, Susie. I am only afraid of what he may say to her. It would never do."

"She would not care. But hush: I hear Robert."

The conversation at once stopped, and Christabel was sorry. Neither her mother nor her sister-in-law knew it, but she was on the lower porch. She had come over to her brother's on a little errand, and had heard the voices above her. They were clear and distinct, and the first words had arrested her attention; and now, instead of feeling convicted as an eavesdropper, she was sorry she had not heard more.

So some one was in love with her, and she was not to know anything about it! She walked home, going down the little shaded street with a quick, excited step. She ran up the garden path, and to her own room, and went directly to the looking-glass. She took off her large garden hat and flung it on a chair, and then, smoothing back her hair, looked at herself with "his" eyes.

Surely she was not so very old! She had lost neither the roundness nor the elasticity of youth. Her hair was still a soft brown; her eyes were gentle; her complexion—ah, well!—and she quickly dashed off her linen collar, threw off her

gingham dress, took down her hair, and put it up again in a looser, lighter style. Then she got out a gauzy black dress, and, in place of the linen band around her soft, white throat, she put all the lace she dared, and then she smiled at herself in the glass. It was the second toilet she had made that afternoon, but she cared nothing for that. When she had hastily dressed in her brown gingham she had meant to take care of Susie's baby while the mother went to prayer-meeting. Now she had forgotten the baby. She ran down-stairs, and on to the grass, where there was a seat under an old apple-tree. She took a book with her, but she did not read: she sat, with a flush on her cheek, looking over the hedge of lilac-bushes.

In all the years of her life Christabel had never had a lover, and no one had ever asked her to marry. She was not ugly, nor was she in ill health. She was quite as attractive as either of her sisters, both of whom had married before they were twenty. She had never thought much of marriage. For one thing, she had always been very busy. She had nursed her father through a long and fatal illness. She kept house for her mother, and did all of her sister-in-law's marketing, because, as Susie put it, Christabel went to the five-o'clock market anyhow, and where was the use of her also getting up at that hour? Then there was the church-work, the Sunday-school, the sewing-class, a sick friend, and this and that, and so Christabel's sphere had grown around her. She had no need of a home or a husband to supply and define her duties. Her girlhood had glided into womanhood, and now middle age was coming on, and she had not realized it.

Who was he? In all the village there were but three men who could possibly be her suitors, and each one was improbable. The Episcopal minister was young, but he was a Ritualist and

advocated celibacy. In spite of his quick, impatient eyes, Christabel could not think of "Father Agnew" as a lover. Then there was Joel Knight, owner of extensive iron-mills; but he was a widower, with a son almost as old as Christabel herself, and her fancy at once dismissed him as even a possible lover. She smiled, thinking of herself as Jim Knight's step-mother! Finally, there was the doctor. Nothing could be said against him as a lover, except that he laughed at love and hunted in stagnant waters for rhizopods when he might have been wooing a wife. He was a friend of the house, and—here Christabel remembered, and the color rushed to her face, the doctor had paid her mother a long visit that very morning.

When the planet Neptune was discovered through mathematical demonstration that such a force must be in a given place, the prophetic astronomer must have realized Christabel's kindred if feeble sensation of unproved certainty. The planet was a fact, but the telescope had not revealed it.

She was alive with a new excitement. She had fancied her life tranquil; she now discovered that it had been stagnant. Had she come to the knowledge that she loved, she might have been disturbed and unhappy; but, like Marguerite in "Faust," her first consciousness was that she was herself beloved. If Christabel had been younger, this experience might have been tamer; but she had never been first with any one, and all her life had been spent in being useful to others.

She felt for the first time the sense of individual power. For the first time she realized that she had her own place in the great system of attractive forces. It would not be possible to analyze the quick, sweet discoveries which came to her. She was loved! She could love! All her still, subdued life bloomed out, and she was at last awake.

When Mrs. Jordan came home to supper, keeping her little secret as closely as if it concerned herself alone, she saw at once some intangible but certain change in her daughter. It was not merely

Christabel's dress, although there was in it a lightness, a grace, that was new to her; but she had a restless, buoyant glance and movement, a little sparkle, that interested her mother. Even in her girlhood Christabel had not appeared like this.

"You look," said Mrs. Jordan, with a little smile, holding a strawberry up to the light, as if she fancied she could look through it, "as if you had seen your lover, Christy."

Her daughter half smiled, half flushed, but, being on her guard, only laughed lightly as she asked,—

"Do I look frightened?"

Glancing out of the window, she saw the doctor coming in at the gate. For a moment everything was dim. She felt the blood in her cheeks, in her ears, but she said nothing. Her mother, fortunately, could not see him, and he entered and rang the bell, while Christabel slowly came to herself, and her heart-throbs grew a little less violent.

When Mrs. Jordan heard who it was, she seemed at first a little surprised. She got up, went to the door, and then turned.

"Oh, it is you he wants to see," she said.

"Me!" cried Christabel. "Me?"

Mrs. Jordan laughed: "Yes, you! Is there anything so surprising in that? He said this morning he would come again when you were at home. Go in, Christabel, and when I have finished my coffee I will come."

Christabel looked at her mother anxiously. She did not understand. He was to have his chance, then! But she did not understand it.

She looked at her mother with a bewildered air as she arose.

"Do go," said her mother, helping herself to more butter. "He will want to get home to his supper. Don't keep him waiting."

Christabel sat down again. "He can come again," she said.

"How foolish you are! Christabel, you are not going to have *nerves*, I hope. It is not such an awful thing. I am sure I did not mind it."

Christabel thought that very likely. Her father was a saint in heaven, but she could not imagine him as a lover.

"Well," she said, "I am not going."

"I do believe you *are* afraid!"

"Of what? Of Dr. Lane?"

"Of being vaccinated," replied her mother.

"Oh!" said Christabel; and she at once got up and left the room.

Her cheeks burned a little, but she thought she was very calm; and as she went through the hall she pushed up her sleeve; and when she entered the parlor she presented her arm as an automaton might.

"It is an important operation," said the doctor, promptly taking out his lancet. "Your mother does not believe in the 'points' we use. She insists upon her family being gashed, and she wants to see the virus."

Christabel did not answer. She was perfectly composed, but still there was a curious loss of connection between the past and the present, and she felt the need of time to make it right again.

"There!" said the doctor. "Now I wish you the sorest of arms."

Christabel looked at the quill, at the lancet, at the glass of water.

"I suppose everybody in the village has been vaccinated?" she said.

"Has been, or will be," replied the doctor. "It is an easy and inexpensive operation. Have you seen Agnew today?"

"No." And again Christabel's unreasonable and unreasoning heart gave a little jump.

"He wants to see you," said the doctor, picking up a magazine and looking at the illustrations. "There is some trouble over at Eldridge's, and he thought you would like to go there."

"So I should," replied Christabel. "Little Maggie has been my scholar for some time. Is she very ill?"

"It is a pretty bad lookout," the doctor said gravely. "She is a delicate child at the best, and they let this cold run on until it has taken a serious form. If I were you, I would go as early as possible in the morning. I have just

come from there. It is impossible at this moment to say how the case will terminate."

He took his hat as he spoke, and stood up.

Christabel sat with her hands lightly crossed in her lap, her sleeve still rolled up. She had forgotten the little romance of the afternoon, and was thinking of what was far more real to her, the danger of her little scholar. If Christabel had been a rhizopod, the doctor would have admired her symmetrical and delicate proportions; but as he had taken little notice of her round, white arm, so now he was only dimly conscious of some vague, pleading change in her appearance.

"If I don't see Mr. Agnew to-night," she said, looking up at him, "I will try to get a horse and go over very early."

"I would take you," he replied, "but my only vehicle, you know, is a sulky. Then, I have to go first to the Linwood furnace, and you would not like that rough ride. Well, good-by. I think you will see Agnew; and I hope you will delight your mother by having as bad an arm as possible."

Christabel smiled and followed him to the porch, and then watched him as he went down the street. She was entirely at ease about the doctor. Let it be any one else, it certainly was not Dr. Lane. And she was not displeased. She liked him too well as a friend to wish for him as a lover. He had a hearty, cordial way of coming and going. He never praised Christabel, but he often laughed at her, and he recommended books to her. He had his own place.

In the evening, as was very usual in this little town, where social intercourse was limited, the Rev. Mr. Agnew called. He carried a book in one hand, and in the other the chimney for a lamp. He smiled as he laid these down on a chair and came forward to speak to Mrs. Jordan and Christabel, who were sitting on the porch. He did not look like an ascetic. He was slight and not tall. His hair was a reddish brown, and he was nervous and vigorous. He was a

keen scholar and an energetic speaker, and it was not clear to the average mind why he had devoted himself to the task of building a church in Western Pennsylvania; but, as he gave back his salary in all sorts of ways, his sincerity was not doubted, and the people had patience with his advanced ideas.

He spoke at once of the little girl. "I was over there to-day," he said, "and she asked again and again for you. I told her I would bring you over to-morrow; and in the mean time—now, don't you laugh—I made a little sketch of you and gave it to her. It pleased her."

"You made a sketch of me!" repeated Christabel, coloring and glancing at her mother.

"I did," he replied, speaking slowly. "Of course you would think it very bad, for it is the crudest work; but if you knew how great was the child's delight, you would pardon me."

"It was kind in you," said Christabel, who found it hard to say just what she meant, "but—well, I hope you are not in the habit of sketching people in this off-hand manner."

The young priest glanced at her. "Does it offend you?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said; "but it makes one feel one's self in another's power. I did not know you did such things."

"I used to do 'such things' very seriously. I once expected to be an artist; but I should not have achieved all I desired. You will go over?"

"Certainly."

"But there is one obstacle. I have not been able to get a horse. Everybody is so busy. Do you think we could have your brother's?"

"His horse's foot is sore," replied Mrs. Jordan. "But why cannot you walk over?"

"And go through the tunnel?" said Christabel, in a doubtful tone.

"Certainly. It shortens the walk very much. The Eldridges always use it."

"I went through it to-day, going and coming," said the clergyman. "It is not hard walking, and we could take a lantern."

Christabel was still undecided. "It is a long time since I went through it," she said. "Could we not go over the hill? The weather is so lovely that the walk would be pleasant."

"It would be very hard," the clergyman replied. "There is a half-mile, at least, of steep climbing. You are not afraid to go through the tunnel?"

"Oh, no," she answered, but still hesitating; "but it is a long time since I ventured."

The next day, Mr. Agnew came early, and when Christabel, in her brown gingham, but with bright ribbons at her throat and around her waist, came down, ready to go, she found him sitting in the parlor, gently swinging a lantern between his knees.

"This seems rather ridiculous," he said: "the sunshine is so brilliant this morning that it ought to penetrate the darkest places. Shall I leave it here?"

"Indeed, no," she replied. "I wish we had two. Suppose that one should go out?"

"This lantern, my friend," he said, "is mine. On very dark nights it takes me to church, and sometimes escorts our worthy warden home. It does not go out."

How radiant, how charming, was the morning! There was a breeze in the fresh green leaves. The apple-trees were in blossom, and a soft haze shadowed the dreamy, far-away hills, which faded into cloud. The way to the Eldridge farm lay over the bridge that spanned the little river, then along the railroad to a long tunnel, and up the heavily-wooded hill to a slope well cleared and rich in orchards and corn-fields. The path through the tunnel saved a long and tedious climb, and was constantly used by the country-people when they came to town, and the girls learned to walk steadily on the rails, when supported by a steady masculine hand.

"How delightful it is!" cried Christabel, as they crossed the river. "Surely the child must grow better. I cannot understand how any one can die on such a day as this."

The young man looked up at the

green hill toward which they were going. "It is a good day on which to die," he said. "I should like to leave the world in just such fresh beauty. The good old world! It deserves that we should remember it as bright and pleasant."

Christabel looked at him with pleasure: "You don't condemn it as given up to nothing but wickedness and grief?"

"Not now," he replied; "but wait until we plunge into the tunnel; then I will tell you how much of my delight to-day is conviction and how much exhilaration and oxygen."

When they reached the mouth of the tunnel, the watchman was sitting on a bench in front of his house. "You are in good time," he said, nodding grimly. "The morning train went through an hour ago, and the gas and smoke are about cleared out."

"There is no other train due?"

"Not till eleven-twenty."

"No freight-trains?"

"Not a one. Going over to the Eldridges'?"

The clergyman nodded, unscrewing his lantern.

"One of the boys has just gone through. The little girl is better."

"I am very glad to hear that," said Mr. Agnew, striking a match and lighting the lantern. "Shall we go on, Miss Jordan?"

Christabel was standing in front of the tunnel, looking in. Her face was a trifle paler, her eyes slightly dilated. The sun shone into the opening; the stones were green and dripping with moisture. Beyond all was dark, impenetrable to light.

"Come," said Mr. Agnew, advancing into the entrance, "into these sad, mysterious depths will we descend."

Christabel shook her head.

"Are you afraid? There is also an exit. All you have to do is to walk on, and you will come out into the sun again. Now, I might use that as an illustration,—draw a moral from it!"

She paid no attention to this gay banter. She had preceded him into the tunnel, and was walking with firm if

uneven steps over the ties, which were of varying widths and unevenly laid. Some were a foot apart, others but a few inches. The clergyman came behind, carrying his lantern. Presently, however, it became darker, and Christabel had to walk with caution, fearing to step between the sleepers.

"You had better let me go ahead, and I can give you some light." And he stepped in front of her, and, holding the lantern very low, a small ring of light was shed on the pathway.

"I have not been through since I was a child," said Christabel, in an anxious tone, "and I have forgotten how to walk on the ties."

It was now densely dark. Far ahead gleamed a small star of light: far behind was another. They were in the centre of the tunnel. It was perfectly still, and no sound from the outer world reached their ears. Only the tramp of their own feet was to be heard as they walked on, their heads in the deepest gloom, the ring of faint and shadowy light at their feet. Neither spoke. Suddenly Mr. Agnew became conscious that he was alone.

He lifted his lantern and swung it out, but there was no one near. "Christabel!" he cried sharply, but there was no answer.

He hastened back a short distance, and came upon her sitting on the ground in the centre of the track.

"Are you sick?" he exclaimed. "Has the air affected you? There must always be some gas and smoke. But you must not stay a moment here. Come." And he took her hand. "Come! We shall soon be out."

She drew her hand away: "I cannot go on; indeed, it is impossible."

"But you must! Why, how can you stay here? You will only grow more sick."

"I am not sick," she said, in a gasping voice, "and I cannot go on."

"But a train may come!" As he stooped, looking into her face, she shook her head.

"I cannot; I cannot do it," she replied, in an irritated, nervous tone.

"But you must." And he stood up. "If a train comes, I can hold you back against the wall, but you would be suffocated. You *shall* come, Christabel!"

She made no answer. "Well, then," he said, putting the lantern on the side of the track, "I will carry you."

As she still neither moved nor spoke, he put his hands under her arms and lifted her to her feet.

"Come," he repeated gently, "do not so lose your courage! What is there here to harm you?"

"I am afraid," she said hoarsely, and then she gave a nervous little laugh; "but I will go on."

He looked toward her anxiously, but he could not see her face, and he picked up his lantern and took her hand in his own.

"We will keep together," he said, "and you must not stumble."

Then he began to talk to her in the gentle, reassuring tones he would have used to a child, and so he led her on and on, gradually quickening his step, until the darkness became less dense, a dim light shone on the path, it grew brighter and brighter, and they passed out into the sunlight.

Then he turned and looked at her. Her hat was pushed back, her face was pale, and her eyes had an uncertain, curious expression. He still kept her hand, and led her to a shaded spot where a log lay half buried in dead leaves. She sat down, and he stood in front of her, still holding his lantern. "I had no idea it would affect you so. It was cruel to take you in there."

"It always frightened me," she said; "but now I am older, and I felt sure I could compel myself to go through without nervousness. I am so much ashamed of myself!"

He looked at her with compassion and in silence, and then she gently laughed. "Are you not going to put out your light?" she said.

He smiled and blew it out, and then sat down at her side. "We will stay here a few moments, until your hands are steady, and then we will go on." And

he took a book out of his pocket and began to read.

Christabel's eyes filled with tears. She was still nervous, and she had gained but little control over herself, and this calm indifference hurt her. Two days before, she would, perhaps, have been glad to be allowed to conquer herself unobserved and alone; but to-day she wanted sympathy, kind words, the pressure of a friendly hand. She drew her hat down over her face, and stood up.

"Nothing," she said, in a tone she tried to make firm, "nothing will steady me like walking on. Shall we go?"

The path was now very pleasant, winding up over a grassy slope and among hemlocks and pines. As they walked on, sometimes side by side, sometimes one or the other in advance, just as the path widened or narrowed, Christabel regained her nervous balance, and by the time they reached the farm she was almost calm.

They met the farmer himself at the house door. His face brightened when he saw them approaching.

"She has been very low since you saw her yesterday," he said to the minister, "but she is stronger. The doctor is up-stairs now, and I take it he don't mean to give her up yet."

Christabel put out her hand.

"I am so glad," she said,—"so heartily glad!"

When the doctor came down, he confirmed what the father had said. The little girl was still very ill, but he had more hope, and he sent Christabel up to see her, charging her to stay but ten minutes. While she was gone, Mr. Agnew told the doctor of Christabel's panic, and the doctor laughed. Christabel had always seemed to him such an evenly-balanced, unemotional sort of woman that he would have prophesied her control over herself under any circumstances, crediting her with little imagination and less sensitiveness. Now, when she came down again he looked at her with keener professional scrutiny. Her eyes were soft and tender, and they looked as though she had just wiped the tears away. Her lips trembled, and

he was impressed by her in rather a novel manner. When he began to laugh at her for her nervousness, she looked annoyed, and glanced at the clergyman as if he had betrayed her confidence.

"Well," said the doctor, "we shall have to get you home over the mountain. It won't do to let you go through that tunnel again, or you may have the hysterics, and your mother will charge it all on the vaccination."

"Oh," said she promptly, "I do not mean ever to enter that tunnel again; I am going over the mountain. It is not such a very long walk." And she again looked at Mr. Agnew, but now much as if he had said she should not.

"But you needn't walk," said the farmer; "I am pretty well thronged with work, but I can send you in the spring wagon, if you will go in it."

So Christabel went home in state, with one of the Eldridge boys as coachman, with Mr. Agnew as companion, and the doctor in his sulky as escort; and she noticed—having also gained keener eyes—that the two gentlemen were very much more interested in each other than either was in her.

Late in the afternoon Christabel found a small box on the parlor table. It was addressed to her, and contained a lace-pin of delicate forget-me-nots. There was neither card nor name with it. No one knew who had put the box there, but Mrs. Jordan was curious to know what it contained. Christabel laughed, and told her it was of no consequence.

But Christabel was not exactly truthful about it, because she thought it of considerable consequence. It was another development. "He" had sent it!

And yet the doctor had sat by this table when he vaccinated her; the minister was there when she came down to meet him. No one else had called.

"Before 'he' sees me wear it," she said, locking it in her writing-desk, "'he' will have to throw off his mask."

But was he masked? Could love so veil itself under indifference? Christabel felt sure it could not. In spite of her twenty-seven years without love or

lover, she knew she should understand when the time came. She recalled the doctor's carelessness, the minister's soothing, gentle words. There was no love in either.

"It is neither of them," she said lightly, and then she sat down with her hands clasped tightly. It could not be Joel Knight. It should not be!

"But I do not want any lover!" she cried, jumping up and getting down a basket of stockings to mend. "Why, I was—I *am* perfectly happy now!" And then she resolved to think no more about it.

But fate had not yet done with her. It had yet to present the other possible suitor to her; and the next day she met Joel Knight as she was about to go out at the gate.

He was a small man, with a high, bare forehead. His nose was hooked, and he wore a long, thin moustache. He took Christabel's hand as if it had been made of glass and therefore to be cared for as brittle, and then, with a second thought, he pressed it like an india-rubber ball that would perhaps collapse. Christabel drew it from his tenacious grasp, and then he gently leaned toward her and whispered that it was a lovely day. Christabel was used to this tender, confidential manner. She knew if she walked with him he would hold her elbow in the palm of his hand and all his conversation would take the form of confidences: so she stood inside the gate, and soon moved along so that the fence was between them. He talked of Decoration Day, and of a strawberry-festival to be given to the school-children, and said his son Jim would soon be home, and he meant to take him into the firm as partner; and he spoke of his loneliness, and his motherless little girls, all in a low undertone, with his face coming too closely over the fence, and his breath too near. But he would have said all this to Mrs. Jordan. He would have whispered, have touched her arm, in the same way. He was not insensible to youth or to beauty, and when he told Christabel how fresh and well she looked he was perfectly sincere; but he was a

general, and to all women an equally objectionable, gallant. He was good,—no one denied it,—but his confidences bored and his affectionate courtesy displeased most of them. Christabel, who had always tolerated him because she had always been used to him, now listened with dismay. It was not impossible that these compliments, this deferential manner, had at last a special meaning!

She drew back in horror. Was this the lover who had said—and she abruptly turned and walked back to the house, leaving an astonished man looking over the fence.

After this Christabel conjectured no more, and her visionary lover faded away. She fancied there was a misapprehension in the matter, and it became like a dream, and she went on with her life in what she supposed was the same spirit. But she was mistaken. She had changed more than she knew. Christabel was one of the women who but for some chance awakening could live their lives with their hearts asleep. She could have faded into a colorless old maid, interested in charities, active in good work, and believing that everybody could do right and prosper if they would only make up their minds to do so. Now she was awake. A mere touch of vital life had transfigured her nature. She came into new experiences, unaccustomed sympathies. Heroism, sacrifice, joy, had been as words to her. She had heard of such things, but she had never thought of what they meant. Now, such phrases as "the noble army of martyrs," such books as "Amyas Leigh," had life in them to her, and she became aware of the difference between conviction and opinion. She was more serious, but she was also more gay. She began to have dreams of what she should do. There was a change in her bearing, a new brightness and sparkle in her manner. She laughed at her friends, she argued with them, and then did the newest thing of all,—she began to lead them. It was Christabel who introduced lawn-tennis into the village, and who coaxed together a class to study

the English poets. She no longer wore linen collars and staid hats, but, like the burnished dove, changed into a livelier iris, and all the currents of her being set toward a keener life.

It was now October. The hill-sides had begun to brighten. The blackberry-vines, the sumach, and here and there a beech, had bloomed into brilliancy. There had been a frost, and Christabel had gone nutting with Dr. Lane. He had not had such fun since he was a boy; and as for Christabel, she felt as if she had lost twenty years of her life and was but seven. She took rides up the mountain-roads with her brother's children, and she was all the time calling upon them to enjoy the charming, exhilarating air. She might have been a dweller of the plains, so new to her seemed the bright atmosphere.

When everything was so pleasant and gay, Jim Knight came home. He had been studying nearly a year in Europe, and was considered the traveller of the town. He did not resemble his father in appearance. He was short and fat, and his smooth, round, and rosy cheeks made him look as if he were twenty rather than twenty-four years of age. He had rather a lisp, and wore eye-glasses; and when Christabel saw what he was with his "advantages," she smiled, wondering what he would have been without them.

The day after his arrival there was a game of lawn-tennis at young Mrs. Leeds's, and, when it was over, Jim walked home with Christabel. As they wound down the hill-side to the town, he said,—

"You have not forgotten me?"

"Of course I haven't. Oh, what lovely ferns!"

He stood still while she gathered some ferns and tied them loosely in her handkerchief.

"Perhaps they will be fit to press when I get home," she said.

"Yes," he replied carelessly. Then he said, in a very different tone, "But do you never wear it?"

As he looked intently at her throat, she put her hand to it; then she colored.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, "did you send it?"

"Of course I did."

"I never thought of you!"

"You never thought of me!" he repeated. "Oh, Christabel! and I was sure you would understand!"

"I don't know what there was to understand." And, the path here growing narrow, she went on ahead.

"You need not run away," he said, in an aggrieved tone. "You ought to have understood. When you gave me that forget-me-not card before I went away, you understood well enough."

She looked over her shoulder and laughed.

"I gave it to you because I thought it pretty. Wasn't it?"

The young man stood perfectly still. The color faded out of his cheeks. He took a note-book from his pocket and drew from it a little gold-and-blue card.

"To think," he said, "that I have carried this so long, and you gave it to me because you 'thought it was pretty'!"

He tore it into little pieces and flung it down the hill-side.

Christabel looked at him blankly.

"But it *was* pretty," she stupidly repeated.

He looked beseechingly at her.

"You do not mean it?"

"Mean what?" she asked.

"That you have not known, you have not felt,—and all this time,—oh, Christabel, I have thought of you,—I lived for you! You are the one woman of the world to me!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Christabel, and she looked at him as though he had struck her. Then she laughed. It was cruel, and he started back, growing paler.

"But, Jim,—oh, I am not laughing at you! It is at myself. I deserve that you should laugh at me! And it was *you*!"

"I laugh at you!" he repeated. "I adore you! You love me? Christabel, you will marry me?"

"Indeed I will not," she said, and she put the hand he tried to take behind her back.

"Oh, yes you will!"

"But I won't. And if you don't take care, Jim, you will fall down the hill-side."

"I cannot fall any deeper than I have already," he answered gloomily. "Gott in Himmel, and is this the end?"

"Don't swear," she said,—“not even in German. Why, I couldn't marry you. You are too young."

"I am not much younger than you are!"

"Three years. Why, you were a little boy when I was a great girl."

"Christabel," he said, "it is that confounded college! You think of me as a school-boy. If I had gone into business three years ago, you would not answer me thus."

"But, indeed, I should like my husband to be a *little* older than you are, Jim."

The path was now wider, and he walked by her side.

"You will give me a little hope." He spoke in a tender voice, with a still more tender glance.

"Jim," she replied, "please don't be so simple!"

He gave her a quick and most scornful look.

"Oh, heart of stone!" he cried; "oh, insensible, frivolous nature!" And he turned and dashed down the hill. He soon took a speed beyond control; but the rocky slope, the bushes, gave him foothold, and he had not lost his boyish mountain-step. It was an effective and dramatic exit, and Christabel held her breath until he disappeared behind a grove of young oaks, and then she went quickly home.

But this was not the end of it. The young man proved to be the most open and persevering of suitors. He pursued Christabel with his attentions. He went to church to look at her, to parties to dance with her. He entertained the village with his devotion. No amount of scorn or coldness on her part daunted him, and he cared nothing for the jests of his friends. He wore his lady's colors, so to speak, in the frankest manner, and he was proud because he loved so well. He then went into keener

forms of passion, and became jealous. He could no longer believe that Christabel refused him because she was indifferent, but knew it was because she loved another. She was prejudiced against him, he exclaimed. He had an enemy who worked against him and who advised her to treat him as she did. When he went to church he would turn his sad eyes away from Christabel and fix them with a withering glare upon the pew where Dr. Lane sat.

Now that "he" had appeared, "he" certainly annoyed Christabel as much as possible.

When the doctor discovered that he was the object of all this jealous wrath, when he heard of the invectives breathed against him, he was delighted. It seemed to him the most absurd of jokes, and he began to escort Christabel home from church for no reason but to annoy young Knight. It became a great amusement to him to talk to her at an evening party, while the young lover stood moodily apart and looked unutterable things at her. It was not at all amusing to Christabel herself; but the doctor enjoyed it hugely: it was quite a new experience to him, and for a time diverted his attention, not from his patients, but from his rhizopods. It was a logical consequence, also, that he should consider Christabel a little differently, and he began to look at her to see what it was that so fascinated the young traveller. He discovered that she was graceful and pretty. Her voice had sweet inflections; she was gentle and domestic. He now rarely laughed at her, and he never recommended books to her. He thought of her in his long rides, and he bought a very handsome buggy, which would on occasion hold two. He still used the sulky, but he liked to know that he had the other vehicle.

One day he met her walking home.

It was a clear, cold day, and Christabel looked rosy and happy. He turned and walked with her. Of course they met young Knight, who bowed coldly and with bitterness in his eyes.

"Do you know," said the doctor, "that there is but one way of making that young man accept his destiny and be content?"

"What is it?" she asked.

"Would you take it?"

"Gladly."

"I wonder if you would!" He ran his hands deeper into his overcoat pockets; then he took them out and began to examine critically the fur cuffs of his gloves.

"Well?" said Christabel.

"It is—oh, it is very simple. It is only—only to make true all that he supposes is so. I am *very* fond of you, Christabel!"

Her face showed mingled signs of amazement and confusion; but all she said was, "Oh, Dr. Lane!"

"I am in earnest. You don't know how happy you will make me. Say you will."

"But I cannot."

"But you can. What is to hinder? All you have to do is to say you will."

"Oh, no, it isn't." Then she added, reflectively, "How odd that you should say this to-day!"

"To-day?" he repeated. "What difference is there between yesterday and to-day or to-morrow? Would it make any difference in your answer?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "But, you see, yesterday I was not engaged to Mr. Agnew, and to-day—I am."

As the doctor walked away, it occurred to him that he must look a good deal like Jim Knight; and he put his hand to his face, as if to assure himself that his moustache was not gone.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I.

THE dusky star-set blue of Southern night;
 Music and song approaching and receding;
 Sweet, sudden laughter-showers of masquers leading
 Across the moon-white square a merry flight,
 With breeze-blown torch and tossing cresset bright;
 Gay Love and glad impetuous Youth unheeding,
 That float away to the lute's lovely pleading
 Down flowing hours smooth-silvered with delight.

And, last, a figure of a race despised;
 Shadow in light, groan echoing to the laugh;
 Bent haggard Age, with uplift shaken staff
 At night's noon knocking, knocking at the door
 Of a gray, silent house, of that he prized
 Empty for ever and for evermore.

II.

Lo, how the lips that Portia pressed but late
 Against the opened casket, blessing lead
 With the gold beauty of her bended head,
 In proud abandonment to that dear fate
 It gave her forth, the casket fortunate,—
 Lo, how these lips forego their wreathed red
 Above the scroll that speaks his danger dread
 Who holds her lover in sad heart and great!

Now in her spacious soul doth Sorrow meet
 Warm Joy, that, generous, gives the pale one place;
 And in the tremulous lines of her fair face
 An exquisite and soft remorse appears
 That Love of right must take the sovereign seat,
 And Friendship lower pass, for all his years.

III.

"I stand for law." It is the hour: behold
 The stem storm-buffeted, a spear grown strong
 For sternest deed in wanton winds of wrong.
 See Shylock from his sombre garment's fold
 The scales of Justice draw. No lavish gold
 Shall weigh with vengeance now; he hears loud song
 And triumphing of timbrels from the long
 Dim lines of Israel's branded dead untold.

Oh, not alone this crooked blade unsheathes,
 Empowered at last, one wan and patient Jew:
 Just Judah stands for law.

A spirit new
 Gives answer gracious as from heaven it rained.
 A powerful angel through a woman breathes:
 "The quality of mercy is not strained."

HELEN GRAY CONE.

IN THE KAURI FORESTS OF NEW ZEALAND.

AMONG my happiest memories of the Scottish Highlands are dreams of bright days on a beautiful estate, where stream and lake, moor and forest, combined to make all the surroundings of a happy home as delightful as such could possibly be. Then came a year of evil tidings. Heavy mercantile failures affected many interests far removed from their own apparent sphere. Business details acted and reacted on one another, and at length it was found requisite that the lovely home should be abandoned and the impoverished family should seek new quarters better suited to their diminished fortunes.

Heavy was the sorrow of leaving the dear, familiar haunts, and heavier still the grief of parting with old family servants and clansmen. But the inevitable had to be faced, and, like all such heart-breaking scenes, it was survived, and General and Mrs. Gordon and their half-grown family took up their abode in their new home,—a dull house in a dull street in a great city, where the education of the children could be carried on at a comparatively small cost.

Ere many years had passed, the eldest son, Kenneth Gordon, developed into a fine, powerful young fellow, devoted to his parents, and fired by an earnest longing to work for them, and, if possible, to restore the fallen fortunes of his house, and perchance even repurchase the dearly-loved old home. As a matter of course, his thoughts turned to the colonies, where, in various capacities, Scotch lads from the neighborhood had done well and had pushed their own way in life to very good purpose. He knew that his father could not raise any capital with which to start him in any profession, so he determined to turn his physical strength and good mother-wit to account; and, with a brave heart and an earnest purpose, he sailed for New Zealand, confident that he would there

find some work which should give him a fair start in life.

He knew of men who had made fortunes as lumberers, and he bethought him that this was as good a chance for him as any other. So he determined to seek his fortune in this line, and took his passage for Auckland, and thence made his way to the great districts known as "the bush."

Sombre, solemn, and grand are the kauri forests of Northern New Zealand. If you want beauty of mixed foliage, of wide-spreading, branching trees, all interlaced with knotted vines and tufts of rosy blossom,—forests where the golden sunlight steals in delicately-divided rays through the exquisite canopy of tall tree-ferns, to fall in radiant gleams on the carpet of all manner of silver-backed and other lovely ground-ferns,—you will find these in perfection wherever the grievously "improving" hand of the settler has spared the primeval bush. Alas that we should have to say, such precious visions of Eden are already few and far between,—only to be found in the least frequented districts.

But the kauri forests are a thing altogether apart; and alas! indeed, of these also we must say that they are rapidly diminishing before the too busy axe of the lumberer. The kauri is the pine-tree of New Zealand, the sole representative of the coniferous family, and a very noble representative it is, though by no means answering to our ordinary notions of pine-trees, inasmuch as its foliage consists of leaves instead of needles; but it is tall and straight as a mast, and a very majestic mast, for these stately trees range from fifteen to fifty feet in girth, and attain a height of from a hundred to two hundred feet ere they commence throwing out the branches which form their crown of sombre green. The trees stand close together, forming

endless groups and clusters and long aisles of tall dark pillars, like marble columns in some wondrous cathedral of giants. For the bark of the kauri is smooth and very dark, and the only relief to the solemnity of these forests is the carpet of luxuriant ferns and the delicate creeping-ferns which twine lovingly round the stately stems of the unbending pines and lend them a touch of fairy-like life, more especially when a ray of mellow sunlight, gilding their dainty fronds, seems to shine with magic beauty through the dim twilight which prevails even at noon beneath the kauri shade.

To invade this solemn sanctuary, disturb its great peace, and attack and fell its noblest trees, does indeed appear ruthless desecration; yet this is the work of the lumberer. He must steel his heart to all influences of beauty, and learn to look upon the stately growth of centuries as simply representing so many square feet of timber to be felled and carried to market at the smallest possible cost.

To Kenneth Gordon, nurtured in a romantic devotion to the far humbler fir woods of his own Highlands, the lumberer's work of destruction was so utterly distasteful that for a while he determined to seek his fortune among the gum-diggers. This is a special industry peculiar to Northern New Zealand, and the precious gum is a semi-fossilized deposit which is found buried at a depth of five or six feet below the surface of the ground, on tracts of open land, where in bygone ages grew kauri forests which have long since disappeared. It is thought probable that these forests have been burnt, and that the exceeding heat liquefied the resin and caused it to flow more freely, for the digger is sometimes rewarded by finding a lump as big as his own body, though more frequently it lies buried in fragments from the size of an egg to that of a man's head.

The value of the gum varies with its color, which is sometimes of a rich brown, sometimes bright amber, and occasionally almost like pale crystal. Sometimes it is clouded, sometimes quite

clear, revealing flies and tiny beetles which, perhaps for ages, have been enshrined in its transparent depths. The clearest and most crystalline pieces fetch the highest prices, and are carved into ornaments hardly to be distinguished from amber, but very much more brittle. When these extra fine pieces have been selected, the rest is sold in the Auckland market at from thirty to forty pounds a ton, and is purchased by English and American manufacturers of varnish. The amount collected must be enormous, as the value of the annual export from the colony ranges from seventy thousand to two hundred thousand pounds. None is found in the Southern Isle, nor, indeed, to the south of latitude $37^{\circ} 30'$, which is the southernmost limit of the growth of the kauri.

Whether the special qualities of the buried gum are due to old age, or to the possible action of fire, is unknown; but that which is obtained from the living tree is altogether worthless for the market, being soft and sticky,—in fact, simple resin. Large quantities in this condition are sometimes found about the roots of growing trees in the forest; but of this very little can be turned to account.

At one time as many as two thousand men made their living as professional gum-diggers; but in these more settled days other occupations are found to be more remunerative, and a comparatively small number now adopt this as their regular employment,—those who do so being for the most part the unsettled, roving members of the community. They are a mixed lot,—of very much the same stamp as an average colony of gold-diggers. Bohemians of every nation, European, American, Australian, all find their way to the gum-fields. There men of all classes rub shoulders; and a white-handed "swell," lately, perhaps, an over-extravagant officer in her majesty's service or an unworthy member of one of the universities, may deem himself fortunate should he chance to fall in with some sturdy navvy who will accept him as his pal and do some-

thing more than his fair share of work.

So to the gum-fields Kenneth betook himself, soon after his arrival in the land of the kauri. He had the good fortune to fall in with a small party of steady young fellows who, like himself, were determined to seek for this hidden treasure in order to obtain a small capital wherewith to start fair in some more settled line of life; and indeed there are few of the early settlers in the Northern Isle who have not at some time had a turn at gum-digging,—many having had the good fortune to discover a layer of gum buried beneath the scrub on their own farms.

In glorious weather, beneath an unclouded, deep-blue sky, the free, gypsy-like existence of the gum-hunters proved rather agreeable than otherwise to a party of energetic young men not afraid of hard work and not over-luxurious in their requirements. Their equipment was of the simplest. One pack-horse was laden with necessary provisions,—tea, sugar, flour, and mutton, a “billy” in which to boil the tea (the one luxury of bush life), and the blankets, which formed their sole bedding. To have carried even the simplest form of tent would have involved a second pack-horse, and rigid economy was to rule in every detail: so the members of the expedition voted that it would be far more business-like to build themselves a hut of such materials as they might find, on reaching a suitable spot for their encampment. One of the party owned a gun, and was able occasionally to provide a feast of large green pigeons, which sometimes assemble in considerable numbers and are so stupid as to fall a very easy prey to the sportsman. They are so fat that in falling to the ground they actually often burst their skin; and they prove a very welcome addition to a bill of fare in which anything of the nature of butter is an unknown luxury. Coarse, heavy “damper,” baked by untutored hands, is the staff of life in the bush.

Each man carried a long, sharp hunting-knife, by the aid of which a young

wild pig was occasionally added to the banquet. These pigs are the descendants of those originally brought to the islands by Captain Cook, some of which escaped and have multiplied exceedingly. They seem to have degenerated in proportion to their multiplication, for a full-grown pig is such very coarse food that only very hungry men care to eat it. But so numerous have they become as to be a serious trouble to the settlers, whose fences they break through and whose crops they destroy, uprooting corn, grass, fruit-trees, or whatever else they can find. Consequently great pig-hunts are instituted in self-defence; and some idea of the number of these aggressors may be formed from the fact that in one year upward of twenty-five thousand pigs of all sizes were slaughtered in a tract of country covering about four hundred square miles. They are a peculiarly ugly race, with a ridiculously large head, out of all proportion to their lean, lanky bodies, and sharp, raised backs. Some grow to such a size as to stand fully three feet in height. They have a thick coating of grizzled hair, and the old boars carry most ferocious-looking tusks. So the capture of a wild sucking-pig was an adventure not always altogether free from danger; but of course that only added zest to the pursuit.

Besides his hunting-knife (which was also useful for scraping the gum when found) each man carried a “gum-spear” and a spade. The former is simply a long iron rod, with which to test the ground from time to time in any likely locality where gum might perchance lie buried. Should a fortunate plunge reveal the presence of hidden treasure, the spade comes into play; and then follows a spell of hard work, shovelling away the soil, perhaps to the depth of three feet, till the gum-layer is laid bare, and the precious “find” is collected in sacks and carried into camp, to be cleaned at leisure and prepared for market. Of course this is very precarious work, as the diggers may seek for days together without finding one morsel of gum, while perhaps in the next hour they

may find so large a quantity as to more than repay all their toil.

Kenneth and his comrades met with more than average luck, and, moreover, delighted in the healthy, open-air life. They very soon pitched on a good central position for their camp, and built their rough-and-ready hut beneath the shade of a cluster of tall, graceful tree-ferns, on the brink of a sparkling stream. There they remained till they imagined the neighborhood to be about worked out, and then, having accumulated what they considered a fair sum for their season's work, they resolved to sacrifice their love of the beautiful and join the lumberers at their more remunerative work of destruction.

So, leaving the gum-plains, whence every vestige of living forest has long since disappeared, they returned to the region where the noble kauri still reigns, and there, joining themselves to the army of destroyers, soon learned to value these lords of the forest merely as "sticks" capable of yielding so many feet of sawn timber, and the larger the tree so much the greater its value. Thus, a log of ten feet diameter at the base and fifty feet in length represents about twenty thousand feet of timber, which, after deducting all working-expenses, for felling, transporting, and sawing, will yield a clear profit of about sixty pounds. The monarchs of the forest represent much larger profits.

How rapidly the devastation of the forests is going on may be inferred from the fact that no less than twenty large saw-mills and a good many small ones are now in full work in the comparatively small region where alone the kauri exists. The annual produce of these saw-mills is estimated at *sixty million feet* of sawn timber, valued at three hundred thousand pounds; and yet this scarcely suffices to meet the ever-increasing demand, not only in New Zealand itself, but from all parts of the South Seas, and even Australia,—kauri being considered infinitely preferable to any other timber, both for house-building and ship-building, as also in the manufacture of furniture.

Two mills have recently been established at Whangapoua, at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds. Evidently the forests must suffer severely to repay this outlay; but the mills have been erected on the verge of a forest covering twenty-four thousand acres, and they turn out timber at the rate of one hundred thousand feet per week. As felling such mighty trees with the axe was too slow work, portable steam-saws are now generally used, and, when the great tree has fallen, it is roughly squared by hand-labor.

Then comes the serious business of conveying the huge logs to the saw-mill, probably distant some miles. Here the natural formation of the ground is turned to good account, for, as every hill-side is invariably seamed with deep ravines, down which flow mountain-streams, the lumberer contrives, with the aid of rollers and screw-jacks, to heave his logs down the gully. When a large number have accumulated, he makes a dam across the stream, and so, when the winter rains have transformed each streamlet into a raging torrent, the pent-up flood becomes so great that, bursting the dam, it floats the whole quantity down to the open river, or to the sea, as may be required.

Of course all this business gives employment to an immense number of men, who work in gangs, for given wages, their employers providing them with an unlimited supply of food,—bread, potatoes, pork, beef, mutton, and tea. No stimulants are allowed.

Years rolled on, and Kenneth worked on steadfastly, inspired by the earnest determination to earn the gold which should enable him to restore to his parents the lost heritage. Each season increased his store, and the day seemed drawing very near when he might hope to return to his dear native hills, to lay at his mother's feet the hard-won treasure.

But, alas for the hopes of earth! even in the health-giving pine forests sickness finds its victims, and Kenneth had to do battle with a weary spell of fever, with only such rough care as could be bestowed on a sick man in a

comfortless camp. With strength but partially restored, he started for Auckland, the northern capital, there to arrange for the sale of his season's timber. Accompanied only by one rough henchman, known among the lumberers as "Jovial Jock," he started on his lonely ride through the forests. Late in the afternoon he reached a rapid stream in a deep gully, just beyond which lay the station where he purposed halting for the night. But heavy rains had swollen the stream so that it was evident that in his weak condition he could not cross without further help.

He therefore despatched Jovial Jock to a sheep-station at a little distance, to summon willing hands to his aid; and, dismounting, he sat down between two rock boulders in the ravine to await the return of his messenger. But, alas! after the long-enforced total abstinence of the lumberers' camp, Jovial Jock found the temptation of a proffered "drink" too great to resist, and glass followed glass, till the lowering sun recalled to his half-besotted intellect the errand on which he had come.

Accompanied by the shepherds, he hurried back to the gully; but only the deeper roar of the ever-rising waters answered his halloo. With a sudden qualm, foreboding some evil, he hurried down the steep descent. The waters had risen to the boulders where Kenneth had lain down to rest; but there he still lay, motionless. Either he had fainted or had been too weak to move, but over his dead face the rushing waters rippled unheeded; and, with bitter self-reproach, Jock realized that his ill-timed delay had cost the precious life of his friend and master.

Heavy beyond all power of consolation was the anguish of the heart-broken parents, thus suddenly bereft of him who was their comfort and their stay. Only a few short months passed by ere his father laid down the burden of a life from which all joy had departed; but the mother, whose sun has thus gone down at noon, still strives to fight life's hard battles with a brave heart, for the sake of the dear ones who yet remain on earth.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

HEALTHY HOMES.

IV.—ROOMS AND HALLS.—(Continued.)

THE history of human progress shows that necessity has often stimulated the faculties of self-preservation to a degree far exceeding the limits of their original purpose. Nimrod probably shaped his first weapons in self-defence, but soon found that they could be used for aggressive enterprises. The culture of the wild apple-tree has developed pippins and *pommes de Pau*, though the first cultivator only meant to secure a sufficient supply of crab-apples. When the overpopulation of the temperate zone obliged our forefathers to seek their fortunes in higher latitudes, they tried

as best they could, to counteract the rigor of the Northern climate, and succeeded so well that in midwinter the palaces of St. Petersburg are now incomparably more comfortable than the palaces of Rome. Similar causes have led to the result that in midsummer the Russians have every reason to envy the comforts of their Southern neighbors. The Turks can teach all Christendom a lesson in the art of counteracting hot weather. The dog-star rages almost perennially at Damascus in a way which our southern border-States experience only during the three warmest months

of the year; yet if a wealthy Syrian should hear of a semi-tropical country with hundreds of opulent cities without a single *mabat-bir*, or "fountain-room," he would question the truth of the report, as we should refuse to credit the existence of a civilized nation exposed to the inclemency of a three months' winter, yet too shiftless to resort to the simple expedient of a chimney fire.

The Turks have learned from the Arabs, whose arid climate obliges them to compensate the absence of shade-trees by artificial means: I studied their system only in the wretchedly poor city of Bucharest, on the borders of Islam; yet I am sure that, with the single exception of San Diego County, California, no portion of the United States is afflicted with an amount of sun-heat that could not be easily neutralized by the following arrangements. The summer hall, as one might translate the *mabat-bir*, should be constructed in a way to secure a through-draught, by letting the windows face a gap in a row of opposite buildings, or a loop-hole in a garden-wall, etc. Such openings not only transmit but generate air-currents, as can be seen at the threshold of a half-open door between two rooms of unequal temperature. At the entrance of a deep cave, too, there is often a strong draught while outside not a leaf is stirring. To get the full benefit of such air-currents, the windows should come down to within a foot of the floor. Privacy can be secured by a simple device,—viz., two wire screens, a vertical one outside and a slanting one on the inside of the window: the incongruous meshes of the net-work will effectually baffle priers, without excluding the air. In the centre of the hall construct a fountain-basin, lined with tin or encaustic tiles. A fountain of intermittent functions can be fed by a moderate-sized tank in the upper part of the house, connected, in labor-saving households, with a miniature copy of Atkins's windmill pump. The fountain-jet should be broken into spray, and, the object being to secure the greatest possible amount of evaporation, this spray should be diffused over

suspended bundles of sea-grass or Spanish moss. Non-æsthetes may substitute strands of cured flax. With the aid of the slightest perceptible air-current, the temperature of the hall can thus be reduced ten degrees in less than half an hour, or twenty degrees under the influence of a strong breeze. On a mountain-plateau accessible to all the four winds of heaven, any summer rain cools the atmosphere as if by magic. Before the rain, and even during its progress, the very breath of nature may seem to stagnate with the stifling heat; but as soon as the first whisper of a breeze strikes the arcades of the dripping foliage, the air becomes not only cool but chilly. The self-regulating organism of the human body adopts the same plan in the process of perspiration, and with the same success if we do not defeat its purpose by air-excluding strata of thick clothing. In the summer hall the coolest style of covering should prevail,—even on the floor and walls, which should be lined with glazed bricks. Where ice is cheap, it can be put to good account by packing it into a hollow wall, between layers of brick and sawdust, where a quantum of five hundred pounds can be warranted to last as many hours. The drainage can be used for refrigerating the basin.

In a warmer climate the fountain-hall can be used as a *vivarium*, or pet-nursery: squirrels, gophers, and marmosets may be permitted to play about the floor or house, in the niches of the wall, and, if the drainage-incline of the hall slopes toward the basin, the stains of their misdeeds can be washed away with a common watering-pot. An aquarium, too, can be made interesting, with or without gold-fish, and amateur engineers can use the water-power of the fountain for the study of hydrostatics. With such surroundings, and a tableful of refreshing literature and ice-cream, the hottest August afternoon may be passed as pleasantly as a morning in May.

In emergencies the summer hall can be used for a collateral purpose, which is well worth the additional expense of an effluent pipe and a set of weather-shutters with broad, overlapping bars to

keep out the rain, but not the air, on a wet day. The infirmaries of the future will be refrigerating-rooms. The germ-theory of disease, in the present sense of its advocates, may require various modifications, but the progress of medical physiology has left little doubt that the phenomena of numerous disorders of the human organism have all the characteristics of a zymotic process,—a process of fermentation. That process is initiated by the agency of moist and impure warm air, and can be arrested by the influence of cold air. Cold is the most powerful disinfectant; heat and moisture, the progenitors of organic life, likewise develop the life-destroying germs of disease. The Latin word *febris* is a congener of *fervere* and fervid; and a common fever is, indeed, in many ways a representative disease. That fevers can be cured by cold air is proved every year when the November frosts stop the malarial diseases of the Mississippi Valley; but the pathological significance of that fact is still far from being generally understood. The Northern nations have become so accustomed to dread frost, the giant Hrimyr of the Scandinavian saga, as the chief enemy of man, that they have almost forgotten the meaning of nature's protest against a health-endangering excess of warmth. In a temperature that tempts us to take refuge in the shady pools of the mountain-brooks, we not only stick to the sweltering atmosphere of the city, but aggravate our misery with several layers of superfluous clothing and heat our blood with greasy viands and hot narcotic drinks. After protesting again and again, and exhausting her means of self-defence, nature at last succumbs to odds, the blood begins to ferment, to putrefy, and the life of the patient depends upon the efficacy of such antidotes as quinine, arsenic, or alcoholic bitters,—the very drugs that would *counteract a process of putrefaction*. But after the suppression of the fever-symptoms, nature has to struggle against the after-effects of the remedy; and as soon as that struggle has been brought to a successful issue, the battle against the original disease is

apt to recommence. Cold air, on the other hand, would cure the evil by a direct removal of the cause. I predict that a time will come when climatic fevers will be successfully treated by refrigeration alone; even in yellow fever the progress of the catalytic blood-changes can be arrested by the combined influence of cold air and a cooling, frugal diet. The same holds good of typhoid fever, of brain-fever, of scarlet fever, of cholera, and of pulmonary complaints. The efficacy of cold air in peptic disorders may be inferred from the gastric vigor of Polar nations. Cold is a peptic stimulant, and an open bedroom window would often secure immunity from the effects of that frequent incident of fashionable life, a supper of seven courses,—or curses, as Dr. Abernethy used to call them. Venetian blinds are preferable to heavy curtains when it becomes necessary to exclude the light, as in the treatment of brain-fever, neuralgia, chronic headache, and various other complaints that are aggravated by insomnia. Sick animals retreat to the tree-shade; and a mild twilight, tempered with a greenish or light-blue tinge, is the best artificial substitute.

The nursery, on the other hand, should be the sunniest room in the house. Organic development requires light. The biggest trees, the brightest flowers, grow on the south side of the mountains. House-plants wither, and in a perpetual shade even the fertile soil of a tropical forest cannot develop a vegetable germ: I have seen *Adansonia* groves where on an area of sixteen acres not so much as a tuft of grass clothed the nakedness of the ground between the trees. The checkered shade of a Northern pine forest stunts and palls its herbage; and a similar phenomenon may be observed in the back-alleys of our great cities. The children of the slum-tenelements have just light enough to allow them to live, but they wax haggard and hollow-eyed, and look pale, unless a pulmonary complaint mimics the glow of health with a hectic flush. They wither like twilight-plants. A chronic want of sunlight is an evil which no physic can

cure and abundance of food can only palliate. Abundant sunlight, quite as much as exercise and dietetic advantages, is the secret of the robust health which peasants and savages transmit from generation to generation. When the good-wife of a Frisian fisherman has to leave her cottage, she lets her youngsters wallow in the warm sand of the dunes, and, like the ostrich, trusts the welfare of her brood to the care of the sun. In winter, especially, children should occasionally be treated to a full *sun-bath*, in a sunlit room of sufficient warmth to make clothes superfluous. There is no doubt that there are summers when shade-trees become a priceless blessing; but in the neighborhood of a dwelling-house they ought to be trees that shed their leaves in winter.

Next to sunlight, play room is the most essential condition of a model nursery for young bipeds or quadrupeds. The best-arranged menagerie of that sort I ever saw was not the in-door kindergarden of the original Herr Froebel, but a *findelzimmer*, or foundling-ward, in a convent of Ursuline nuns, whom necessity had made inventive. The confiscation of their landed entails had made them slaves, rather than sisters, of charity, and obliged them to diminish the dependence of their little *protégés* by making them as comfortable as possible and by making it nearly impossible for them to hurt themselves. With a view to the latter end, the floor and the lower walls of the ward were thickly padded, as well as the salient angles of the furniture, which consisted only of a large, low table and a number of rocking-benches. The window-niches were barred with a net-work of woven wire, and the approaches to the fireplace were defended by a stout screen of the same material. Along the wall the benches were ranged at equal intervals, and, on closer inspection, proved to be strapped to little iron rings in the wainscoting. The chimney-screen was fastened in the same way, and the permanence of the table in the opposite corner was secured by its weight. All the intermediate space was devoted to

sporting-purposes. The floor was strewn with worsted balls, rubber balls, rubber tape-worms that could be coiled up or drawn out to a limitless length, a *walze*, or barrel-shaped wooden cylinder, muffled with old blankets, and a large assortment of rag-babies. But all these luxuries were characterized by the same peculiarity,—their absolute innocuousness. The rubber balls were too large to be swallowed; the *walze* might roll about, but was too hollow and too well muffled to hurt anybody; the iron rings of a grapple-swing dangling from the centre of the ceiling were just low enough to be within reach of a youngster standing on tip-toe, but too high to be used as slung-shots; the very flower-pots in the windows were fastened in such a way that falling leaves could not drop outside of the screen. It was a paradise without serpents. The inhabitants of this in-door Eden were as playful as young squirrels: they chased each other, chased their rubber balls, vied with the *walze* in rolling about the floor, but they never cried. The causes of grief had been removed, especially the chief cause,—restraint. Dr. Page is probably right in stating that most infants are overfed; many of them are certainly underdressed,—too thinly clothed in some respects to protect them against the vicissitudes of a climate like ours. But such mistakes are the veriest trifles compared with the baneful delusions of the swaddling fallacy, the insane idea that young children must be wrapped up like bags and hampered in all their movements, that they must be kept for hours in a nearly horizontal position, that they must be swaddled in such a way that they can hardly stir. Young apes in the same predicament would scream from morning till night; adults would tear their fetters with their teeth or die in a fit of apoplectic rage. Watch little kids at play, and see how every now and then their vitality exuberates in veritable jumping-fits. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie ("Six Years in India," vol. ii. p. 88) describes a group of nursing hanuman monkeys: "Many of them had one or two little ones, the most amusing, indefatigable little creatures

imaginable, who were incessantly running up small trees, jumping down again, and performing all sorts of antics, till one felt quite dizzy with watching their restless activity." At an age when the whole system ferments with the desire of exercising the sinews of every limb, thousands of man-children are bandaged into mummies and dosed with opiates to silence the protests of outraged nature.

The appurtenances of a model nursery should comprise a pet department. Altruism, *alias* benevolence, the most distinctive instinct of our species, finds its first normal expression in the protection of our dumb fellow-creatures, and only in default of a better object seizes upon such substitutes as rag-dolls and dime-novel favorites. I remember a Mexican farmer whose orchard had been so pestered by four-handed foragers that he questioned the wisdom of nature in creating such absolutely unprofitable brutes as capuchin monkeys. But on second thought he admitted the rashness of his indictment. "After all," said he, "how would children get along if it were not for the pet capuchinos?" Squirrels, the monkeys of our Northern woods, would make ideal pets, but for the activity of their sharp teeth: a hutch of tame rabbits in a wire cage, however, are both harmless and entertaining, and withal rather inexpensive, as they content themselves with a diet of cabbage-stalks, while their fecundity insures the survival of the species even under the disadvantages of despotism.

By a curious psychological arrangement of the human constitution, pleasure leaves a more lasting trace in the memory than grief; but many adults have nevertheless preserved the recollection of one deeply-impressed sorrow of their childhood,—the misery of overheated rooms. Jean Paul describes the horrors of a stove-heated school-room, where his only source of solace was a knot-hole in the wall that established a communication with the external world and enabled him to imbibe an occasional draught of life-air, though he had conceived a moral scruple against a practice which tempted

him to desert and share the almost "intolerably envied" happiness of the outdoor creatures. "I knew they would charge me with black ingratitude if I should run away," says he. "Good God! how I longed to prove my affection by working for them in wind and weather, fetching in cord-wood from the woods and splitting it into the nicest, handiest pieces, carrying messages over the snow-covered mountains and returning in half the time any one else could make the trip,—doing anything that would save me, not from my books, but from that glowing Moloch of a big stove, and that stifling, soul-stifling smell of our dungeon!"

There is no doubt that we generally overrate the caloric needs of our species. Like tobacco-smokers who manage to overcome their innate horror of nicotine, our children learn first to endure and finally to crave a degree of artificial heat which at first affected them with headache and nausea. Sam Houston, the liberator of Texas, who had spent several years among the Cherokee Indians, was ever afterward unable to endure the temperature of the "comfortable sitting-rooms" of civilization, and describes his sensation on entering such an apartment as one of "uneasiness, increasing to positive alarm, such as a mouse may be supposed to feel under an air-pump." Shamyl Ben Haddin, the Circassian Kosciusko, even threatened to commit suicide unless his captors would furnish him a less stifling lodging. The Russians had locked him up in one of their frontier forts, and treated him with more kindness than they are wont to show their prisoners; but he offered to renounce his liberal rations and subsist on commissary fare, besides surrendering what little money he had left, if they would permit him to sleep in the open air, as the hunger of Aul Himri (where they had besieged him for several months) was nothing, compared with his present misery, which would before long compel him "to take refuge with Allah." Thousands of children undergo the same martyrdom, but submit, as to many other things of a problematic

world, till Allah permits habit to become a second nature. The papposes of the Nicaragua *chinacos*, or frugivorous Indians, who rarely wear any clothes before their fourteenth year, pursue their usual out-door pastimes in a winter temperature of less than 40° Fahrenheit; and for the children of the higher latitudes an artificial temperature of 60° F. would be not only endurable, but pleasant enough for the lightest kind of dress, especially in the rough-and-tumble play-rooms where our youngsters should pass the larger part of their waking hours. A low temperature makes exercise pleasant, and *vice versa*, to a degree which we often underrate in our thermal calculations. Pedestrians know that in cold weather, if they have once walked themselves warm, the internal heat will last them for several hours; and before a snow-ball fight has lasted ten minutes, the plurality of the young belligerents are pretty sure to pocket their mittens. Animal warmth, evolved by exercise, is the best winter-fuel; and exercise, in its turn, can have no better stimulus than a bracing temperature.

In after-years, when sedentary occupations become unavoidable, the physiological tendencies of that restraint should be counteracted with gymnastics. By conforming his habits to the monitions of his sanitary instincts, a man may, indeed, come to feel the need of exercise as timely as he would feel the want of food and drink; and at such times it would be a poor compromise to refer the inner monitor to the opportunities of the next base-ball match. Every hygienic home should have an in-door gymnasium. It need not include any noisy apparatus, any roller-skates or jumping-boards. Foot-athletics can be limited to out-door sports; the chief grievance of our in-door modes of life is the want of arm-exercise. Quadrupeds exert their fore-legs and hind-legs with equal regularity. Our next relatives, the quadrumana, do the best part of their climbing and fighting with their fore-hands. But the arm-muscles of countless bipeds become almost atrophied from long disuse, like the wings

of house-ducks. In marching a hundred yards forward, a man's motive organs exert a power equal to that expended in the effort of lifting the weight of his body to a height of one hundred feet. In marching a mile, which is about the minimum daily performance of the average city-dweller, the legs of a full-grown person thus exercise a power of three hundred thousand foot-pounds, or more than two million foot-pounds in a week. In the course of the same week his arms (unless in pursuit of a mechanical trade) have hardly exerted a total effort of two thousand pounds. In other words, the legs of a non-mechanic get at least a thousand times more exercise than his arms. To equalize this discrepancy should therefore be the primary object of gymnastic contrivances. A pair of screw-hooks fastened to the centre of the ceiling, two stout ropes, and a couple of leather-covered iron rings, comprise the component parts of the most essential apparatus, the grapple-swing. The rings should terminate at a height of about seven feet above the ground, and the exercise consists in swinging to and fro, pendulum-fashion, but raising the body by a contraction of the arm-muscles, at either end of the air-line, and thereby gradually extending its range, till it approximates a full semi-circle,—i.e., till the outstretched feet nearly touch the ceiling. It expands and eases the chest in a way that must be experienced to be credited: *dyspnoea*, or the difficulty in "fetching a full breath," which, in various degrees of afflictiveness, troubles almost every indoor worker, can thus be overcome in half a week by a daily exercise of less than half an hour. To lessen the danger of a fall, the floor below the range of the swing may be covered with a stratum of old carpets. Another excellent asthma-specific, which can be compounded in fifteen minutes, is a *balance-stick*, consisting of a stout staff and a movable weight. Take a straight stick,—a broom-stick will do,—and mark it from end to end with deep notches, at intervals of two or three inches. Then get a piece of strong wire and fasten it

to a ten-pound stone in such a way as to let one end of the wire project in the form of a hook. After seizing the staff at one end, hook the weight into one of the middle notches and try to straighten your arm. If you succeed, move the weight a notch forward the next time. If it proves too heavy, move it back, to ascertain the right medium. Then thrust out the arm at full length, keeping the stick rigidly horizontal, draw it back till the wrist touches the chin, thrust it out again, and so on, till the strain on the wrist-joint compels a pause. No other exercise reacts more powerfully on the lungs: it seems to restore the functional activity of all the muscles which the incubus of chronic asthma keeps under its torpid spell.

Horizontal bars are rarely popular with beginners, but can be utilized as peptic stimulants: the shock of the "swing-and-drop" trick reacts on the abdomen and the whole digestive apparatus. Lifting and carrying weights exercises every muscle of the human frame, and requires no precaution except great steadiness in rising from a stooping position; and *ruptures*, popularly supposed to result from efforts of that kind, are generally the consequence of a constitutional defect of the abdominal teguments, the most frequent proximate cause being a fall or a leap, rather than an over-lift. In lifting, the strain of the effort is diffused, instead of being concentrated on a single set of muscles, and for that reason, perhaps, practice may here achieve surprising results. Thomas Topham, a Yorkshire athlete of the last century, is said to have once shouldered a sentry-box containing a stove, a bench, and a sleeping policeman, and transported his burden to a suburban cemetery. Even the story of Milo is not wholly impossible, for the Crotonan bull-carrier was a bully of gigantic stature; and it is certain that Dr. Winship, of Boston, a small, elderly gentleman, managed by dint of persistent practice to lift a "dead weight" of twenty-nine hundred pounds. The monopoly of the present manufacturers makes "health-lifts" outrageously expensive; but a bundle of sand-bags

with strap-handles serves very nearly the same purpose. A German professor once told me that when gymnastics were first introduced in the pedagogium of Ilfeld the progress of athletic proficiency led to an unexpected result: the boys—*junkers*, mostly,—i.e., pampered and petulant pages—became as steady as the hard-fisted pupils of a mechanic's training-school, and perhaps for the same reason: their exuberance of vital energy had found a normal outlet. The Spartan virgins, who had to pass an examination in various branches of gymnastics before they were permitted to marry, were probably not much troubled with the lachrymose complaints of certain fair contemporaries. "When I reflect on the robust strength of workingmen, and their immunity from the effects of wrong- and over-feeding," says Dr. Boerhaave, "I cannot help suspecting that most of our fashionable diseases could be cured *mechanically instead of chemically*, by climbing a bitter-wood tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a decoction of its disgusting leaves." Physical exercise begets self-confidence, and an in-door gymnasium is an invaluable preparatory school for persons whom nervous disorders and conscious debility deter from out-door sports.

A bathing-closet is a desirable addition to a bedroom, and need not imply any expensive contrivances for winter use,—pipe-calefactors, steam-condensers, etc. For the purposes of cleanliness a tepid sponge-bath is all-sufficient: the hygienic value of hydropathic remedies depends upon their refrigerating effects, and the voice of instinct strongly endorses the opinion of the ancients, that those effects become superfluous in winter-time. A cold plunge-bath in January is not a whit less preposterous than a sweltering feather bed in July. There are spaniels that will swim through drift-ice to retrieve a duck, but it is the supreme test of canine devotion: a wolf would starve, or make a circuit of a hundred miles, rather than swim a lake in cold weather. Boys who will run any risk to enjoy the luxury of a good, long

swim in midsummer would rather take the bitterest medicine than a cold bath in winter. The Russian ice-water cure owes its repute chiefly to the unfortunate delusion which measures the efficacy of a remedy by the degree of its repulsiveness and ascribes miraculous virtues to the most nauseating drugs.

That bath-room reservoirs get out of order in every hard frost need therefore cause no uneasiness from a hygienic

point of view. By draining and cleaning the tank in November, and refilling it about the middle of March, all trouble may be avoided, even if in the mean time the basin is now and then used for a warm foot-bath, etc. On all but the coldest days a quantum of two or three pailfuls of warm water will accomplish its transit through the effluent pipes.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF THE QUEEN'S NEGROES.

THE promise of a paradise held forth from afar by the islands of the tropics is never wholly redeemed. Out of the sea they rise so gloriously beautiful, crowned with graceful palms and dark slender cocoanut-trees, and girt with the opalescent splendor of submerged coral-reefs, that, on seeing them, one involuntarily utters the words of the old hymn,—

the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,—

the concluding line being added on a closer acquaintance.

At least this was the case with me as our ship approached Pontville, the port of one of the Windward Islands. The sea here makes a broad bend into the land on the lee side of the island, and the force of the trade-winds is felt only in the long, heavy swell. Our captain, who had made a number of trips to the place, knew that he had only to sail in and drop anchor. As we drew near, however, a fleet of boats put out from the shore to meet us,—cat-boats, fishing-boats, and skiffs of every description, manned by a crowd of screaming negroes, whose faces and stalwart limbs seemed phenomenally black against the glare

reflected from their white cotton garments.

They surrounded the ship, gesticulating and yelling their offers of pilotage,—starting at five pounds, and quickly coming down to five shillings, and at last hurling abusive epithets after the vessel as it left them vainly pulling at their oars in the rear. Some of them assumed to take charge at once, and would shout out derisive and contradictory orders:

"Luff her, cap'n! Luff her, an' keep her off! Off, cap'n, I tell you! Port yer helm to starboard! Yah! yah!"

To all which the captain only replied,—

"I don't need you! Keep out of the way!"

One noisy fellow, just as the sailors stood ready to let go the anchor, pulled his old punt in ahead of the vessel, shouting,—

"Foller me, cap'n! Dat's right! I'll show you a good place to anchor! Dah, now!" (as the anchor dropped). "Dah you is! Only ten shillin', cap'n!"

This announcement was received with a loud guffaw by his companions; but the captain had been too busy to notice his self-constituted pilot, and the claim did not reach his ear through the general uproar round the vessel. The barge of the captain of the port scattered the

skiffs for a moment. Then, after this officer had made his inspection, our captain was surprised to see a brawny, barefooted negro mount the gangway and stand before him, grinning affably.

"Now, cap'n, if you hab dat ten shillin' handy."

"What do you mean?" said the captain, in amazement. "What are you doing here?"

"Dat ten shillin' fur showin' you whah to anchah. I's de pilot."

"I never saw you before! Clear out, I say!"

"No hurry, cap'n; I'll see you ag'in," said the native, smiling as pleasantly as ever, but disappearing quickly over the side of the vessel.

And he kept his word. On landing, the captain was followed by the pilot and a small crowd of the latter's retainers to the office of the consignee of the vessel; and after the captain had transacted his business and turned to go, he was again confronted by the negro, who doffed his hat in mock respect:

"Now, cap'n, I s'pose you'll settle dat little bill?"

"What is it?" said the consignee's clerk, who had put on his hat to accompany the captain to the office of the American consul.

"Pilotin' de cap'n, sah."

"Pay no attention to him," said the captain. "I did not employ him." And the two left, followed as before.

At the consul's office the negro entered after them, and stood waiting, hat in hand.

"Nuffin," said he to the consul, as the latter looked up at him. "I has a little business to negoshate wid de cap'n here. Cap'n is owin' me a little money fur pilotin'."

"If you don't stop following me about, I will have you arrested," said the captain. "What do you mean by this?"

"I ain't afraid, cap'n. But, if you's busy now, I'll see you by'm-by."

Later, when the captain, with some friends, went to the principal café for dinner, he saw again that he was shadowed. As he entered, the negro en-

tered too, saying quite audibly to the waiter at the door,—

"I'll wait heah till de cap'n's froo. Cap'n owes me a little bill o' ten shillin' dat he's goin' to pay aftah dinnah."

The captain's patience was exhausted, and he turned back with eyes blazing. "I wish you were a white man for a minute," said he, "and I'd whale you!"

The negro dropped his bland smile for an insolent grin: "You jes' try it, cap'n! Cap'n, jes' you lif' your han' ag'in' me, an' I'll bus' your head into a thousan' pieces! You isn't in de States, cap'n. Niggah's good as a white man heah, an' a little bettah."

"It's of no use, captain," said one of his friends, interposing: "you will have to pay him what he asks in order to get rid of him. With his friends outside to back what he says, you would not have an even chance before a magistrate. On account of the inability of many of the natives to read and write, they have been protected by a law making an oral agreement with one of them as binding as a written contract; and they sometimes take advantage of strangers in this way."

And the captain submitted and paid.

Nor was the above an only instance of the assurance of the natives at Pontville. While the captain was listening to the first demand of his pilot, several negroes had climbed over the side of the vessel and were endeavoring to ingratiate themselves with the crew. One of the negroes, perceiving a passenger standing apart, hailed him familiarly:

"How d'y'do, Mr. Alexander?"

The passenger was taken aback, but laughed good-naturedly, and seemed inclined to talk: "Very well, thank you. But my name is Caesar, not Alexander."

The negro strode up to him immediately, with an expression of joyful good-fellowship lighting up his ebony face; and, before the passenger was aware of what was coming, his hand was clutched and shaken heartily. "Glad to see you, Mr. Caesar! You's de pusson I's been waitin' to fin'. I has a 'count to render to you, sah." And he pulled out the

book of a savings-bank and exhibited it. Two or three other negroes quickly clustered around him, the whites of their eyes showing in a way to indicate that a bank-book was something of a novelty among them, and broke in,—

"Le's see, Jim! Show us yer balance, Jim!"

"I do not quite understand you," said the passenger.

"Why, Lor'! don't de Bible say to render 'count, or sumfin', unto Cæsar? An' I's never been able to fin' him afore." And he put on a childish expression, while his comrades burst out with a rollicking "Yah! yah!"

In the mean time I overheard a characteristic conversation between our mate and the crew of the port-officer's barge. They rowed indeed in good form, and with a vigor of action unusual to dwellers in torrid climes; and he was complimenting the coxswain upon it.

"You's right, Mr. Mate," interrupted one of the black oarsmen. "Cou'se we rows well. We sent a chal'ge to de Oxf'd Vahsity crew las' summer, to row a eight-oah race wid us; an' dey dassent 'cept: leas' ways, dey didn't sen' no answer. Dey was 'fraid to try us."

Aside from a rather picturesque self-conceit, however, the island negroes showed, to a superficial observer, no striking points of difference from their colored brethren in the United States. They took pride in calling themselves Englishmen, and seemed to fancy that foreigners of any nationality or color would be likely to think twice before raising a hand, even in just resentment, against one of the least of these the queen's sable children. The union jack was gifted with the powers of a charm for their protection; and the regiment in the uniform of the Indian service, garrisoned in the fort near the town, was placed there solely for their defence.

We had time for impressions only, as our vessel was soon ordered elsewhere. A half-dozen negroes had asked the privilege of earning a shilling or two by raising a song and helping the crew heave anchor. They were led by "So-

prano Jim," who improvised his solo parts in a falsetto of fearful power, while the rest joined in the long-drawn refrains. With a slight misplacement of adjectives, which a leer of his eye showed to be intentional, he began,—

A gallant ship
An' a jolly crew,
We're homeward boun', we're homeward boun'.

A saucy mate
An' capting too,
We're homeward boun', we're homeward boun'.

Good-by, Sally,
Good-by, Jane,
We're goin' to leave you now.

As we sailed away, the glory of a tropical sunset was falling upon island and sea. Over the liquid emerald and gold a train of flat-bottomed lighters were returning to the town; the boatmen propelled them lazily, standing, and throwing themselves upon their long sweeps, in the manner of Venetian gondoliers. Now and then a returning barge or fishing-skiff would tie itself to the head of the procession, its occupants adding the power of their oars to those of the others, and the strength of their lungs to the swelling boat-song that broke the rapt hush of the evening. A thud from the fort saluted the sun's last ray; and on the faintly-outlined flag-staff the world-encircling bit of bunting trembled a moment, then fluttered and fell, resigning its watch to the next in line.

Our vessel was bound for Great Salt Cay, in the Bahamas. As I turned from gazing at the lonely light-house on Castle Island, now looming up ahead, to look over the captain's shoulder at a chart of the Bahamas, I joined in his muttered exclamation,—

"What was a good ship ever sent here for?"

To a sailor's eye it was indeed an unpleasant outlook, especially in the season of hurricanes. The course ahead was dotted with reefs and banks too numerous to be designated except as "dangerous ledge," "rocky heads," "*mira por vos*," "rocks awash;" and

the lookout at the mast-head soon began to sing out his "Breakers ahead!" We had daylight and fine weather, however, and there was a pleasurable excitement in now and then catching the gleam of the combing breakers on some far-off sunken reef, where they fawned and kissed and showed their shark-like teeth at us as we passed. Soon after sighting Great Salt Cay,—a barren isle with a lonely flag-staff as its sole beacon,—we ran suddenly out of the unfathomable blue into the pale-green water that covers the Great Bahama bank, and anchored to await the arrival of the pilot-boat.

"I do not believe there is a white man on the island," said the captain, as with the glass we took turns at scanning the cay and the approaching boat.

The pilot-boat contained three, however; and, as they came aboard, they greeted us in hearty American fashion.

"Well, captain," said one, "your vessel is the largest that has ventured here for some time, and the entire white population of the place has come out to meet you."

"Then I suppose that you are pilot, health-officer, and customs-officer, all in one?"

"Oh, no. The officials here are all negroes. We have to take a back seat. But your vessel comes to me for cargo. My name is W——."

After the vessel was safely anchored as near the island as she could go, the boat of the port-officer appeared. What we took at a distance to be the English flag, on closer view turned out to be a red bandanna handkerchief flying from the single topmast of a fishing-boat; and the men, apparently, who manned the craft dwindled down until they became a half-dozen negro children, whose eyes and mouths seemed to dilate as their bodies shrank in size.

The collector, port-warden, and health-officer, three in one, sat in the stern, serenely tending sails and tiller; though the tall black hat which he wore complicated matters very much for him when the boom of his mainsail had to be shifted over.

As he came aboard he extended his right hand to the captain and his left to me, asking after our health and about that of the crew. When asked whether he were the collector of the port, he replied, with great dignity, "I am her majesty's representative."

The largest one of the children had started to climb up after him, but at sight of our great Newfoundland dog, whose head, with tongue lolling, was craned over the rail, the youngster dropped back into the boat in speechless, wide-mouthed fright. Even the collector seemed to regard the dog with suspicion, and went on with his examination of the ship almost on tiptoe, with one hand ready to shield the skirts of his black coat and with one wary eye rolled toward the beast, while the other tried to smile unconcernedly at us. We soon learned that he sometimes officiated as a clergyman, as, indeed, his dress indicated; but his bread-winning profession was that of a tailor.

I shall long remember the more than Jeffersonian simplicity revealed during a call afterward made at his office for the payment of customs-dues. His office and shop were in the cottage where he lived. This, like the other dwellings of the place, consisted of thick, white-washed walls of stones and mortar, lightly roofed with a thatch of palmetto-leaves. We found the collector, goose in hand, engaged at his sartorial vocation. The middle of the room was occupied by a large clothes-horse, filled with neatly-laundried shirts: the islanders were evidently fastidious in the matter of their linen.

He laid down his goose as we entered, resumed his official dignity of manner (but not his coat), and emptied two chairs of their basted garments, that we might sit down. He handed to the captain, with a slight show of pride, a well-engrossed bill of health, at the head of which he had lettered, with flourishes and colored inks, the English motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*; but the lion and unicorn of the national seal he had not attempted to portray.

During the conversation which fol-

lowed, relating mostly to the quiet life that he had led in "her majesty's service," he suddenly informed us that he had seen a ghost the night before.

"There is no doubt whatever, captain, that it was a spiritual visitor," said he. "I suspected it when I observed that its footsteps were inaudible; and when I distinctly saw a tamarind-tree through its form, I was sure of it."

"Were you frightened?"

"No, gentlemen. It may seem incredible to you,—I was surprised at myself,—but, aside from a momentary thrill, I was quite calm. I assure you, I was quite calm."

He was in earnest, and evidently believed his story; but a pompous delivery had become so habitual to him that, even here, he did not lose command of his tongue.

The negroes were a fine-looking race. Especially the women and children had a noticeably erect bearing,—due, perhaps, to their practice of aiding in the salt-harvest and carrying large baskets of salt on their heads. The women appeared to engage in the out-of-door labor from choice and for amusement, and did not on that account neglect many housewifely refinements.

When we were once caught in one of the short, sudden showers that come at the close of the season, a woman came out of a house which we were passing, with, "Won't you come in till the shower is over? Or sit out here on the piazza, if you like it better.—Nannie," to a tidy damsel within, sewing, "bring out some chairs for the gentlemen." The unstudied and kindly grace of the invitation revealed a world of good breeding possible even upon desert islands.

The houses were scrupulously clean, inside and out, often well furnished within, and the barren surroundings relieved by gay oleanders and cacti. I saw a night-blooming cereus carelessly draping a stone wall and torn by cattle, which, I was assured, sometimes lavished upon the night-air the perfume of more than a hundred blossoms at once.

The islanders were great beggars,

withal; but their requests for bits of rope and sail-cloth were not so remarkable as their thirst for reading-matter. One of the first questions of the collector was about books with which we might be willing to part:

"I prefer tracts and religious works, if you have them, captain; but I would be glad to take anything,—even an old newspaper."

Our supply was soon exhausted; and, one day, when an old negro applied to me for books, I inadvertently answered, "I have none left, except a few printed in French and in Spanish."

"I don't mind, sir. I should like a few of those, if you can spare them, sir."

"But of what use can they be to you? You surely cannot read them?" I returned.

"I speak Spanish, sir; I learned it in Cuba. I don't know how to talk French, but I can read it, sir."

I ascertained that, some years before, a ship-captain had given him a French grammar and dictionary, and in the long seasons of enforced idleness the negro had actually taught himself to read the language. The remarkable intelligence of the people, as well as the almost entire absence of those peculiarities of pronunciation usually heard among negroes, may have been due in no small degree to the efforts of a reserved and solitary white man, who taught the island school, and of whom little could be learned except that he was a good mathematician and navigator and had come from the Southern States during the war.

They seemed to be fond of high-sounding family names, and the possessor of a good one allowed no trifling with it. A little salt-sloop, with its crew, as usual, all screaming together at the top of their voices, came alongside one day, and a line was thrown up to the ship to be made fast. A handsome young fellow, rejoicing in the name of Stanley Middleton, who had been assigned to the vessel as help in the extra work of lading, was the only one then disengaged.

"Here, nigger," shouted his brethren

from the boat, "stop loafin', an' catch this line."

Mr. Middleton grinned affably, but made no movement to obey.

"You hear, eh, you nigger?"

The grin broadened, while the line fell a second time into the water, and the boat began to roll and drift helplessly in the sea.

"Hey, you *darky*! Why don't you make us fast?"

"Darky got a name," said Stanley, with dignity. And not a move would the fellow make until that fact was recognized.

Their desire for individual property and an independent standing was even more marked than that for knowledge. Our lading had been hindered by the habit which some of the natives had of stopping work for a day whenever they liked. One day the captain was reproaching the owner of one of the larger salt-boats, — a stout, bearded negro, known as "the constable:"

"Well, constable, why didn't you do anything Saturday? Don't you know that the delay of a ship means loss of money?"

"Couldn't help it, noway, cap'n. I had to work on my farm."

"What! have you a farm?"

"Yes, cap'n."

"How large a farm? I don't believe that you have an acre."

"Law, cap'n! why, I've got mos' three acres!"

We afterward found him at work upon his farm, which was hardly as large as he had claimed. The stones had been picked up and built into a wall all around it; and those which could not be so used were piled in great heaps here and there within the enclosure. The scanty soil had settled in the holes and hollows of the bed-rock, and what plants had rooted in these places drooped and wilted under the blazing sun.

W——, who was with us, said that the cay depended upon neighboring islands and Nassau for its food-supply. "If, as often happens, the provisions run out, we live on fish; if the fish cannot be caught, then we must try conch-

meat soup," said he. "But the drouths, which make the island a desert, make our salt," he added. And he pointed to the glittering pyramids of the peculiar harvest, and the meadows of pinkish water, in which men, women, and children were raking up the crystals, and from which ascended a strong smell of chlorides, instead of the odor of new-mown hay.

W——'s grandfather had been sole owner of the isle and its neighboring keys; and the larger part of the negroes among whom his grandson now lived were descendants of the former slaves. The latter admitted that he was being slowly driven from his patrimony. "I can't help myself," he said. "When I am forced to employ labor, they will refuse to work except for some bit of land or other property which they covet; and I may ask more than it is worth, yet they will accept nothing else, and, in the end, get what they want."

"But you own the salt-ponds, and that is about all of the island worth having."

"That is where you make a mistake," said W——. "A pond of his own is the first thing which a native strives for, after getting possession of a house and a bit of ground. I have had to surrender section after section of the ponds, or else lose my harvest for lack of labor. More than half of the salt now made here belongs to negroes; and when a vessel like yours is sent to me to be filled, I have to buy salt of them, and at a figure perilously near that which I receive from my New York factor. If I could only sell out at once!" he continued; "but they would not pay money, even if they had it, for what they are sure to get without."

He told us how at one time he had brought all the supplies from Nassau, and had been obliged to take his payment for them largely in labor. Lately, with the idea that he might have unduly profited by this arrangement, the negroes had made one of their own number their agent, and bought and distributed their supplies on a co-operative basis.

The best of feeling, however, appeared

to exist between W—— and his negro neighbors. To him they were always respectful, almost deferential; and to them his own courtesy of address left nothing for the most exacting natures to desire. But the inexorable law of

the survival of the strongest and fittest obtained here as elsewhere; and the little cay, if left to itself, was evidently soon destined to behold the banishment of the last of its white owners.

ARTHUR F. J. CRANDALL.

AT LAST.

THREE PARTS.—I.

A WIDE, gray lake, bordered by sweeping, monotonous lines of forest, a quiet evening sky, from which the sunset lights had suddenly vanished with the swift, semi-tropical oncoming of night, which yet was not quite come, and in the foreground of the scene two young men on horseback,—all this was visible to an observant but mistrustful yellow dog who was sitting on his tail not far off, gazing with all his eyes, and quite unable to decide as yet on a course suitable to the occasion. The scene itself was familiar enough to his sagacity, but the men were strangers, and, their status not being at once perceptible to an intelligence somewhat dulled by long seclusion, his doubts were perfectly justifiable. They were soon solved, however. "*A la bonne heure*, Johnson!" cried the foremost of the horsemen, and instantly the dog's expression relaxed. "Upon my soul, here is a genuine native, and a cabin cannot be far off."

Before his voice had ceased to vibrate through the silent surrounding aisles of oak and cypress, the dog (whose name— which, unfortunately, they did not know—was Le Beau) had given two rapid bounds to his side, and was wagging his tail and curving his body in an excess of rapture. It was a real tribute of admiration to a total stranger, and Martinez, who was not unused to producing such effects by speech and otherwise, did not the less appreciate honest esteem even in a yellow dog in the swamp-forests of Louisiana. He patted the delighted

creature on the head as he dismounted; and, while his companion sat quietly looking at the little rippling waves which washed slowly in before them, he peered about in every direction, and finally announced that he could smell smoke, even if he could not see it, and that there must be a house ("and a supper," he added, with accents of real tenderness) within a hundred yards.

"Find it, then, my dear fellow," returned Johnson, walking his horse into the water, and lighting a cigar while the thirsty animal drank. "Give me your bridle, and then exert yourself in any direction you like. I am perfectly contented, myself."

"It is all very well to be contented; but I rather think you will change your mind by the time the sun has entirely disappeared, if we do not succeed in finding a house of some description between now and then. The best plan, of course, must be to follow the dog; but how shall I ever induce him to go home?"

He gave the order, but Le Beau only wagged his tail. Martinez again, in a loud voice, ordered him to go home; but this time Le Beau thought he was angry with him, and lay down at his feet, whining dismally. After various efforts in numerous languages, it suddenly occurred to the young man to try French Creole, or Gumbo, and to his first "*Pachez labane! pachez, intané!*" Le Beau responded by springing up and making off at a great pace in the direction of the sunset.

"Great Jove, the god of thunder, Martinez!" exclaimed Johnson, "what a melodramatic effect! Where are the blue-lights and sky-rockets, etc.? Talk of an 'open sesame'! you seem to be as gifted as the famous Ali Baba."

"It was very stupid in me not to think of Creole French before," replied Martinez; "but, somehow, I always feel as if a dog were too sensible not to understand all languages, especially my own."

They had started in pursuit of the dog, of course, and were having all they could do to keep up with him; for he not only went rapidly, but the road was impeded by the hanging boughs and undergrowth, which made it difficult to lead the horses and keep their own footing over the slippery shells of the lake-shore, especially as these lay not in a level beach, but in ridges of ten or twelve feet in height, falling with a steep slope to the water which had cast them up. It was quite dark now, only the pale reflection of the water and the wonderful glowing Southern stars to light them. Johnson led the way, as his horse was compelled to keep in front of the other, who would not "lead," but "followed" very well; and, as the young man stumbled blindly along, he could not help reflecting that each time he put his foot down it might be on top of a rattlesnake or a moccasin, to say nothing of alligators, which, however, he consoled himself by thinking he was more likely to stumble over than to tread upon.

Johnson was an active, well-made American, of part German descent, with vigorous muscles and in strong health; but he was by no means so tall or so powerful as his companion, who, a perfect cosmopolitan in breeding and feeling, was in appearance a stately, sternly beautiful Castilian of the Gothic type, with the blue eyes and golden hair, broad shoulders, and towering height of some Amal from the Baltic shores, but nevertheless a pure Spaniard in every line and feature and movement. The latter strode on without other effort than merely to avoid collision with a

tree, while Johnson found it very hard work. The way was longer than they expected, and toward the end the leader became so absorbed in watching the dim, fitting outline of the dog, which was only visible as a moving black speck in the white path, that he finally almost knocked his head against the door of a cabin before which they paused. It was pitch-dark, with no lights inside; and after they had taken their bearings, and made out a sort of door which seemed to be in two parts, one top, the other bottom, but both now closed, besides a window, also fastened with a wooden shutter, they knocked long and loudly, but with no answer except the soft, mysterious noises of the forest and the night and the lake. It seemed cruel to bruise that murmuring heart of silence with their harsh sounds, and Johnson struck a light while Martinez felt and looked about for a lock or bolt, trusting to luck for a way of unfastening either. He soon found that the little house had no dread of thieves. A wooden button on the upper half of the door was the only fastening it had, and when that had been pushed aside it was easy to lean over and unfasten a bolt below. The upper part of the door was evidently seldom closed, and a curtain of hide fell across the space, as though to keep out the cold, but Martinez fastened it back, so as to give all the air possible on this hot night. Johnson lighted a wax match, and the two looked around them. It was a negro-cabin, unmistakably, of the rudest description, with bare earthen floor, loose boarded walls, a roof through which more than one constellation peeped, and a wide brick chimney, already half in ruins, bulging out into the middle of the room. On the hearth, carefully raked together and covered with ashes so as to retain its heat, was a large fire, arranged with the utmost skill to smoulder for hours before going out. An iron kettle hung on a hook in the corner; some brightly-scoured pots and pans stood on a rude dresser, in front of which was a little table containing two white plates, and a large, gilt-edged cup and saucer, such as country-people

used to present to each other suitably inscribed "To my Mother," "Friendship's Gift," "Affection's Offering." This one was gorgeously painted, and bore the legend, "Love's Token, Rest Unbroken," on a sort of scroll around it. A huge battered tin coffee-pot, scrupulously clean, hung from a nail on the wall, and a small number of knives and forks of the roughest description lay in a small basket on top of the dresser. A narrow pallet-bed lay on the floor, protected from the damp by a layer of soft, delicious, fresh hay, and the remainder of the furniture consisted of a broken rocking-chair, two stools, and a regular sailor's chest of large size. Johnson placed his lantern on the mantel-piece, which was occupied by a broken clasp-knife, a good old-fashioned pistol, a couple of pipes, and a nicely-shaped drinking-gourd, and then, by a common impulse, the two men went to work at the fire. Johnson groped about for scattered chips, while Martinez blew, punched, and blew again. Their efforts soon produced a cheering glow, which promised, when the green wood they threw on should dry, to be a noble fire. Then ensued a search for horse-provender, of which, to their great surprise, they found a good supply in the "lean-to" at the back of the house or cabin, and with which they fed the tired animals, who had already, after the usual fashion of Southern horses, helped themselves to as much water as they thought it prudent to take out of the lake. They were both part mustang, and quite independent of any such luxuries as beds; yet when Johnson shook down two or three armfuls of the same sweet-smelling, soft hay as that under the bed, they tossed it about and whinnied over it, and, finally, lay down on it with as much apparent enjoyment as though they had been born in clover. By this time both the young men were suffering all the pangs of hunger; for the house they should have reached in time for dinner was to have been discovered by half-past three at the latest, and they had brought with them from last night's halting-place only the breakfast which they ate

before the sun was an hour high. They had lost the road at first without thinking much about it, confident of soon coming upon a dwelling of some kind; and by the time they were aroused to a sense of the situation they were locked in such a maze of small bayous, swamps, wood-paths, prairie-patches, and forest, as to make it seem quite hopeless to turn back, and dangerous to go on. After so many hours spent alternately in sketching, riding, and, toward the afternoon, in fording small streams, finding a way around large ones, toiling over all varieties of boggy, marshy soil, and such hard work, they were both ready for a good square meal; but, as had often happened to men in those solitudes before, tobacco was their only resource, and a great comfort they found it, as they threw their scrapes on the hard floor and stretched themselves out in front of the fire.

Martinez was the son of a rich banker living in Paris, but Spanish by birth, whose business was principally with the Central-American States and Mexico, which had been his mother's native place, and where he owned large estates. He was also interested in some of the South-American States, and had branch houses at Rio, Buenos Ayres, and Montevideo, and was thinking now of establishing others on the Pacific slope, beginning in California. For this purpose he had some time before decided to send his son out on a voyage of inspection, observation, and education, and the scheme had matured, as favorite plans are apt to do, into an arrangement by which Lodovico Martinez was to see all that was worth seeing in North and South America, as well as in Mexico, accompanied by a young artist from the United States whom he had known for some years in Paris, and who was engaged by Señor Martinez to make for his already famous collection of water-color landscapes a series of sketches in each country, the original design of having only scenes from Mexico suggesting the others.

Johnson was an artist of great promise and a man somewhat conspicuous even in this sober generation for his upright,

simple mode of life, his temperate, self-contained habits of speech and thought, and his noble, loyal soul, which seemed to give forth truth and charity, honesty and steadfastness, as his lungs gave forth the breath which was his life. Such was his atmosphere, and in no other could he have lived. Martinez used to tell him that it was a lucky provision of nature that he was accompanied by his spiritual sheath, as the earth is by her aerial one, as he could have endured no other. The friendship between the two young men was cemented not only by the attraction which the open-hearted, single-minded American possessed for the reserved, deeply-thoughtful Spaniard, subtle, keen, powerful in passion and in self-control alike, but also by the gratitude of Johnson to his friend for having first saved his life during an Alpine ascent and afterward nursed him through the dangerous illness which the exposure had caused. This had all happened some five or six years before, when Johnson was an unfledged student and Martinez a wandering collegian in the long vacation. Señor Martinez was a passionate lover of art, and had devoted a large sum of money every year to the formation of what he intended to make the most complete collection of water-color landscapes in Europe. His attention was accidentally attracted by a small picture of Johnson's, who was then constantly with Lodovic, but who had never thought of bringing to his friend's notice either his paintings or his earnest struggle first for enough to live on, then for a little recognition from the great world of his really admirable work. Of course Martinez knew that his friend was a painter by profession, that he worked very hard, lived very plainly, and was intensely ambitious; but he was himself at the time much absorbed in learning the details of his father's business, in which it was his own as well as his parent's wish that he, being an only son, should succeed; and when the two met, it was either for a long tramp outside the barriers, or to dine together at some cheap restaurant, Johnson always insist-

ing on paying his own score, after which they would sit and smoke, discussing everything under heaven except the private affairs of either of them. As soon as Señor Martinez had convinced himself of the nature and quality of the young American's talent, he took pleasure and interest in helping him, which he easily did by drawing the attention of connoisseurs to his work, and giving him the slight, almost invisible, but very potent impulse which sends a man's fortune's out on that "tide in his affairs" whose flood shall make him. The hard-working, highly-gifted young man whose ways were so quiet and habits so simple was not long in making friends and creating admirers. Picture after picture of his was seen in the *Salon* and discriminatingly praised by the best critics until his fame was established; and by the time "*Martinez père et fils*" were one of the greatest banking-houses in the world, Johnson was a painter with a well-established reputation, which steadily increased from year to year, a good income, and a host of devoted, ardent, sincere friends, whom he had fished out of half the gutters in Europe and started again in life while others were looking on. He had accepted Señor Martinez's commissions after these years of steady work when much in need of change, and all the more readily because in doing so he enabled the father of his friend to confer upon his son exactly the companion he most desired for the year's travel in America which he had undertaken, and which was the result of a long consultation between Señor Martinez and the family physician. Lodovic Martinez had been betrothed almost from infancy to a distant cousin who was also an orphan and a ward of his father's. She had accordingly grown up in her guardian's house, under the care of her intended husband's mother, whom she always called by that name, and who was indeed the only mother she had ever known. She was some years younger than Lodovic,—a slight, pale, tender little creature, with a lovely childish face and liquid brown eyes, her slim young figure half hidden

by her heavy, fair hair, which hung about her shoulders and made her a constant study for an artist with the shifting lights upon it. Her tall, grave cousin loved her with an intensity of affection which she repaid by the most touching submission and sweetness; and when she was killed in a carriage-accident during a trip to Switzerland, Lodo-
vic, who saw the whole thing from an adjacent hill, and, in spite of the distance, was the one who raised the little dead form from the ground and prevented the horses' hoofs from mutilating the face, could not be consoled. He grieved so persistently and became so entirely indifferent to all his former interests that his father devised the journey to America by the advice of the old physician, who had no dread of disease attacking the magnificent young physique, but who, being a sage like most of his brethren, thought that change of scene and occupation would prevent the reaction which was certain to follow from being dangerous or injurious in its after-effects.

For some weeks now they had been wandering about Southwestern Louisiana, and, though somewhat late in the season, they had spent day after day skimming in small canoes over wide, solitary, cypress-girdled lakes, winding through one long, dark bayou after another, stopping at old-time lonely plantation-houses, where they were always warmly welcomed, and, having worked their way into the region of the Atchafalaya, had become completely fascinated by the quaint, dreamy, Acadian-peopled land, with its misty, golden mornings and purple, peaceful evenings, and the wonderful nights when the skies were alive with throbbing points of light and no one could tell the stars and fire-flies apart, except the mocking-birds who sang all night long. They lay now in front of the fire, with a glance now and then out into the night, and talked over all these things, wondering how they could have lost their route so completely, while every now and then one or the other lighted a fresh cigarette. At last Johnson exclaimed,—

"By Jove! this is poor comfort,

Martinez! I don't think I was ever quite so hungry in my life! Corn-bread and buttermilk would be a long way better than nothing, and a cup of coffee nectar, in my present condition." He rose as he spoke, and threw two or three pieces of light dry wood on the fire, which was burning steadily but not brightly. It now flared up, however, making the whole interior for the first time as bright as day; and Johnson, who was standing on the inside of the deep-projecting chimney facing the species of alcove which it made, uttered a cry of surprise.

"Look, Martinez!" he said, snatching up one of the flaming brands and holding it like a torch in front of the inner wall; "look at this, and tell me if I am dreaming!"

No wonder both the young men stood entranced before the object which had excited Johnson's surprise. Their admiration would have been the same in any part of the world; but to discover such a treasure amid such surroundings was wonderful enough to banish all memory of fatigue and hunger, for a time at least. This was neither more nor less than the cabinet half-length portrait of a young girl, which, having been wholly concealed from them at first by the deep shadow in which it hung, now burst forth in the vivid, flickering light like a living, breathing creature. She was about sixteen years old, and dressed like a Mexican of the upper class, her wonderful glowing eyes, exquisite lips, and rich, flower-like coloring illuminated by a smile of such pure, radiant happiness as might have been painted with sunshine itself for pigment. A black lace veil lying lightly on the soft, heavy, dusky hair was crossed in front over the snowy chemisette and fastened low on the bosom with dark-red roses. In her right hand she held a loose cluster of the same flowers, and her left was pressed to her heart, while she bent slightly forward as though in the act of listening or leaning to look from a window. The delicate arms and slight round throat gleamed like pearl through the black lace, and nothing could have

exceeded the subtle charm of the girl's dazzling yet childlike loveliness and grace. The painting had the characteristics of the best school of French art of some twenty-five or thirty years before, the touches exquisitely fine and miniature-like, but the whole effect bold, life-like, and harmonious. For some time the two men stood before the picture, and then broke the silence, not by commenting on the painting itself, but by exclaiming, Johnson to begin with, "What a capacity for both sorrow and enjoyment that young creature must have!" and Martinez, with even more earnestness, half whispering, "It is the same look in the eyes! You have seen my little Monica, Johnson: do you see how much the eyes resemble hers?"

Johnson gazed at the face and was struck by the likeness of expression, all the more remarkable that this face was so different in form and color. "I see what you mean," he replied. "There is a strong likeness in the expression, but everything else is extremely unlike. Whoever this may be, she is—"

"You speak," Martinez interrupted, with a petulance of manner very rare indeed in him, "as though she were a living woman, and subject to your investigation, like her picture."

Johnson glanced at his companion in surprise, and, almost at the moment, before he had time to collect his ideas and speak, the other continued in his usual gentle, pleasant voice, and with his manner of every day,—

"Do not your professional eyes observe what my untaught optics discover in every line and tint of the work,—that this is not recently painted, but at least as old as you or I?"

Johnson laughed as he looked more closely at the picture, in front of which he now held the oil lamp he had found on the chimney.

"For once," he said, "I forgot the picture, *as such*, entirely; but I think you must be right: you always are in such matters; and, indeed, I see now that it is so. This was painted about thirty years ago,"—he held the lamp higher and threw out the background,

which was composed of the rich foliage of an orange-tree, whose buds and blossoms were tangled and intertwined with clustering sprays of scarlet honeysuckle or woodbine, shot through with flecks of golden sunlight and glimpses of blue sky,—“and is a good deal injured by the frightful way in which it has been treated. But what a gem it is! I feel as though it were a downright crime to see it in such a position.”

"I wonder what my father would say," Martinez said, lighting another piece of pine as a torch; "and, above all, I wonder how it came here, and who committed the barbarity of nailing it to the wall in that way."

The picture was secured to the wooden wall—innocent of paint or whitewash—by four long, rusty nails, driven through the canvas itself, and each nail-head was surrounded by a circle of rust, produced by years of dampness.

"I suppose whoever lives here thinks he did a good thing in wasting even four nails upon a worthless rag like that." Johnson looked at it very attentively with a magnifying-glass he had drawn from his pocket as he spoke. "Martinez," he continued, "this picture was painted by Delaval, and by no one else. I know his touch, his manner, the way he manages drapery,—his whole *technique*, in short,—as well as I know my own father's signature."

"Impossible!" returned the other. "Delaval never was in America, and it is very unlikely the picture was done in Europe."

Johnson shrugged his shoulders and lighted another cigarette. "I don't know that he was never in this country, and neither do you. He was a great wanderer for years; and, though he has never mentioned America to us, neither did he ever speak of Russia, when we afterward discovered he had lived there for many years. At least of one thing I am positive,—this picture was the work of Delaval in his prime, and of no other—"

He was interrupted in what he would have said further by a sudden bark from Le Beau, followed by a prolonged and

very knowing whine of delight. He wagged his tail vigorously, looked first at one man, then at the other, and finally ran to the edge of the water, which just at that spot reflected their brilliant fire, but stretched out far beyond, black and lonely, into the night. So placid was the lake that every great white star shone as clear below as above; but not all the midnight hosts of heaven could brighten those wide, black waves or that long, mysterious borderland of cypress-covered swamp.

It was not so utterly lonely as it looked, however; for now, when Le Beau's whines had subsided, they heard, not far off, rapidly-moving oars, and could even make out the "swish" of a pirogue strongly driven through the water, apparently in their direction.

Le Beau's excitement solved all doubt, —his master was returning; and in a few minutes a large, well-made pirogue was grounded on the shelving beach of white mussel-shells common to most Louisiana shore-lines, and a man, springing out, tied his little bark to a post, drew out some packages, and, without the least apparent surprise, turned to examine the large fire shining from his cabin door and the two strangers near him. The bright light covered the whole group, and the examination was mutual, of course. What the new-comer saw before him was a couple of well-made young men, Martinez taller, darker, and handsomer than his friend, but both thoroughly active, graceful with the unconscious poise of perfect health and strength, and with the direct kindly gaze and manly openness of expression natural to young lives which had nothing to conceal and nothing to fear, but were in complete accord with the best of everything. What the two young men saw was an old negro, very black, below the middle height, with enormously broad shoulders, unnaturally long arms, and an appearance of being hump-backed, which, however, was contradicted by his strong, flat back, and arose from his head being set low down between his shoulders on an uncommonly short, thick neck. He was neatly dressed in

the home-made material universally made and worn through that part of the State under the name of Attakapas cottonade, and his head was carefully tied up with a bandanna handkerchief, as is often the habit with old negro men. This description, however, can convey no real impression of his quaint, odd, old-fashioned figure, and his wide, shining, plastic face, twisting into a thousand grimaces and contortions in a minute, yet beaming with honesty, good nature, and kindly humor, while an indescribably shrewd and knowing gleam shone in his eyes.

"Good-evening, young marsters," he now said to the young men, with a scrape of the foot, and turning as he spoke toward the cabin.

"Good-evening, uncle," responded they; while Johnson added, "You see, uncle, we have made free with your things, we were so tired by our ride and so glad to get a fire. But we are so hungry we can think of nothing else: so do tell us at once if you can give us a bite of anything to eat."

The old man chuckled and shook with delight as he waddled up the bank. "Don't you hab no bodder, marsters: I is pompered up to hab sech company, I tell yer. No, sars, don't you go ter frettin' an' troublin' on dat subjek, sars." He preceded them to the cabin, chuckling, grinning, and talking to himself, and ushered them in, when they reached the door, with a duck of the head and a scrape of the foot purely African in character. "Now, my young marsters," he continued, "you jes' set right down dar by dat fire what you done cunjer up out-en dem embers, an' mek you'selves comf'able, while ole man Stippus he cook some supper fur de hull on us."

Nothing loath, the two young men seated themselves on one side of the fire-place, leaving the greater part free for culinary operations, and proceeded to watch with great interest their host's movements. He first drew forward a low, wide bench, which was evidently his kitchen table, and put on it in a row the various misshapen parcels he had brought with him. From one, which was a sort of canvas bag, he drew out a

tin bucket, which, on being also opened, displayed about a quart of corn-meal, very roughly ground, and a small lump of lard, while embedded in the meal lay seven or eight speckled turkey eggs. These treasures were displayed without a word, but with just enough ostentation to show that they were not every-day matters in that establishment. Another package yielded a small quantity of very damp sugar, so dark and dingy-looking that it was some time before Martinez could convince himself that it was sugar, and not some of the red-clay soil they had left in Mississippi. A small tin bucketful of molasses as black as ink, and a quart of sweet potatoes, tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief, completed the list of viands on the bench; and, while the two young men exchanged glances indicative of their dismay at the total absence of meat, the old negro suddenly stepped to the door and drew in a wooden box, from which, with a look of delighted pride, the sort of look which seems to say, "Of what use are words?" he extracted an enormous raccoon. He held the furry body up for a minute in triumph, and then said calmly, but with a satisfied and serene expression which they would not have lessened for any consideration, "Dar, genelman, dar, my young marsters; you ain't see sich a animel as dat, nowhars about, I reckon, fur one long time. Golly! I'se jes' gwine stuff dis here corpsis wid some mint an' sage an' injin, an' ef you alls' mouf don't water, den my name am Jack Fool, sho' 'nuff."

He then proceeded, watching all the while out of the corner of his eye to see if they were admiring his skill, to skin and clean the coon with the most wonderful dexterity and, what they valued still more, cleanliness,—really doing his work with a degree of deft and delicate swiftness which was marvellous. From some corner-nook he produced a clean cloth, a china bowl, which he filled with clear water, and an old iron kettle, which he filled also and put on to boil.

And, hungry and tired as the men were, it did not seem long before Stip-

pus pulled out his table, and, opening a small trunk they had observed in one corner, produced a table-cloth of snowy damask, and not only that, but, as Martinez, who was a connoisseur of such things, soon discovered, most exquisitely fine and of a very old and rare pattern. This the old man placed on the table, and then set before each guest a clean tin plate, an iron spoon, and a buck-horn knife, while the centre of the table was garnished with the corn-bread, in the pan it was baked in, a tin bucket of molasses, a large earthenware pitcher full of hot, black coffee, and, best of all, the steaming, savory coon, done to a turn, and spreading far and near on the soft night-air a fragrance closely resembling the delicious perfume of a balmy young roast pig.

To say that our two friends needed no second invitation to partake would be to say little indeed. They insisted on the old man's sitting down with them, and, when he refused, they swore they would touch nothing: so, more to please them than to gratify his own appetite, he drew his old box-seat up and began to carve. It was a curious sight, had there been any one there to see it except Le Beau,—the interior of the little cabin, red with firelight, which threw out in strong relief the little white table, the two strongly individual and contrasting types of white men, one all dark, noble, manly beauty, a Spaniard of the highest class in looks, cosmopolitan in all else, the other keen, shrewd, honest Anglo-Saxon, blue-eyed, chestnut-bearded, alert, intelligent, and true, and between the two the black, wide, grotesque face of the old negro, who sat leaning forward, his huge hands supporting his high cheek-bones, his great eyes rolling, his white teeth gleaming, and his enormous head shaking, to give emphasis to his own words or assent to those of the others. Outside was the thick, soft, Southern darkness, and the low murmur of the lake as it rolled lazily up on the bank, whose white shells glimmered like a belt of moonlight along the shore.

After supper, when the coon had almost disappeared and little was left of

anything else, when the old man had cleared away the table and the little cabin was set to rights again, the two young men drew up on either side of the fire and called Stippus to sit between them, filling his old corn-cob pipe full of Latakia, and smoking themselves in the calm enjoyment of well-earned repose and satisfied hunger.

For a few moments they sat thus in silence, each of the young men thinking of how to introduce most cleverly and searchingly his inquiries about the picture whose lovely face smiled down upon them in the midst of such incongruities, as Martinez called the surroundings in his thoughts, when suddenly, and as very often happens in such cases, the very topic they were striving after fell—to be really Oriental in our metaphors—with a splash into the pool of conversation.

"You see dat picture, marster?" old Stippus asked, pointing toward it with his pipe and drawing himself up into a more ungainly knot than ever, as he thrust forward his enormous head, covered with grizzled wool, to look at the young man he addressed, who happened to be Johnson.

"Yes," answered he eagerly; "of course I see it, uncle, and admire it, too. It is a beautiful picture; and I was just going to ask you who the lady is."

The old man looked at him very hard, nodding his head slowly up and down, without speaking, for at least two minutes, while every now and then taking a whiff at his pipe.

Johnson motioned to Martinez to take no notice of him.

At last he said, in a low voice, "Marster, I ain't a-gwine ter fool you, nohow; what I tells you is de troof, an' you kin b'leeve it. I ain't hed no call ter be namin' my young mistis ter dem fool niggers an' po' white trash what mos' gin'ally comes 'long dis here way; but I ain't got no subjecshuns ter tell you dat 'ar am de picter of my young mistis, what was named Miss Toinette Chillingham."

It was wonderful to hear the tone in

which the naturally musical and pathetic African voice uttered that name. All the tenderness and pride which one human heart could feel for another seemed to lie in the syllables as this old man pronounced them.

"Won't you tell us about her, uncle?" asked Martinez, after a short pause.

Old Stippus rubbed his head, blew on his pipe, and seemed uncertain. After a minute, however, he went on: "Hit's a long time ago, genelmen, an' her pa—dat was my ole marster, what come from up on de Cyalina coast, whar de sea-island cotton grows—he done come down ter see his kin-folks in dis here country, an' he foteh me wid him." Here he paused, took a whiff, looked out for a minute, and went on, with his eyes on the fire. "An', arter he done bin in Noo Olleens a good while, he say to me one day, he say, 'Stippus, ole man,'—kaze him an' me we wuz raised togedder," glancing at Johnson, "an' he tink a heap o' me,—'you put on dem fine new cloze I gib you, an' come along arter me dis marnin': I got sumpfin' fur to show you.' So den I knowed what I done 'spectet dat long time; an' when we walk along troo dem 'treet tell we come ter one fine big gyarden, wid all de flowers a-shinin' an' a-smellin', I tink ter myself, tinks I, 'My young marster, you ain't gwine ter tell me nuffin' I doesn't know dis time.'" Here the old man, who was gradually growing excited, like all his race, over the telling of a story, waved his pipe to and fro, turning from one listener to the other as he went on. "So den we goes in at de gate, an', sho' 'nuff, de gyarden wuz jes' runnin' ober wid all de flowers, an' de sun a-shinin', an' de fountin a-playin', an' dar wuz one great big dark-green tree dat stan' up black an' shady in de sunlight, an' not one little ray git under it. An' right dar under dat same tree wuz de fust angel eber I see." Here he stopped again, and sat gazing into the bright flame before him, as though he could see her yet, till a movement from the dog, who seemed very restless, roused him. "An' so, genelmen," he continued, "dat wuz de way I fust seed my young marster's

bride. She called me up ter whar she wuz a-standin' in her bootiful white dress, an' de gold jewels a-sparklin' on her; an' when I jest looked at her eyes an' her hyar, dat was brighter dan de gold, an' hear her sayin', 'Howdy, Stippus? I very glad to see you, Stippus,' den I jes' say to my own self dat dis wuz de mistis for me an' my young marster, sho' 'nuff; an' I boun' an' brent ter lub her an' wuk fur her while I got breaf. She wuz one French lady, an' her name wuz Miss Eudoxy Dennyboor, an' her pa wuz one o' de richest ob 'em all."

"Did they marry, then? And how was it they lived in this country instead of going back to his home?" asked Johnson.

"Dey wuz married dat bery week dat I fust seed her," replied the old negro, "an' dey did go back ter Cyalina fur one little spell; but Miss Doxy she jes' couldn't stay dar, 'way off fum all her kin, an' she begged Mars' Stephen so pitiful, an' he jes' lubbed her so much, dat he says to me, 'Well, Stippus, dis here won't do, nohow. We alls must jes' git out o' here an' go back.' An' I says, 'Now, Mars' Steve, 'tain't no use talkin'; Miss Doxy done sot her mind fur ter go, an' what de 'oman want, de man want 'fore long.' So den we alls jes' come home; an' Mars' Steve fotch all his niggers down here, an' Miss Doxy's pa done gib her one fine plantation,—'Bella Donna' hit was named,—an' us wuz *all* jes' as happy as de day wuz long. Mars' Steve he tuk an' build me one good cabin close ter de house, an' me an' my ole 'oman—what Miss Doxy gib me fur ter lib wid—wuz jes' as sprunetual as so many 'possums in a tater-patch. Den, arter a while, Miss Doxy hab fust one baby, den anoder, an' den anoder, all on 'em boys, till bimeby Miss Toinette *she* come along; an' fum de day dat pooty baby could walk she jes' lub ole Stippus more'n her nuss, her little brudders, or ennybody, I don't kyar who 'twas; an' she couldn't more'n jes' ketch hole o' my finger, when Stippus mus' take her to walk, or Stippus mus' tote her on him back, or

Stippus mus' ketch cray-fish fur her. I tell yer, marsters, dar warn't no pom-pouser nigger in all dis here country dan *dis* one when dat de-Lord-bless-her baby would put her little white han's on dis ole black face an' pat it an' smooft it an' call me her 'dood ole Sippus.' My young marsters, I had chillun ob my own, an' I lubbed 'em, but, Lord Jesus! I lubbed dat baby's little finger more dan all de nigger babies dat was ebber hatched on dis yearth." The old man pulled out his bandanna and wiped his eyes and blew his nose. "Well, genelman," he continued, after a minute's pause, "I wuz jes' gwine ter tell you how hit all come out; an' by de time my young mistis done growed ter be fo'teen year ole, ef she warn't de pootiest little critter!" He stopped and waved his hand majestically toward the picture. "You see dar, marsters, jes' Miss Toinette like she wuz when she jes' done growed up."

"So that is her picture?" exclaimed Johnson, starting up to re-examine it with fresh interest.

"Dat wuz her picter, sas, tooken to send ter her sweetheart 'fo' dey wuz married."

"Do tell us about it, uncle," implored the young men, as the old negro seemed about to bring his harangue to a close.

"Dar ain't much ter tell," continued the old man reluctantly, "'ceptin' troublesome bodderations. When Miss Toinette done growed up ter be fo'teen fifteen year ole, one young genelman come 'long,—mighty fine young man, mighty high an' harnsome, too,—and Mars' Steve say ter me, 'Well, ole man, what you tink o' Miss Toinette's sweetheart?' an' den he tell me hit wuz all fixed up 'twixt de famblies dis long time, an' Miss Toinette she wuz dat happy, an' she come a-darncein' an' a-larfin' out ter me an' say, 'Uncle, I so happy, kaze when I gits married an' goes away Mons' Lucas say he gwine bring you an' Suzanne (dat my ole 'oman) an' all de chilluns, ef you all wants ter come. You mus' come, anyhow,' she say, clappin' her little han's togedder. Well, hit wuz 'way off in Mexico dat Mars' Lucas

lib, an' Mexico, dey tell me, am mighty fur off; but I was brent an' boun fur ter go. Den Mars' Lucas he 'bleeged ter go home ter Mexico 'fo' de weddin', an' while he gone de Mexican war bruk out, an' so he 'bleeged ter go wid de sojers, an' couldn't come back nohow; but Miss Toinette she had her picter painted like dat fur ter sen' him, an' hit wuz all pack up fur ter go, an' dar warn't no way ter git it ter him nohow, an' so de picter wait, an' Miss Toinette she wait too, an' de war done eended, an' no news fum Mars' Lucas, an' my pooty baby she git so pale an' tin, an' she look so bad, so bad!" He took a long pull at his pipe, and then went on: "So den heep oder genelman come 'long an' ax her ter marry 'em, but she jes' shake her head an' say no; an' so hit go on. tell Mars' Steve he tuk sick, like ter die, an' he sarnt fur Miss Toinette an' say hit was seven long years sence her sweetheart gone, an' he tink she mout git married jes' ter 'bleege him. So she say she would rader be 'scused, but ef her pa beg like dat, den insartainly she mus' marry ter 'bleege him las' wishes. So she marry Mars' Gabe de Valcourême, what wuz a mighty fine Creole genelman, and eberybody tink well of him 'cept'n' po' ole Stippus; but I done watch out fur my baby; an' all dem fine young genelmans what make lub ter her, I kin tell you what, I *knowed* 'em from blood ter bone, all troo an' troo; and he turn out jes' like I 'spected. Den de war come, an' he lef' Miss Toinette wid her two little babies 'way down dar on de big ole plantation; but me an' my old 'oman stays dar an' takes keer ob her, tell one day dar cum news dat he wuz wounded an' sick in de camp, an' Miss Toinette start off ter nuss him. She jes' tuk me an' de baby; an' de times dat chile went troo a-nussin' dat bad man an' dat frettin' baby! Well, young marsters, I fotch back my young mistis an' her baby, but dey wuz shut up in one coffin, an' we buried 'em in de gyarden whar she like ter set when she wuz fust married. Den I stay wid de baby what wuz lef', tell Mars' Gabe come home.

• De baby wuz a little gal, 'mos' like Miss

Toinette when she wuz leetle, an' I lub her too, an' me an' Suzanne tuk keer ob her, when Mars' Gabe he come back, an' he say, 'Now, Stippus, de war is 'most ober, an' I is gwine ter take my little gal ter her grandma' (fur Miss Doxy wuz dar) 'in Noo Olleens ter be tuk keer ob; an' jes' as soon as de war eended I gwine ter sen' a'ter you an' ole 'oman Suzanne.' So den he tek away de chile an' leeb me an' Suzanne alone on dat plantation. De oder niggers wuz 'mos' all gone, an' hit wuz hard times, sho' 'nuff; but I jes' tink I mus' stay right dar an' tek keer ob tings. Den de Yankees dey come a-ridin' in, kaze our place wuz back frum de ribber, and dey tuk possession ob eberyting. Well, my young marsters, jes' as soon ez I could raise money 'nuff I jes' make tracks fur Noo Olleens an' go straight ter Mars' Steve's house; —an' de house an' de gyarden wuz dar, but dar wuz Merrikin sojers in it, an' de folks tell me dat Miss Doxy wuz been long time died an' buried; an' I ain't nebber fin' Mars' Gabe, nor any track nor trace on him, sence. My ole 'oman an' me knowed whar some of Miss Toinette's tings wuz hid, an' we got 'em out by night an' come away; an' when we goes back ter de plantation dar wuz a new owner, an' he drike us away, an' we jes' make fur de swamp, an' dar we has libbed eber sence, till my ole 'oman she fell sick an' died,—an' sence den I been libbin' alone eber sence."

At the close of this narrative, Le Beau, who had been disturbed all the evening, barked loudly and made a rush at the front door, which was of course open, being in fact only a wicket below and a curtain of hide above. At the same moment a voice was heard in angry expostulation, and the old negro rose from his box just in time to confront on the threshold a tall, dirty "Indian-nigger," as the race is called, who was evidently as worthless and perhaps as dangerous as these half-breeds almost invariably are. He was dressed with an attempt at finery, in blue trousers and long leather leggings, embroidered moc-casins, and a coat made out of an old

red blanket, and was evidently in the quarrelsome stage of intoxication. His heavy, animal face looked even more dull and senseless than usual; and, as he tried to make his way into the cabin in spite of its owner, he reeled and staggered, clutching at the door-posts, and unable to speak. For some moments the old black tried to put him out without using downright force, but this only made him more and more determined, and at last, provoked by his savage gestures, Stippus thrust him out with a tremendous push which would have been successful except that the half-breed made a clutch at his opponent's collar at the same moment and dragged him out with him, when, roused into fiercer anger on both sides by the personal conflict, they struggled desperately for a moment and then fell, the old man underneath. As they touched the ground, Martinez saw the gleam of steel, and, without pausing to snatch up a weapon, he threw himself upon the combatants, tore the dagger from the half-breed's drunken grasp, and, with a sudden exertion of strength almost unconscious, knocked the savage down, as he afterward said, just hard enough to sober him. Old Stippus picked himself up without waiting for help, and was soon employed in washing away all traces of the conflict, while Martinez and Johnson, after ascertaining that the half-breed was only partially stunned and was lying still to recover his breath and senses, turned back to the fireside and resumed their smoking. For some time they sat thus, while old Stippus busied himself about the room, putting down fresh hay and dried moss mixed for his guests' beds, when, looking up for a moment, Martinez saw the "Indian-nigger" peering in at them through the half-door. He was leaning forward, and for a minute his black, evil eyes roamed from one to the other of the men, then settled with a gaze like a rattlesnake's upon Martinez himself. Brave as the young man was, he shivered as he met that deadly, venomous look. The half-breed was sober enough now, and made no attempt to enter the house, but stood leaning on a long, old-fashioned

musket he carried, as though made of stone. Johnson, whose glance had followed his friend's, looked at him with the greatest dislike, and called to him angrily to "get out." But the man took no notice till Stippus came forward, when he shifted his gaze for the first time and turned to the old man. The latter, without any show of distrust, spoke to him in some sort of *patois*, and gave him a piece of paper containing fragments of meat and bread. Then he motioned toward the woods, and the half-breed turned to go, as docile apparently as he had been quarrelsome before. But just as they thought he had gone, he wheeled round like lightning, strode up to the cabin door, and, fixing the same fearful look of hatred on Martinez, hissed out,—

"You mark me dis time. I mark you next time."

He was out of sight in the dark and the forest before they could collect the meaning of his threat. When they had recovered from their surprise, the young men laughed; but Stippus was very uneasy. He said "Indian Joe" was one of the very worst characters in the country, had been "mixed up" in more shooting and stabbing frays than any other man in the State, and was as vindictive as his race are popularly supposed to be, having been known to come back and shoot a Mexican oysterman at the end of three years, just for some "piece of spite," as the old negro called it. He expressed the warmest gratitude to Martinez for his prompt interference in his behalf, saying, "It would ha' been all ober wid me mighty quick, young marsters, I tell you. When 'Indian Joe' draws his little toothpick it ain't no joke, I tell you again."

The three men soon lay down, Stippus muttering that he would keep watch, so they could sleep in peace; and, though they assured him that they were under no apprehension whatever, they could not induce him to lie down, and the last sight they saw before dropping into the dreamless sleep of health and youth was the old man's figure crouched before the open fire.

When Martinez woke in the morning, the soft, purple flush of sunrise was over everything, and his first glance fell on Johnson taking a plunge into the clear, cool-looking lake-water, where he speedily followed him.

Stippus had made some strong, clear coffee and fried some fish which came out of his "net"—a machine always "set and baited"—for breakfast, and gave them for bread some corn-meal baked in very thin sheets on a piece of wrought iron, which he heated nearly red hot and manipulated in some curious fashion of his own.

The young men were very anxious to repay him in some way, but he would take only tobacco, of which they, fortunately, had a good supply. As to the picture, it was impossible to ask him to sell it; but they inquired what he intended to do with it after his death.

He sat and looked at the ground for some time after the inquiry, and then said, "Young marsters, I ain't dead yet. Time enough to talk about puttin' de ole man in de groun' when he ready for his shroud. I knows well enough dat you alls would be willin' and glad to buy dat picter an' take good keer of it. But I done save it out of de house an' fotch it here to dese swamps troo one heap of trouble an' misery. My ole 'oman she nailed it up dar her own self, an' 'twas de las' ting she look at 'fo' she died. It am de onliest ting I got to 'member my little mistis by; an' when I looks at it I kin forgit all de time she was sick an' sorry, an' de long, drearysome time she was in her coffin an' not in her grave. I *couldn't* let dat picter go 'way, young marsters."

They both assured him again and again that he was perfectly right and that they would never ask of him such a sacrifice.

He then opened his box, and, among a few relics of his mistress's past, such as an embroidered scarf, a silver cup, saucer, and spoon, a small, broken clock in an exquisite blue Sèvres frame, and a little red purse, containing a couple of silver coins, showed them his crowning treasures,—a small package, tied up carefully in tissue-paper with blue ribbon, containing letters and a lock of her hair. The letters, he said, were those written by her to Mexico and returned from there by the post-office authorities, having never been claimed by her lover.

"And was his absence never explained?" asked Johnson, as they lingered another moment for a last look at the picture.

"No, sir, never."

With that the young men turned away, and, after a most kindly and cordial farewell from both old Stippus and Le Beau, mounted their horses and rode off up the bank. At some distance they turned to look back. There was the little cabin, with the smoke curling above it, the snow-white, shining beach of shells lying in long curves against the dead, black forest in ridges and slopes, like wind-drifted sand, just where the water had cast the mussels in heaps upon heaps at the foot of the long-rooted water-oaks and cypresses. The lake rippled lazily in the soft south breeze, and the wonderful, clear, gladdening sunrise bathed everything in its glory, sending long shafts of light like running streams into the depths of the sombre, black-hearted forest. Old Stippus and Le Beau stood looking after them. The travellers waved their hats, turned the corner of the winding shore, and were gone. Stippus and the dog were alone again.

ANNIE PORTER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GERMAN NOVEL.

A GERMAN scholar's chief delight is the discovery and registration of a fact. Not content with the well-tested resources of his Fatherland, he invades the British Museum, edits old English texts, and in philology beats the English on their own ground. He is everywhere looking for facts in history, comparative grammar, science: most of our scholars, when they want data, draw from German storehouses. But what Matthew Arnold, with the happy insight so often evident in his writings, calls "perception" in the application of facts to life and works, the German in some degree lacks. It was George Henry Lewes who said, in a figure meant to be typical, that a German would "construct the idea of a camel from out of the depths of his moral consciousness" rather than study the camel on his native soil; and the "Life of Goethe," in which this occurs, is still the most popular work on Goethe even in Germany. If Mr. Lewes did not refer to the same quality as Mr. Arnold,—and I suspect he did not,—we have here a conflict of authorities. But a little allowance must be made for Mr. Lewes when defending his hero against pedantic criticism, and we must concede that your German scholar is more patient and loyal in digging out facts than he is urgent and active in realizing their lessons. But what shall we say of his power to blend poetry and imagination with his facts? At first thought we should little expect to find these qualities in our ideal savant, scanning manuscripts, sarcophagi, and obelisks, and studying life mainly in libraries and lecture-rooms. And this brings us to our point. We should say, drawing upon our moral consciousness, that he could not have imagination and poetry and a "sense for beauty," and, perhaps, that he has not. But recent literary phenomena, to use a scientific term, are gradually nullifying this theory. We have been so well nourished by English-

writing novelists that we have not been compelled to look to the Continent for good fiction; and, in the main, it is true that few novels of a high order have come from Germany. When a bold publisher has ventured to offer us a story translated from the German, our presentiment that it was vaguely sentimental and abstract has generally prevented us from reading it. This foreboding has too often been well founded. But within a decade there has risen a tendency in German novel-writing which is culminating in what we may now fairly call a school,—the historical school. Its founder and most famous representative is Ebers, whose works have all been translated into English, and, what is more, have been read. Many other gifted romancers of this class, however, have appeared since Ebers published his first novel, "Eine Egyptische Königstochter," nearly twenty years ago. These writers are scholars of the first order, and several have at home won fame in fiction which has not yet spread to other countries. Ebers has deserved his meed of reputation, but we must not let the charm of his poetry and sympathy with life and beauty so surprise us that we shall grant him no compeers. A New York house has been quick to discover one or two very good imitators of Ebers, and all readers have had access to them in excellent English versions. But the best novel that has appeared in Germany for several years, a novel which in all respects equals the finest work of Ebers, and in some respects surpasses it, has not been translated in America. This is "Klytia," published a few months ago by Professor Hausrath, of Heidelberg, whose pseudonyme is George Taylor. His first tale, "Antinous," was short and unpretentious, but his critics then augured great things of him, and the longer and profounder "Klytia" has realized their expectations. At home he already en-

joys the peculiar reward of a true and stirring novelist,—popularity; which means that he is read and appreciated by the cultivated middle class and approved of in hundreds of journals and magazines. Though cheap editions of the great classics—at one mark—have lately come out, cheap novels, in one sense, are unknown. I hold that when a man has set before us in fiction creations of genuine life and interest, has conceived characters and scenes which, typically or historically true, touch the heart and intellect, he has done a great work, a work which should have full recognition. And I would give the reader some account of this charming story, leaving him to settle the question how a German professor, a theologian and a New-Testament critic, a double-dyed scholar, could so well combine facts and fancy.

We open the neat German edition of four hundred pages, and at once we are led to the audience-room of the grand Heidelberg Castle, to-day the most beautiful ruin in Germany, from whose shattered turrets the traveller looks down upon the Neckar flowing through a storied city, between green and noble hills. It is the year 1570, and the palace is now the seat of Frederick III., Elector of the Palatinate, at a time when the conflicts of Lutheran and Calvinist are watched with alert satisfaction by papal emissaries, and when the Palatinate sides with Calvin. Among those who seek the presence of the Elector are Felix Laurenzano and Professor Pigavetta, the former a young Italian architect, sculptor, and painter who has been appointed by Frederick to make repairs and additions to the castle, the latter a scheming Jesuit, zealous for Rome, but still more eager for the downfall of Erastus, the Elector's physician, friend, and counsellor. The frank young artist receives his instructions from the blunt and kind-hearted Elector, but not until there has been a very humorous dialogue. Felix is brought into contact with Erastus, and we learn in a bright chapter that he is an orphan of noble lineage, educated by the Jesuit fathers

at Venice. Then we come upon the more sombre elements of the tale. Paul Laurenzano, the brother of Felix, and the hero of the story, is also in Heidelberg. He has been trained from childhood in a Jesuit college, and now, full of the conscientious zeal of a sensitive and overstrung nature, he hopes to force the heretical world back to Rome and to win glory from his order. In obedience to the command of his superior, implicitly, as a "stick in the hand," he has consented to take the office and disguise of a Protestant preacher, the more insidiously to spread the leaven of Catholicism. His native honesty rebels at this; the "heretical preacher's gown chokes his throat," and he asks Pigavetta to give him other work. The Jesuit proposes that he become private tutor to the Electress, hinting that his beauty, fervent eyes, and fine figure would become a source of influence at the court, and one more potent than his knowledge of books. Paul will not accept this, and is at last appointed teacher and preacher to a neighboring convent-school, nominally in the Protestant fold. Before his departure, he is induced, "in a merry sport," like Antonio by Shylock, to forge a letter of safe-conduct in the hand of Erastus. In the guise of a Calvinist he then begins his work at the convent, whose abbess is at heart in sympathy with Catholicism and is ready to help Paul to instil the delicious elixir of the Church into the fancies of the maidens to whom he is preceptor. Felix, who has not seen his brother for two years, in his usual sunny mood—he is always happy—one day walks out to the convent to visit him. On the way he has several adventures. He meets the Baptist miller, Werner, an important and delightful personage, who "discusses religion" with him and shows him the way to the convent. He chances upon a pretty group of girls crowning one of their number with heliotrope and teasing her about a lover. These are pupils of the convent; the distressed maid is the beauteous Lydia, daughter of Erastus. Felix tells her, *à propos* of the heliotrope, the pretty, ancient story of Clytie (we retain the German

"Klytia") and the sun-god. Felix, and at times the author, thereafter call her Klytia, the name of the flower in his fair Italy. Before he leaves her he learns that her heart is touched by the ardent and gloomy young preceptor who to her is a Protestant preacher. He visits his brother, but, alluding to this, he rasps a sore spot, and is treated so coldly that he ends his visit with wounded feelings. But Paul, brooding over his love-longing, feels urged to forget it by pushing faster his mission,—the conquest of the heretical world. He gains the permission of the abess to work upon the feelings of the pupils by the more concrete agencies of the *Exercitia Spiritualia* of St. Ignatius, which are among the striking examples of the profound ingenuity of the Holy Church in stirring the emotions and imagination of men. He carries out his plan: in the darkened church, by prayer, relics, music, he fascinates the religious sense of the girls, but suddenly finds himself, an ascetic priest of Loyola, clasping his beloved to his heart. The prudent lady abbess appears at this crisis, and the priest is scourged by a bitter conscience. Klytia goes back to her father's house. Paul, still full of selfish ambition, preaches in the city, and again comes into contact with Klytia, whose loving heart has forgiven the priest. Imagining, in his passion, that it is her wish, he asks her to meet him at sundown at a lonely spot on the Holtermann, saying he has news of importance touching her father's safety. Meanwhile, in his zeal and hate, Paul has secretly had three preachers arrested on the deadly charge of forming an Arian conspiracy, and vague whisperings are beginning to connect Erastus with these false beliefs. Klytia, moved by fears for her father, climbs the dark mountain to the rendezvous, meets only a malignant witch, is hunted by three young ruffians, and barely escapes by falling into the pit of a ruin. A mysterious note has prevented Paul from going to the mountain. She is rescued the next day by the miller and his red-headed son, and brought back to her father, who is kept

in ignorance of the cause of her broken ankle. This, Paul's greatest sin and fall, has made him desperate. He resolves to be a tool of the order no longer, and retires to penance. He gives up the office of preacher and lives in the mental torment of remorse. Klytia is no longer ignorant of Paul's true vocation; and Felix, working at the palace walls, chats with her through the windows of her sick-room, loves her, and is accepted,—because, as he afterward learns, he looks like Paul, whom she "loves in effigy." The brothers again meet in Heidelberg, and Felix tells Paul of his betrothal to Klytia. He sees his brother's pain, and offers to give her up if Paul will renounce his order. Paul declines. Soon Heidelberg and the neighboring villages are visited by a deadly plague. After a time, Erastus and the commissioners are sent to the succor of the hamlets near the city. One is found desolated by the horrors of the pest; but in another they hear of the wonders of beneficence done by a certain "Heidelberg preacher." This turns out to be Paul, who has begun his expiation by self-sacrifice. Before the plague is fairly subdued, the cause of it is sought, in accordance with the spirit of the time. Opinion and evidence point to the old witch of the mountain as the malign bringer of the plague; and the Elector's magistrate, accompanied by Erastus and guided by the zealous Paul, seeks her at the house of the miller Werner, who, with ideas in advance of his age, has tried to conceal her. The troop appears before the house of Werner while he is busy at his mill. The witch is caught in the act of running away, and Paul fiercely orders her arrest.

I translate the passage that follows:

"Shame upon you, to abuse an old woman!" cried the miller. "You a priest, too!"

"Witches and heretics house together; that is the old way," angrily answered Paul, while the sergeant, with the trooper, bound the old woman and threw her to the earth.

"You have granted refuge to the witch," said Hartmann Hartmanni.

"With our own ears we have heard on your premises the neighing of the devilish crew, as with horns, tails, and claws it dashed past the sergeant lying on the ground."

"Seest thou, George, the mischief thou hast done?" interrupted the miller, again seizing his boy by the arm and shaking him.—"He is the one that imitated the hellish voices, to make sport of your fears; no other devils are to be found in my house. You will be ridiculous when it comes out that you were fooled by a child."

Hartmann Hartmanni turned with dignity to the red-headed George, who, with a silly look, stood by the fence, not realizing the gravity of the situation: "In that case he, too, goes to Heidelberg; and, if he is not found guilty of devilish arts, he will receive for contempt of the district court *quantum satis* with the hazel rod."

"You would not put a child in the witch-tower on account of a boyish trick for which he has already been punished?" exclaimed the miller. "What would become of the boy in the horrible dungeon? He would be frightened to death."

"You will keep him company," broke in the Jesuit.—"Sir magistrate, I accuse this Anabaptist of intriguing for his sect, contrary to the Electoral mandate. Of late he has made use of the panic about the pestilence; and in Schönau, too, he has given various families in the Steinach the second baptism. Besides, you yourself are witness that he holds commerce with the witch who is to be met on all cross-roads."

The miller drew himself up to his full height. "And thou, priest of Baal, darest speak of cross-roads!" cried the old man, in flaming wrath. "Who invites innocent virgins at sunset to cross-roads,—ay, the most notorious of all the region, where evil spirits, or evil lusts, abound?" And once more the miller thrust his son forward, and exclaimed, "Here, look closer at the boy to whom thou gavest thine unclean messages!"

Paul, growing pale, retreated a step.

If all his clothes had dropped from him in good society he would hardly have experienced such terror as at the feeling of moral nakedness that now overpowered him.

A painful pause ensued, the more crushing for the young priest as the circle of listeners had long been widening: the Heidelberg physicians, with the laborers and numerous peasant women attracted by the noise, had crowded thither. All waited with suspense for Paul's words, to know what he would have to answer to such a heavy accusation. But he was silent. It seemed to him that he had suddenly become transparent and that mocking eyes looked from all sides into his unsavory secrets.

Here the witch on the ground chuckled: "He it was who enticed Master Erastus's blonde daughter to the Holtermann in the dark night."

"What sayest thou of my daughter?" shouted Erastus, stepping, horrified, toward the old woman.

"Well, the counsellor will know best where his daughter broke her dainty foot. Master Preacher wished to wed her on the cross-road, there where the Black One visits his love every night. But others got ahead of the gentleman, and the bride sprung into the pagan hole; and that was too wet a bridal chamber for Master Preacher."

"Do keep still, old dragon!" whispered the miller, touching with his foot the prostrate witch; but with redoubled vigor the prisoner screamed out to the people her strange tale.

Erastus's face became distorted; he laughed in his excitement. Now, with his maddening pain, he really looked, as his enemies had said, like a devil,—his light hair dishevelled, his face swarthy, and the whites of his eyes wildly gleaming out from his dark features.

The craven magistrate stepped back, terrified. Among what kind of people was he? That Erastus was a heretic he had long known; but now his daughter was a witch, and Erastus himself perhaps a sorcerer. The uncanny man entirely looked the character at this moment. Then, too, the foreign preacher,

whom the magistrate had never trusted, and who, as the court had just discovered, also dealt in witches' wares, held converse with the Evil One on the cross-road, and lured young girls to him for the nightly dance,—and, besides these, the Anabaptist, with his demoniac boy, and the bound witch herself, who glared at him with wicked eyes,—all who stood here must go to the witch-tower by the Zwinger; but for this he needed a warrant from the Elector. He must also advance into the valley with at least half a company of arquebusiers to root out the heresy and witchcraft. So, without saying a word, he mounted his horse and rode beyond range of his unpleasant neighbors.

His men bring in the witch for torture. The miller escapes to the frontier, and Paul steals away. The cup of the good Erastus runs over. On his return from the stricken villages, he finds himself under ban, charged by the Calvinist council with being the head of the Arian conspiracy. The charges seem confirmed. There is even a safe-conduct in his own handwriting. After a pathetic conference with the perplexed Elector, he is lodged in the great tower, and with him Lydia, for collusion with witches. The fiery Felix, after an amusing interview with Frau Belier, tries by force to rescue Klytia and her father, and finds that Pigavetta has but made him a tool to set free an imprisoned preacher whom he wishes out of the way. Paul gets no peace. He has been the means of bringing many into trouble, and he imagines that all men know he has fallen. He meets Werner, who denounces him for his sins, which seem to Paul crimes, and for failing to go before the tribunal and confess his wrong regarding Klytia. He appears at the dungeon to give himself up, learns that the witch has just been tortured to death, and, refusing Pigavetta's demand that he swear falsely at the trial, is bound—though not yet tortured—upon the rack, and left alone in the torture-chamber with the supposed corpse of the witch. But her life flares up once more, long enough for her

to retract her extorted confessions, and she dies. This is a tragical scene. Later, Paul is tortured, but accuses Pigavetta, and heroically persists in his statement that the witch took back all her charges implicating Lydia. The Elector gets out of patience, the magistrate is dismissed, the evil spirit Pigavetta escapes, Erastus is fully restored to confidence, and Paul, grievously maimed, is taken to Frau Belier's house to recover. Felix models Lydia in clay as the Klytia looking up to her sun-god, Paul, and, true to his honest good nature, thus gives her up without a spoken word. Paul, nursed by Klytia, recovers, and, cleansed as by fire, becomes a new man and a Protestant. There are hints of a marriage, which we are sure takes place. Felix, the artist of the South, cannot leave the splendors of Catholicism, and returns to Italy.

Here we have the German historical novel, and, indeed, the historical novel of any country, at its best. There is but one historical personage, the Elector; and, it may be asked, where is the history? This is so skilfully wrought into the life and human interest of the story that the reader scarcely suspects that he is getting a vivid portrayal of actual scenes and a most painstaking reproduction of points of view and habits of thought at a time much farther removed from the present by opinions than by centuries. And these types are created by a master whose studies and learning enable him to put himself into the spirit of the age. His exceptional talent, dramatic sense, and imagination appear in the prominence which he gives to personal sympathies and interests. The chapter describing Paul's training, and incidentally depicting the Society of Jesus, is perhaps disproportionately long, but it is never dull or pedantic, as are many German attempts of this sort.

Perhaps the most satisfactory character is Felix, whose cheery presence pervades the book, as a contrast to the morbid Paul. This is now especially noteworthy, when it is the fashion in fiction to make artists cynical, gentlemanly young men in search of types.

Humor in Teutonic novels is rare; indeed, humor in the American sense does not exist in Germany. But the scenes in which Frau Belier, the miller Werner and his son, the quixotic magistrate, and the convent life are depicted are very humorous. The wooing of Felix, as well as his renunciation of Klytia, is touched with the steady charm of light poetical humor. We are accustomed in the older German novels to much vague sentiment: here the characters live and move, and much is left to the reader's intuition. If Paul is afflicted by a certain Daniel-Deronda-like habit of introspection, this is in harmony with the powerful incitements of Jesuitism acting upon a sensitive mind. The personages live in an age of witchcraft and dogma, of persecution, absolutism, and violence; yet they are concrete and clearly defined. With Auerbach and Freytag, and a dozen others, we know that the idea, the purpose, the lesson, are uppermost. They can be kept down neither by force nor by imitation of English models. Here we have simply a group of diverse men and women in surroundings which only the historian of religion can venture to set before us. The purpose is to form real human beings, and to make costume, scene, and sentiment correct. This constitutes, in the first place, what any novel should be; combined with the second quality, what an historical novel should be. The scenery of nature is so well blended that we could wish for more,—a rare effect. As our outline shows, the story has symmetry, a beginning, a middle, and an end.

Such is one of the romances that appeal to the taste of the chief book-loving, book-producing nation. In 1882 the number of books published in Germany was fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-four. Of these, novels and tales comprised their full share; and this was doubtless true of the past year. No greater novel than "Klytia" appeared in that year, though it saw the issue of Ebers's "Ein Wort," Felix Dahn's "Felicitas," Alfred Meissner's "Princessin von Portugal," Spielhagen's "Uhlenhans," and another volume of

tales by Heyse. Ebers and Dahn and Hausrath enjoy a prestige as scholars and archæologists, and no one acquainted with the standards of a German professor would doubt that these men regard their novel-writing as secondary, nay, frivolous, compared with their graver work. It is as if Freeman or Stubbs or Bancroft should, in their spare moments, produce a novel worthy to be compared with the work of specialists in fiction. The appearance of this historical school will have to be accounted for by the future historian of literature. It shows a clearly-defined tendency in German *belles-lettres*, which as yet has been scarcely recognized. But it becomes almost startlingly distinct when we compare these novels with those foremost fifty years ago, when the romantic school produced its literary monstrosities. If we look back to the grotesque "Fortunatus" of Tieck, to the licentious, spasmodic "Lucinde" of Friedrich Schlegel, the mystical "Heinrich von Osterdingen" of Novalis, the cynical, powerful "Epigonen" of Immermann, the fantastic, almost savage "Kronenwächter" of Ludwig von Arnim, we appreciate the gap that separates them from the bright and dignified novels of our day. There is morbidness still, but it is mild beside the ghastly revels of the romanticists. The venerable Freytag, whose life spans this entire period, is scarcely touched by the new influence; he has his theories of life, of the relations of classes, of letters; and in his books the theory crops out, in spite of him, as the thing of first importance. Gottschall, also an old man,—critic, poet, dramatist, and literary historian,—does not write for the taste of his youth. Gutzkow—when he died, four years ago—had seen an activity of fifty years. His novels voice the vigorous thought of a man of ideas; but the subjective notions of the man pervade his books, not the creative power of the artist invisible, as in the greatest novels. All of these, however, belong to the present of German fiction, and easily blend with the historical school.

HORACE M. KENNEDY.

APRIL FISH.

BEPPI STEFANO was eighteen years old, but his doting old father and mother still called him a baby, and treated him as such. As lads went, among the peasants of Brozzi, where he lived, he was bright and intelligent. Then, his father owned the little farm on which they lived, and, as Beppi was the only child, it would of course be his. This prospect of wealth added not a little to the boy's popularity, and tended to convince himself, as well as others, that whatever he said or did was of especial importance. His wit was so frequently remarked upon that it is no wonder he at last thought that there was no such thing as catching Beppi Stefano asleep. No doubt of his own shrewdness ever crossed his mind, except during his rare visits to Florence with his father on market-days.

There was something in the air and manner of city-bred youth that disposed him to silence. He was of an indolent temperament. While his father was haggling in the market-place, he would lounge about the squares. If he were going to stand any number of minutes to talk or to look in a shop-window, he always found it convenient to back up against a lamp-post or building for support; for one might just as well be comfortable. Still, in spite of his love of physical ease, there rankled in his bosom a certain grudge against these city people, none of whom had ever acknowledged his superiority.

"*Babo*," he would say to his father, while jogging home on the road from Florence to Brozzi, "if one of these city fellows ever meddles with me, he will find that a live ass is better than a dead doctor. Eh?"

"True, true, my boy; the blessed saints protect him!—he wouldn't be worth a fig when you finished with him." Then old farmer Stefano would chuckle and approvingly pat his son's back.

Beppi could not conquer his longing to match his wit with that of some city youth, and his opportunity at last came. It was the first day of April.

In Italy, when one has been duped by any of those facetious snares to entangle the unwary which are set on this inauspicious day, he is termed an "April Fish," probably because the fish is considered the most gullible of animals. Now, Beppi felt quite sure that if he could spend this day in Florence he should angle in pleasant waters and catch a quantity of this sort of fish, and also allay that grudge which itched in his gentle breast. Consent was gained. It was the first time he had ever departed for the city alone. He was going to walk the four miles of good road that led to the Porta al Prato. His parents followed him to the door with many parting injunctions.

"The good saints guard you!" said his mother. "Take care of your pocket-book. Greetings to your aunt and cousin."

"Yes, show your mettle to your cousin Aquila," added the farmer; "for, you know, she is to be our daughter."

Now, nothing could have been more disheartening to Beppi than that allusion to his cousin Aquila, who was about the only person in the world whom he really disliked. She and her dowry of three thousand francs had been dinged into his ears ever since he could remember, until he hated the very mention of either.

On arriving in Florence, he proceeded directly to his aunt's house, in Via Lambertesca. In paying his respects to his aunt, whom he neither liked nor disliked, he would be obliged to salute his cousin Aquila; but then, in compensation, there was Rina, a niece of his aunt's, for whom, though in no way related to him, he felt a more than cousinly regard, though he dared not manifest it.

He passed through the city gate and along the Arno, which, swollen with the

spring floods and surging and glancing in the morning sunlight, reanimated his hope of a fine day's sport.

When he gained his aunt's house, the little family of three had one after another finished their breakfast,—if breakfast it could be called, that hasty swallowing of a cup of coffee and choking down a piece of bread. His aunt, as ever, was lavish in her greeting. His cousin Aquila, decked out with an unusual display of beads, ribbons, and puffs for the occasion, wore her accustomed air of conscious merit, and her salutation was of that off-hand sort which denotes undisputed proprietorship.

Beppi thought he had never seen her more detestable than now. He had often said to himself that she was rightly named Aquila, for she resembled an eagle, a bird of prey, with her long, hooked nose, narrow face, and round eyes; but, then, who ever saw a cross-eyed bird? When she talked to him, he was never sure that she was looking at him,—this was something of a comfort; but then, again, at other times he was never sure that she was not looking at him. So, this cross of her eyes was a serious cross to him. Rina, however, was present, and already bent over her sewing for the day; for she was a seamstress in white work. It was her custom to stitch from morning till night, while her cousin Aquila amused herself doing nothing; for, as her aunt frequently told her, she was a poor girl, who had not a soldo to her name, while her cousin, with a dowry of three thousand francs, was a lady.

Beppi would have given worlds to address the poor girl cordially, but she scarcely raised her eyes on his entrance; and, then, it was not expected that he should notice Rina. Rina was nobody.

He had, however, gained sly opportunities of seeing her unknown to her two keepers; for Rina, being nobody, was not subject to the same vigilance as her cousin. She was permitted to go into the streets alone. This was a fine thing for her on certain market-days when she would be sure to meet Beppi in the square, and he would be sure to

tell her that he loved her, and her only, and that he wished that cross-eyed Aquila in the shades, with her three thousand francs. But this going out alone had also its disadvantages. Many a time after dark Rina was obliged to carry home her work to the shop in Vigna Nuova, and the dashing young officers and the Florentine signori, seeing that she was only a poor girl of the people, would whisper in her ear, clasp her hand in passing, or frighten her with a familiar embrace, at which she dared not cry out, as it would have been the worse for her, but could only struggle to free herself, while hot tears of shame and indignation blinded her eyes. Beppi, however, knew nothing of all this, or his grudge against the city signori would have stung him on to some fierce revenge. He only saw her in the bright hours of the day, and his heart was then so light that he did not feel the weight of the parcel which he carried for her to the shop-door.

The pile of unfinished work in her basket seemed to indicate that she would not go forth to-day. Perhaps he could give her a hint to make some errand for the evening. He would hope: he was coming back to dine at six.

He swallowed so hastily a cup of hot coffee served by Aquila that the tears were still in his eyes when he uttered, "*A rivederci*," and sallied forth into the street, ready for his day's sport.

It was a pleasant day, and many people were abroad. He felt cheerful and complacent. He caught his reflection in a shop-window. He did not look amiss. He was in holiday attire, radiant in purple and yellow stripes from head to foot, with a yellow necktie, the broad ends flapping as he walked, a scarlet sash around his waist, and a short, stiff feather standing erect in his purple felt hat. He saw no one dressed as handsomely as himself. These city people had better call upon the good saints, for it was the first day of April, and Beppi Stefano was abroad. It would go hard with him if he did not catch more fish than were ever before netted in Florentine waters.

He looked about him for victims. Everybody seemed minding his own business. How should he begin? He had provided himself with pins and strips of paper and muslin to fasten on some luckless passer-by, for this was the only species of fraud that he had any idea of. He fumbled in his pocket, and produced some of these angler-implements.

A priest was passing: he should be the first bite. He nimbly stepped up behind the long black gown; but its owner turned and looked him in the face. He retired ingloriously, with a feeling of painful shyness. He would not begin just yet: sport, like wine, would always keep, and be the better for it.

As he stood leaning against the doorpost of the omnibus-office, making idle observations, he observed that all the omnibusses of a certain line became filled the instant they stopped in the square. He would see what was the excitement.

On inquiry, he learned that there was on exhibition outside the Porta San Frediano a wonderful phenomenon in the shape of a baby with three legs, four arms, and several other advantages over its species. Truly this was worth seeing. He would go at once. He pushed his way through the ranks, and, though not in time to get a place among the inside passengers, whose number was limited to ten, he fortunately found a seat on top, and the vehicle rattled away.

He arrived at the show-building,—a little enclosure like a sentry-box, with a curtain before the entrance. He fell into the line of eager applicants for admission, paid his ten centimes, and was introduced into the mysterious enclosure.

There was literally nothing to be seen but the four walls of the little box-like shelter, which was open at the back for egress. There was nothing to do but to pass out with the others. It was the 1st of April. No one thought of murmuring. They all felt that they had no one to blame but themselves. They quietly re-entered the omnibus, and for the most part returned to the square.

Their demeanor revealed nothing of the fraud that had been played upon them, and the vehicle continued for hours to profit by an unusual patronage.

Beppi was not alone in his mortification, and that was some comfort. It was the last time these city swindlers would be able to gull him; besides, such a trick as that would never have succeeded within the city limits. He was heartily glad to find himself once more in the old square; but somehow his hilarity of an hour ago had died out. This would not do. The streets were becoming more lively every minute: vendors were lustily crying their wares; the poor little mouse-colored donkeys, mostly head and ears, were tugging along their mammoth loads; the good dames were making their way home from market with their bright handkerchief-burdens of material for a good dinner; and no one seemed to have the least design on Beppi Stefano. He almost wished they had, for this isolation was not cheering.

He slowly sauntered along until he reached Santa Croce Square. A boy was drinking at the fountain.

"Signore," called out the child, "have you seen the shrimp in the fountain?"

Signore was a soothing title. He was not always addressed in this respectful manner. The child was really an attractive little boy, and Beppi approached the running water.

"If the good signor will fix his eye on that,"—indicating a long stream the size of his forefinger,—"he will soon see the shrimp, for they have been coming now and then all day."

Beppi was curious. He bent forward to make an observation, when suddenly, by some strange diversion of the stream, he felt himself blinded with the water splattered in his face, while the attractive little boy forthwith disappeared behind the colossal statue of Dante. As blinded as he was, however, he saw the fish.

This was too much. He wiped his face and wrung out the ends of his yellow tie, and walked away, uncomfortably wet down his back.

By the body of Bacchus! he would show these dogs that it was not safe to go too far.

The various appetizing odors of a restaurant were at length wafted to his nose. He suddenly discovered that he was hungry. He made his way in among the little round tables, now for the most part appropriated, for it was about noon. Taking a seat, he questioned a waiter regarding several delicacies, but somehow nothing except spring chicken seemed exactly ready to serve. After some demur, he ordered this dish, although he considered it almost too extravagant for his purse.

It came before him roasted to a nice tempting brown, so far as he could judge in the dark corner to which he had been ushered. As he cut off a piece of the breast, however, it seemed strangely tough; but perhaps the knife was dull. With the eagerness of a sharpened appetite, he took the first mouthful.

Santissimi Santi! What a frightful sensation! He had heard of the lockjaw: was this terrible malady suddenly come upon him? His teeth were closed upon the chicken; he could not move them. He looked about him in helpless consternation. A smile was visible on every countenance. With a violent effort, his jaw became unlocked. The piece of wax was ejected upon his plate.

The waiter stepped forward and gravely apologized for his mistake. He begged the signore to have patience; but his voice was drowned in the good-natured laughter on every side.

Beppi now understood that fish instead of fowl had been served.

"It is the first day of April; what would you have?" was remarked for his comfort.

Should he fly out of the door and leave the unsympathetic company? No; he could not do that; he had already eaten some of the bread and drunk some of the wine. He would brave it out. He looked about him and smiled, but it was not a cheerful smile. The waiter, however, made ample amends for his mistake

by serving the best meal that Beppi had eaten in many a day.

When he had finished he sallied forth again into the street, smoothing out the ends of his necktie with almost the complacency of the morning. After all, it was not so bad, this first day of April.

The first person he chanced to meet was a respectable-looking woman with a parcel in her hand. Why not try some fraud on her? He, like a silly fish, had allowed himself to be caught; it was now high time that he put forth his net to catch others.

"Good-wife," he said, "did you know that your handkerchief was falling off?"

"Thanks, signor mio," she replied, but giving no attention to the article alluded to. "It is a pity that such a handsome gentleman should be going about with no crown to his hat."

The hat was off in an instant and undergoing the sharp scrutiny of Beppi's eyes.

That was all she wanted: she chuckled to herself and passed on.

The stimulating effect of Beppi's dinner was passing off. His spirits required excitement. He hurried back to the old centre of the city to begin work in earnest. In *Por San Maria* he saw on a gay-colored curtain hung before a door-way a notice to the effect that the public for this day only might for the small sum of five centimes behold a wonderful aquatic mollusk.

Now, he had no idea of the meaning of either mollusk or aquatic, but he resolved to go in with the others and see for himself. He was conducted the length of a long room, in which, at a sharp turn, he found himself facing a full-length figure in purple and gold stripes.

"By the body of an anchovy! it is Beppi Stefano," he said to himself, with some pride. But when he saw in large letters over the mirror the words "*April Fish*," his elevated crest suddenly fell; and as he walked on in the departing train out of another door-way that led into a back street, his shoulders took the same droop and his countenance the same dejected expression as those of his companion dupes.

His patience was now about exhausted; he felt angry,—an uncommon state of mind for him.

A little boy was passing with a flask of wine in his arms. Beppi bethought him of the boy at the Santa Croce fountain, and did not find this child attractive.

"Hi! you rascal!" he cried out, "don't you see that your wine is running out of the bottom of your flask?"

The child stopped, and in his fright almost dropped his burden. He trembled all over and began to cry.

Beppi stepped forward and told him to dry his eyes, for it was only a joke, and then proceeded to explain the peculiarities of the day, relating various frauds practised upon the innocent, but withholding the intelligence that he had gained his wisdom by experience. He succeeded in calling a smile into the child's face, and sent him on his way the richer by half a franc, for this poor foolish Beppi had the best heart in the world.

The day was drawing to a close, and he did not feel that it had been a great success. He was tired of the streets and of the people. Dejectedly he made his way to Via Lambertesca. His aunt was effusive; Aquila, more hateful in his eyes than a pelican of the wilderness, was affectionate; and Rina would not look up from her work until they went to dinner.

The dinner was not an every-day affair. No pains had been spared in its preparation. They did not always dine sumptuously, for, as Aquila's mother pointedly remarked, one cannot save a dowry of three thousand francs and seem as rich as a monastery, and dine like a priest every day.

Indeed, Aquila's mother prided herself as much on her economy in the saving of the dowry as on the dowry itself. She had not only saved, but she had materially aided her departed husband in gaining that little fortune. She had been able to teach him in his business of vending wood and charcoal many a little trick, and had herself even packed the wood in certain cross-wise

positions for retailing, whereby one hundred baskets bought yielded one hundred and twenty-five sold.

Every dish that made its appearance upon the table was urged upon Beppi. He thought of his mid-day meal, and was almost inclined to be cautious what he ate. He really found the potatoes quite waxy, but that was nothing unusual, and only resulted from their having been left in the water to keep warm a half-hour after they were cooked.

Aquila and her mother questioned our hero regarding his day's exploits. He was not prolific of answers. Somehow, nearly all he seemed to remember was that he had fooled a young fellow about a flask of wine.

The two women laughed immoderately, but Rina raised her soft dark eyes and looked at him curiously without a smile.

How could he gain a word with her to induce her to venture forth to meet him? His opportunity seemed at hand. His aunt suddenly left the table, exclaiming that she had told that vagabond of a girl never to put the fritters on a green plate; and from the cries and blows that followed in the kitchen it was clear that the poor maid-of-all-work was having her ears boxed soundly. His aunt would not immediately relinquish this congenial occupation. Now was his chance.

He made a movement that attracted Rina's attention. Aquila's head was bent over her plate, and she was rapidly making way with her favorite dish,—fritters of calves' brain and of pumpkin-blossoms.

"I shall start home in about an hour," said Beppi to Rina in a low voice, "and shall stop on the old bridge to have a smoke."

Aquila suddenly became aware that Beppi was talking, and not to her. She planted an elbow on the table, and, with the steam from a fritter upon her up-raised fork wreathing among the pile of puffs on the top of her head, became all ears. She might also have been looking at him; he was not sure; but that Rina's eyes twinkled with mischief he was quite certain.

His aunt at that moment returned;

no more could be said. His spirits sank, and did not revive during the meal, although his aunt descanted at length upon the advantages of a wife with a good dowry.

After dinner he made bold to step up beside Rina as she was looking out of the window.

"Meet me on the old bridge!" he whispered entreatingly.

Rina had just time to answer, "Yes," when her aunt stepped forward to know if anybody spoke.

Beppi was elate. The trials of the day faded from his mind. He could not too soon be on his way and rid himself of that hateful Aquila.

The moon had risen when he gained the Arno. The enchanting view from the centre of the bridge on either side, illumined with a mild radiance, could not but soothe even this impatient lover. He leaned against the parapet and gave himself up to delightful anticipations. To-night as never before he would press his suit. He would urge Rina to let their attachment become known. He was now willing to brave everything for a chance of gaining her. He knew that she loved him, although she now and then tormented him with a spice of coquetry. He longed for the sweet interview. The minutes were becoming tedious. He walked to and fro to relieve his ardent impatience. As he was returning to the centre of the bridge he saw a figure standing near the wall. It was Rina; he recognized her dark striped shawl. He hastened to the spot.

"Dearest! my soul! my life!" he said, clasping her hands.

Her face was covered with a thick veil. She hung her head in silence.

He was entranced with this new shyness. He pressed her to his heart in a close embrace. The veiled face rested against his own. "Rina, soul of my soul!" he murmured.

In his ecstacy he pulled aside the veil. "*Dio santo!*" He fell back against the parapet and groaned. It was Aquila's face he beheld in the moonlight! It was Aquila's form he had been embracing!

A ringing laugh fell upon his ears. Another figure stepped forth from the shadow. "Patience, good Beppi," cried out a silvery voice: "it is the first day of April."

For a moment he was petrified. He was speechless. He glanced from Rina's bright face to the rage-distorted hideousness of Aquila's ever-hateful countenance. The blood surged to his brain. He was going mad. With one leap he was over the parapet and down in the rushing waters of the swollen Arno.

The two girls rent the air with screams. They went flying off the bridge down along the river, crying for aid.

A *guardia* made his appearance, then a soldier, then a boatman, then a crowd of people from every direction.

The conscience-stricken Rina tried to spring into the river, but a woman held her back. Was no one going to his rescue?

The *guardia* assured her that the lad was all right and swimming along bravely. His head was now visible moving on with the rapid flow of the river. He approached the bridge of Santa Trinità; he passed under one of its arches. The crowd on the bank kept pace with him. He gained the long flight of steps beyond the bridge. He rose out of the water and threw himself exhausted upon the stones.

The crowd cheered him lustily; their *bravi* rang loud upon the night-air.

Rina fainted and was carried into a shop. Aquila headed the little band that bore the April Fish from the water to Via Lambertesca.

It would be useless to attempt to depict the rage of the richly-dowered Aquila and her mother at the revelations of this first day of April. As for Beppi, he was seized with a fever. Rina was forbidden his chamber, for it had been discovered that she was somebody, even without a dowry of three thousand francs.

When farmer Stefano and his good wife arrived the next morning they were as amazed at the turn of affairs as grieved at their son's illness. They expostulated with him, but in vain. He

threatened never to rise again from his bed if Rina could not be his. Indeed, as the days passed on, his wan face seemed to verify his determination; and the affectionate parents, in their idolatry of him, at last yielded a reluctant consent, though they did not promise not to torment Rina every day with various

changes rung upon the loss of the three thousand francs dowry.

Rina, however, was sufficiently subdued to promise anything Beppi demanded of her, even that she would never ask him to bring her into Florence on the first day of April.

M. J. BARNETT.

THE PROPHECY.

THOSE who have looked upon the dead have seen
 A faint prophetic glory in the face,
 As if a light were breaking, warm, serene,
 Upon their vision in some unknown place.

So now upon the ashen clouds there came
 A delicate suffusion, deepening slow,
 Till through a silver rift a tender flame
 Poured a pale radiance on the crusted snow.

And far o'er many a bleak and haggard mile
 Of drifted glen and desolate white plain
 The splendor hovered, like a tranquil smile
 On wan lips rigid with their last cold pain.

It was a revelation: the keen air
 Seemed misted with a rain of luminous gold,
 And in the hazel copse and hedge-rows bare
 I looked to see the first green buds unfold.

And suddenly the mute midwinter gloom
 Seemed musical with insect-murmuring,
 And phantom odors of the cherry-bloom
 Woke in my heart the ecstasy of spring.

The glory passed; again on field and hill
 Relentless winter frowned in darkest mood,
 And through the ice-bound valleys, rising shrill,
 The wind wrung bitter moanings from the wood.

But I had caught the gracious prophecy
 Of April hasting from her southern bowers,
 And felt beneath the melancholy sky
 The tender benediction of the flowers.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

SOME NEW ANECDOTES OF HEINE.

A GERMAN named Alexandre Weill has recently published in Paris a volume of "*Souvenirs intimes*" of Heine, in which he aspires to fill, in some measure, a position like that of Johnson's biographer. A Boswell must write about Johnson, and not about Boswell, if he would get the world to listen. Faithful, minute records of the great man may suffice to keep alive the little man's memory. Had M. Alexander Weill understood this, his name might live as long as Heinrich Heine's, for he claims to have been during more than fifteen years the most intimate friend of Heine. After reading what M. Weill has to say, we can but lament that a better Boswell had not had the opportunity of sharing Heine's confidences, because it seems wholly improbable that during the fifteen best years of his life the author of "*Atta Troll*" and of the "*Romancero*" should not have said many witty and characteristic things which M. Weill has not recorded. In place of these, M. Weill has given us his own views concerning politics, virtue, religion, and immortality. These are very profound, while the facts which he condescendingly scatters through his pages are mostly of a kind that would have been noted only by a superficial observer. It may be admitted by way of excuse that Heine was not a man whose private life will bear close inspection without subtracting from whatever personal esteem his works may have gained for him. He carried his bitterness and his Satanic mockery into all his relations. He seems to have been absolutely devoid of genuine sincerity. Keenly observant, he uttered many brilliant truths; he ridiculed many follies; but he knew not where to stop. His writings in the long run are as unwholesome as a diet of pickles would be.

A brilliant but undisciplined life was that of Paris during the reign of Louis

Philippe. George Sand, De Musset, Heine, Balzac, Mérimée, and other writers of the Romantic school showed scarcely more regard for the laws of morality than for literary traditions and conventionalities. To this society Alexandre Weill went in 1837, carrying a letter of introduction to Heine from Gutzkow. He found the poet's lodging very simply furnished, without carpet, upholstery, or mirrors. A table and some chairs and a curtainless bed made up the furniture of the bedroom, with some statuettes, an old sofa, a writing-desk, and a heap of papers. A portrait of Mathilde—whom Heine had not then married—hung in the parlor. Mathilde, who disliked Germans, received Weill coldly. Heine was more cordial.

"You have no need of introduction," said he. "You have been taken for me, and you must have a devilish lot of brains,—for I haven't read any of your letters."

Before they parted, Heine said,—

"You may come to see me every day; you may ask me to breakfast when you wish; but never ask me for money. In the first place, like the peasants whom Henry IV. asked for cannon, I shall tell you that I haven't any,—that I have noisy debts and silent relatives; and, then, I don't want to lose you as a friend."

The friendship thus rooted grew for fifteen years. Weill states that during most of this time he was as familiar with Mathilde as with Heine, although she was the cause of the final separation of the two friends. This woman, who had captivated the foremost German poet of the day, was physically beautiful, but intellectually empty. Her charms were entirely of the flesh. For twenty years she lived with him, first as mistress, then as wife, without understanding his genius or even trying to do so. She was a child in temper,—obtuse, fiery,

and selfish. Her feverish ways amused Heine, who often ridiculed them, although he allowed no one else to disparage her. They lived an insincere, unwholesome, loveless life. What respect, for instance, can we feel for a man who betrays such meanness as Heine disclosed in killing Mathilde's pet bird? She was more attached to her paroquet than even to him. He was jealous. "I am going to poison it," he said to Weill; "but for heaven's sake say nothing to her, or I should be lost in her mind forever." Weill bought the deadly parsley, which Heine gave to the bird. Then the two men waited for Mathilde to come in. Finding her paroquet dead, "she uttered a terrible cry,—a real cry from the heart;" then swooning, as if she were alone, "in the presence of her husband and me, she rolled on the floor, sobbing and crying, 'Here I am alone in the world!'"

"We burst out laughing.

"'What!' exclaimed Heine, 'am I then nothing to you?'"

"Then she got up abruptly, and, assuming the air of Alice before Bertram, she said to him, 'Nothing! nothing! nothing!'"

She never knew who killed the bird, and Heine soon bought her another, which did not, however, take the place of her lost pet.

On her side, Mathilde was extravagant and dishonest. Her vanity led her to practise deceit, which Heine perceived, although he pretended to be blind to it. The money he gave her for the household she would spend upon bonnets and other articles of dress. Toward his friends she frequently showed gross rudeness. Meyerbeer, having been insulted by her, never again visited the house. On one occasion, a certain Dr. Wertheimer jokingly told Heine that he was not properly cared for. Mathilde took the matter seriously, and quickly sent the doctor down-stairs with a black eye. Weill himself narrowly escaped a broken head from a platter which she threw at him in a fit of anger at a dinner-party. Yet, although she was thrice as strong as her husband, she let him

beat her, which he did like a coal-heaver. Both seemed to look upon the punishment as a matter of course. "My wife needs another beating," Heine used to say to Weill, who thus describes the process:

"Beating-day was generally Monday. On that day he did not trouble himself about me. He pulled down the little shades of the windows, and with his two poor fists he struck Mathilde's two beautiful shoulders, exclaiming, 'This is what I do to you for such and such a misdeed, for this or that speech.' She, three or four times as strong as he,—she, who could have pounded him and reduced him to a powder (for she was proud of her strength),—did not budge, but allowed herself to be beaten, sniffing and crying, 'To think of a man beating his wife!' All this without raising a finger against him. . . . Heine kept on striking harder and harder, almost shouting with laughter. Suddenly she would fall on the floor, uttering a howl like a tigress, and, dragging her husband by the feet,—which were his weak spot,—she threw him down and rolled with him over the mat, still sobbing and shrieking. After rolling and rolling, covered with dust, they became reconciled, and the price of peace was always a bonnet or a shawl or a mantilla."

Conduct like this was undignified; but it did not reveal the complete lack of self-respect which this couple must be charged with. Mathilde was faithful to Heine, but he ceased to be a libertine only when premature paralysis put an end to his excesses. Yet she, although quite cognizant of his infidelity, calmly allowed him to bring her rivals to her dinner-table. Sometimes, when Heine was passing the evening with one of his conquests, his wife and Weill would follow and surprise him either at the opera or at a café. Even then Mathilde was not incensed, nor was Heine ashamed.

The poet spent about twenty-five thousand francs a year,—a sum which largely exceeded his income. Money he must have to satisfy his extravagant habits, and the means he took to raise

it were not always above suspicion. He sold his pen to the highest bidder, who for many years was Louis Philippe.

"I must attack M. Guizot in the Augsburg 'Gazette' to-morrow," Heine remarked to Weill in 1846, "otherwise he would think that I had sold myself."

"What! sold?" asked Weill, till then ignorant of the bargain. "He pays you, then, to be attacked?"

"Not precisely," answered Heine. "I have a pension from Louis Philippe. The king knows German, and reads my writings. But neither Guizot nor Molé nor Thiers knows a word of German, and it's a real pleasure to the king to see me make his eulogy whilst clawing his ministers. I get six thousand francs. It is nothing at all; but I have not sold—I have surrendered—myself. I do not write a line contrary to my feeling and opinion. I am constitutional. I am not precisely either republican or monarchist. I am for liberty. I believe there is nothing durable, as government, but a republic governed by monarchists, or a monarchy governed by republicans. . . . Before getting the six thousand francs, I praised all the statesmen in Paris. Since I have been pensioned I am afraid to say a word in their favor, for fear it should be scented that I am sold."

Heine had extremely rich relations, who might easily have allowed him a sufficient sum to keep him from prostituting his talents, although a large fortune would scarcely have sufficed to gratify his and Mathilde's spendthrift tastes. His uncle Solomon died leaving thirty million francs to his son Charles, who, dying without children, left sixty-seven millions. Heine had expected much from this relation. "I shall get at least a million," he gayly remarked one day, as he sipped his Sauterne, while Mathilde was drinking champagne and Weill was singing. But, when the Hamburg banker's will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed to Heine only sixteen thousand francs. Heine, upon hearing this news, fell rigidly on the floor and burst into tears of

despair. From that hour dated the beginning of his terrible disease.

Without doubt, old Solomon might have been more generous. Perhaps he knew that Heine was too insincere and too ungrateful to make it pleasant to give to him. No obligation was deep enough to stop the poet's tongue. He would cut his best friend with his inimitably keen satire, rather than miss a brilliant thrust. Meyerbeer once gave him a thousand francs when he was in sore straits; but this did not hinder Heine, within less than a year, from writing a bitter and unnecessary attack upon the composer because he had failed to send Mathilde two passes for front seats at an operatic performance.

Heine was almost, if not quite, bereft of moral sense. So flippantly does he jest upon the gravest subjects which concern mankind that it seems impossible that he ever caught a glimpse of the infinite pathos and depth of life. Weill reports several conversations upon religion. They are keen, epigrammatic, and brilliant, never wise or profound. His sallies of wit sparkle on the surface of the solemnest themes, as a thin sheet of ice stretching over an unfathomable chasm might glitter in the sunshine.

Although Heine, born a Jew, was baptized a Christian, his Christianity was only skin-deep. Self-interest dictated his apostasy. He admired the character of Moses more than any other in the Bible. "The Christians," he remarked to Weill, "have only become humane since the Renaissance and Reformation. A Protestant is a Catholic who quits trinitarian idolatry to go toward Jewish monotheism. The Jew, in his turn, must go the other half of the way. So I became a Protestant. I have entered the fortress to be the better able to demolish it. But, at the same time, I destroy the Jewish bastions, so that both may reunite on the common field of liberty."

"Let it be remarked in passing," he said at another time, when the conversation concerned Moses and the Israelitish captivity, "that the Pharaohs were very kindly. They only required the Jews

to make their bricks for them; the Christians have always required them to make their gold."

The best chapter in Weill's book is that in which he describes a breakfast given by him to Balzac, Sue, and Heine. This strange party met on a certain day in the year 1847 at Weill's quarters, No. 14 Rue du Cadran,—now No. 50 Rue St.-Sauveur. Sue was then at the height of his fame, and the strongest literary advocate of socialism; Balzac, also, had risen so high that his countrymen could give him no fresh token of admiration; while Heine, ever since Goethe's death, had been the acknowledged leader of German literature. Weill enjoyed a small reputation as a forcible newspaper correspondent and as a friend of the younger generation of Parisian celebrities. During the breakfast the conversation touched neither literature, nor poetry, nor journalism, nor the Academy; but for three hours it circled about politics. Republicanism, monarchism, socialism, Fourierism, and communism were alternately discussed. Balzac maintained that "the so-called new is false,—quite chimerical;" while Sue asserted that "it is the republic which is old, and monarchy which is new."

"I would accept the republic," replied Balzac; "but what I do not accept are the social, inevitable, and forced consequences. It is my turn to say to you that socialism, which believes itself new, is an old parricide. It has always killed the republic, its mother, and liberty, its sister. It is the eternal struggle between grace and liberty, between Plato and Aristotle, between St. Augustine and St. Thomas, between Abelard and St. Bernard, between Luther and Münzer."

"You are treading on my domain," here Heine broke in. "You have no need to say between Luther and Münzer: you might say between Luther and Luther, between Münzer and Münzer. Every German, even Hahnemann, contains in himself all the opposite systems. There has never been, there will never be, a united German. National unity, if it ever establish itself in Ger-

many, will only last by force and violence,—never in the name of reason; for at noon the Germans refute, in general, the philosophy they invented at eleven o'clock."

Balzac and Sue, however, continued their discussion in all seriousness. The author of "*Eugénie Grandet*" tried to convince the author of "*The Wandering Jew*" of the fallacy of socialism.

Every now and then Heine interrupted them with a remark in which wit so nearly bordered on sarcasm that the novelists might have been excused for suspecting him of ridicule. Thus, Balzac cited historical instances to prove that common ownership of land has been known in all ages; and Heine thrust in his word, more pungent than pertinent. "Permit one observation," he said. "I have noticed that Lycurgus and Solon, after having established a republic at home, made off to foreign parts. Moses did better: he gave a republic to a land in which he never set foot."

"I am aware that my friend Sue," Balzac continued, unperturbed, "to escape being a Communist, has clutched Fourierism. But the people, logical to a terrible degree, do not understand shades and formulas. Since power is elective, they demand that property be equally elective."

"And America?" exclaimed Sue.

"America," replied Balzac, "has four million slaves, working and not voting. If ever these slaves control the majority of votes, they will choose a man who will give them the partition of land, or at least the profit which the middle-men make on their labor." Balzac then went on to point out how Fourierism must lead to polygamy, and this to slavery. "It is impossible to admit," he said, with emphasis, "that a sensible man can be sincerely a communist. If ever the republic comes back in France, I prophesy not a single Robespierre against the Babeufs, but a hundred thousand; for a true republican ought to be a thousand times more severe than a monarchist against communism, which is the most direct and violent enemy of democracy."

As the debate waxed warm, Heine poured out a glass of champagne and handed it to Sue, who had grown eloquent, although usually apathetic.

"You have given us some of your best vintage," said Heine; "now taste mine."

Balzac caught the simile and elaborated it: "Sue has poured out for us only foam. It frisks and sparkles and glistens, but it evaporates and grows volatile in the air of criticism. . . . I no longer remember," he added, at the end of a long argument, "what philosopher it is that compares truths revealed by history to onion-peelings: each layer of onion which disappears discloses a skin all fresh and young; but it is still onion."

"And it draws our tears all the same," Heine playfully interposed.

"The real truth is," Balzac went on to say, "that a large majority of mankind is not happy, and does not know how to be so, except when forced and compelled by the strong,—the potent in intellect and will. Absolute liberty never was and never will be, other than absolute anarchy."

Sue, who was about to rise, it being already late, exclaimed, "But what is the opinion of our friend Heine?"

"In my quality of German," the latter replied, "I have several. But, to sum them up, here is my opinion. I warn you, I shall go back to the Deluge. Shall I?"

"Go back!" said Balzac; "it will be easy for you: you need only leap on Pegasus."

"I have remarked," Heine then proceeded, "that the day of twenty-four hours is composed of day and night. The day alone, no matter how beautiful it might be, would have great inconveniences. Likewise night without day. I have also remarked that—here I am at the Deluge—to have a child there must be a man and a woman, above all a woman. Still two contrasts, which are united sometimes with a certain harmony. I have remarked, besides, that to conduct a matter of business well needs a fool and a clever man. Some one has told me—I think it was Berlioz,

for Meyerbeer is angry at me—that two discords always produce a harmony, and that perfect accord is composed of a third, fifth, and eighth,—a mystery which cabalists applied to love. I have even been assured that there exists a gamut of colors. In short, whatever endures, whatever gives pleasure, is a combination of contrasts. I think, therefore, my friends, that it is the same with a republic and monarchy. We must have not one *or* the other, but one *and* the other at the same time, both united. As much as they are discordant, so much they together produce a perfect accord. We must have, therefore, either a republic governed by monarchists, or a monarchy governed by republicans. I have more than two hundred and fifty irrefutable arguments to submit to you in support of my thesis, which has but one fault,—it looks like eclecticism. I stop. I have a wife, or, rather, it is my wife who has me. She will never believe that I am out breakfasting with geniuses. I must go home, and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you there. We will proclaim the republic. Balzac shall be president of it, Sue secretary-general. I—I will sing your glory in German verses, for the French would never allow a romancer to have political genius. Meyerbeer shall set them to music, and little Weill, with his tenor voice, shall sing them."

The party broke up, and the three illustrious men never met again. Soon afterward Heine was attacked by that terrible spinal disease which for seven years kept him imprisoned in his chamber, all dead except his brain and his power of suffering. At the outset he lost the sight of one eye, and could see out of the other only by raising the lid with his hand. A few of his friends remained faithful to him in his affliction: among them were Berlioz the composer, and Buloz, the editor of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." Weill quarrelled with Mathilde, and never returned to the house of torment in the Rue d'Amsterdam. Heine's life dragged on until February, 1856.

WILLIAM R. THAYER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Customs and Traditions of Easter.

THE celebration of Easter in the United States is now an established practice. New England was the last section to adopt a festival upon which the settlers of Puritan Massachusetts looked with particular abhorrence. All this is changed, and in a general way the cities are setting the fashion to the country with such heartiness as to indicate that before long the festivities of Easter will invade every village and hamlet throughout the country. Some of the States, like Virginia and Louisiana, have always kept Easter after a fashion, and so have certain denominations, like the Catholics, the Anglicans, and the Lutherans. But fifty years ago these denominations were neither strong nor popular in this country, and the influence of Virginia and Louisiana upon the manners of the American people was not as great as it, perhaps, deserved to be. Nobody knows why Easter has of late become popular; but nobody regrets the fact, except possibly a small group of Puritans, to whom the founders of New England are a model of conduct and belief.

It is impossible to name the exact time when Easter began to commend itself to many people and many Churches that had looked upon the Christian festival as a Catholic or quasi-Catholic error. It appears that about twenty years ago the Presbyterians began to preach Easter sermons and to adorn their churches with Easter flowers. These churches seem to have followed the example set to them by their sister societies. It had been customary to embellish the sanctuary with flowers, and the war-period made it natural for many people to remember with special fervor the Christian lesson of the resurrection. The movement thus begun was aided by the season in which the older Churches celebrated the resurrection of Christ, while all nature proclaimed the revival

of spring, its flowers and its hopes. Even now, however, it is in the cities rather than in the country that Easter is most generally celebrated.

By a singular coincidence, polite society and the Churches have entered upon a quiet agreement to make Easter a marked day. When Lent begins, society gives up dancing-parties, and all ladies, who choose, may rest from their social labors. This period of comparative quiet ends on Easter-day. On that day the spring season of society begins, and young women appear for the first time in their spring bonnets. Milliners, caterers, dress-makers, and flower-dealers understand this law of the social world, and latterly the manufacturers and dealers in Easter cards have developed a taste both novel and popular. Indeed, American Easter cards have fairly outstripped the English article; and the American consumption of these pretty commodities exceeds that of England.

In our churches Easter is marked by a special abundance of pretty flowers, a certain preference being apparently given to red and white. On no Sunday is the attendance in our American churches quite as general as on Easter. The French have a phrase—*faire ses Pâques*,—do one's Easter duty—which might almost apply to our young people, very few of whom fail to attend some church at Easter, if only to admire the flower-displays, or to hear the music which is discoursed in all well-appointed city churches. And where Easter is at all recognized in the pulpit, it is not uncommon to find timely allusions to the dead of the year. This remembrance is natural, and may possibly give our American Easter a certain memorial character which it lacks in Europe. For the present, however, the celebration of Easter in America, its society and its churches, is somewhat tentative. The day is honored; the mode of honoring it differs with the circumstances.

Students of contemporary folk-lore would do well to collect specific information on the manner in which Easter is celebrated throughout this country. It would appear that our American Easter festivities and customs differ decidedly from those found in Europe and noticed by the foreign students of folk-lore. At the same time, it would not be difficult to show that our simple ways are a direct continuation of manners and customs many of which can be traced to countries and periods far remote. Some of them originated, perhaps, in Jewish or pagan countries, but have been spiritualized by the Christian religion,—itself of Oriental origin.

Where people now give Easter cards, it was once customary to give Easter eggs. These latter are used in this country, but far more in England. Easter eggs are still the fashion in Paris, where it is customary to imitate them in expensive materials carefully wrought, while the Germans frequently combine the Easter eggs and the hare. American taste shrinks from costly presents, save among people so intimately connected that a present does not impose a financial obligation. A similar feeling prevails in England. In France it is not unusual to give away Easter eggs made of silver. French Easter eggs are chiefly red and gilt; in Germany yellow is preferred; and in some portions of rural England it is customary to ornament Easter eggs quite elaborately. There is no doubt that these ornaments and convenience led to the adoption of cards, though many of these have nothing in common with the eggs save ornamentation.

But where did the Easter eggs come from? It has been said that the Catholic and Greek Churches prescribed for Lent a very rigid fast, which led people to indemnify themselves on Easter by eating eggs and other good things. This explanation is not sufficient, because, as a rule, eggs are allowed in Lent by the most rigid bishops, and one of the essentials of the Easter egg consists in the ornamentation. Moreover, the Easter egg, or something

like it, can be traced to countries in which the Christian religion has no influence over popular customs. In Persia, for instance, eggs are used very much as the people of rural England use Easter eggs, and in the religion of ancient Persia eggs seem to be a symbol of many things. For the present, then, our Easter cards may be traced genealogically to Easter eggs, and these to the sacred records of ancient Persia.

Easter-flowers have no such antiquity. The love of flowers is modern, and the popular custom of placing bouquets in our churches is very recent. The English language, however, used the word Easter-flowers long before it was customary to place any in the churches on the day of the resurrection. The term Easter-flowers, or pass-flowers,—the latter a corruption of pasque-flowers,—was applied to the anemone and other flowers found about Easter-time. This term has not become popular in the United States, where the word Easter-flowers is applied chiefly to those sold at Easter-time for use in churches. In this sense the word Easter-flowers has been made to cover a great variety of plants specially grown in hot-houses for use at Easter. The trade in these flowers has assumed vast proportions in nearly all our cities.

A few of our immigrants still cling to certain Easter superstitions. But these have no general interest, and are likely to die out. It is far more interesting to note that the American name for Easter is Saxon, although our Spanish, French, and Scandinavian citizens cling to the Semitic word, derived from the Aramaic *pesach*, which means "to pass by," and has been translated into passover. In England the Semitic term, amply explained in the book of Exodus, appears in words like pass-flower, pass-lamb, and pace-, past-, or paste-eggs. Wycliffe called the pass-over "fase," and a diary of the sixteenth century speaks of Peace and Zuill, where Easter and Yule, or Christmas, are meant. The Saxon word Easter is usually derived from Ostara, the name of a goddess of spring, mentioned by the Venerable Bede. But this seems doubt-

ful, especially when an eminent student of language is disposed to consider Ostara identical with the Latin word *auster*. All nations, except the German and English, call Easter by its Semitic name, and so does Bishop Ulfilas, who translated the Bible for the Goths in the fourth century of our era. The English New Testament has retained the pagan word Easter in Acts xii. 4.

The time for celebrating Easter is the same for all Protestants and Catholics, and was adopted in opposition to the Jews. The records of the Nicæan Council of A.D. 325 show that this opposition was most acute. The very call for the council breathed hostility against the Jews and those Christians who celebrated Easter on the day on which the Jews kept passover. These Christians were called Quartodecimarians, because they celebrated Easter on the 14th day of Nisan, the first month of the Jewish year. But the opposition to the Quartodecimarians of Asia was more zealous than intelligent; for the artificial day chosen for Easter fell occasionally, as in 1825, on the 14th day of the Jewish Nisan, and the Christian Fathers, while bitterly opposed to the Jews, adopted, without any hesitation, the Jewish mode of reckoning time by lunations. To make the matter worse, these lunations do not tally with the facts of astronomy. The result is that Easter calculations are so extraordinarily difficult as to lead to occasional mistakes, like that of 1818, when Easter was kept on the wrong day. Easter is calculated on the basis of an ecclesiastical full moon, not the real moon, which is to appear after an ecclesiastical—not the real—equinox of spring. The calculation involves also an artificial solar cycle, and other quaint computations, usually found at the beginning of church almanacs. When the right day for Easter is finally found, it determines a long series of ecclesiastical days, beginning this year with February 10 and ending with Trinity Sunday on June 8. It is not necessary to explain here the golden number, the epact, the solar cycle, the Roman indiction, the

Dominical letter, and the Julian period. As a curiosity, it may be mentioned that for the years 1801 to 1899 the following calculation will determine Easter. Divide the year by 19, and call the remainder *a*; divide the year by 4, and call the remainder *b*; divide the year by 7, and call the remainder *c*; divide $19a$ plus 23 by 30, and call the remainder *d*; finally, divide $2b$ plus $4c$ plus $6d$ plus 4 by 7, and call the remainder *e*. Easter will fall on March 22 plus *d* plus *e*, except when *d* plus *e* exceeds 9, in which case Easter will fall on April *d* plus *e* minus 9. This is a *simplification* of the Easter calculations.

America is, fortunately, free from the cruelty and persecution to which the European Jews used to be subjected at Easter-time. These cruelties still exist in Eastern and Southeastern Europe, and in the folk-lore records of England. But America has not been saved from the effects of the Easter controversies which have divided modern theology into two hostile camps. The Tübingen school of destructive critics, latterly represented by Strauss, Renan, and Kuenen, found that the story of the resurrection, as told by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, called the synoptics, did not tally with the fourth Gospel. It was largely on this ground that the incisive critics rejected John's Gospel as unhistorical and spurious. This controversy is still pending, and may possibly impress later ages as fair-minded people of the present time are impressed by the Easter controversies which raged in the second and fourth centuries of our era and led to the supremacy of the Western Church over the Asiatic Christians. It is probably due to the Church of Gaul and the Bishop of Rome that we celebrate Easter on a Sunday; that we celebrate it on a variable day is due to the calendar of the ancient Jews, and indirectly to the laws of Moses.

Thus, our name for Easter reminds us of the pagan Saxons, who used to live in Northern Germany and who invaded England more than fourteen hundred years ago. Our time for Easter takes us back to the childhood of astronomy,

and to remote controversies. Our Easter cards remind us of a symbolism which originated in Persia long before it adopted the religion of the Arabian prophet. The Easter customs of Europe have a similar origin, and are more numerous than ours, though traces of some are still extant among our immigrants. Some of these customs fully justify the violent prejudice of the English Puritans and other Protestants against the celebration of Easter. The early Church made Easter the model for all Sunday observances, and in that way there arose many Sunday usages to which the Puritans, the Society of Friends, the Calvinists, and the Methodists objected quite properly. In the early Church Sunday was a day of joy, worship, leisure, and social pleasure. The abuses of Sunday arose during the Middle Age, and it was to these that the reformed Churches objected.

The Easter joys of the Middle Age were often grotesque, and helped to bring on the Protestant Reformation. It was customary at one time to eat the Easter lamb in a Roman basilica, and during the Dark Ages it was common for the clergy to relate absurd Easter tales in the pulpit for the purpose of exciting the *risus Paschalis*, or Easter smiles of the broadest kind. The Russians still retain the Easter kiss. During the fifteenth century, some monks and clerics used to have regular games of ball in the church, and purely pagan traditions were appropriated, if not sanctified, by the Church, to make the day impressive. The Easter dance of the sun, an optical illusion, was explained in a German pulpit as a miracle; water or dew gathered on Easter morning was pronounced a cosmetic; and both superstitions still survive in England, where the story of the Easter dance has led to the "three lifts." In imitation of the sun, supposed to rise on Easter morning in three leaps, the men in some English villages used to lift or heave the women on Easter Monday, and the women returned the compliment on Easter Tuesday, the victim being lifted three times, and then let off for a consideration.

The United States and Scotland are probably the only countries in which the celebration of Easter is confined to one day. In England and Ireland, Easter Monday is a holiday, and on the continent of Europe the following day is usually a popular holiday. From the seventh to the eleventh century the Easter festivities lasted until Wednesday; in the year 1094 the Council of Constance limited the Easter observances to three days. These prolonged celebrations again point to a Jewish precedent, and so do the tansy cakes mentioned by Pepys and later writers. Even the Easter tapers have been thought to be due to a Jewish precedent. But they are sufficiently explained by the gospel story of the resurrection, and the fact that the latter was celebrated before daybreak. In luxurious Constantinople these tapers were enlarged into pillars of wax. The German Easter fires, on the other hand, are clearly pagan, as they are always lighted on mountains or hill-tops, and tally well with the outlook which the Northern barbarians, according to Procopius, used to send out for discovering the first traces of the rising sun after the darkness of winter. The Easter hare of German folk-lore may be due to the unwillingness of the Germans to have passover-lambs, or, indeed, anything typically Jewish.

These relics of pagan antiquity are rapidly disappearing, while the central fact of the Christian Easter-day seems to remain and exercise a never-failing power over the heart and imagination of mankind. Many nations and many religions have some belief in immortality; the Gospels are unique in recording the resurrection of Him after whom all Christendom is named. No wonder the early Christians made Easter the principal holiday of the year; no wonder a modern woman, to whom folk-lore was probably unknown, could sing,—

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

C. W. E.

Need of a Telephonic Vocabulary.

THERE has already been felt in certain quarters a want which will be more widely appreciated with the progress of modern science. This is the need of an increased vocabulary to meet the exigencies of the telephone. Notwithstanding the fact that the telegraph had familiarized us with the idea of immediate communication at long distances, the telephone seems to have been given to a world not quite prepared to receive it. After all, the telegraph was not available for conversation. Its use was confined to business matters or to communications of a more than social importance. We were accustomed to learn of illness or accident by telegraph. Even now there are people who find it impossible to disassociate the idea of calamity from a uniformed boy with a buff envelope, and who sign their name with a careful trepidation which seems to imply, in some vague way, that this signature may be their last. Besides, a telegram passes through so many hands, and is ticked out in such an impersonal manner, that one does not look upon it as the utterance of a friend. There is no need of anything but, at most, an impersonal reply. But a telephone enables one to talk freely, as in a friend's very presence, but, unfortunately, without the free-masonry of face answering unto face. How serious a difference this makes, is felt only by one who uses the instrument but occasionally. We say only by such, because with those who make constant use of a telephone the sense of the fitness of things becomes blunted; they insensibly accommodate themselves to the differences and forget the difficulties. But by one whose traditions are still undisturbed, who would fain appear well through a telephone, keep up, perhaps, his little reputation for being entertaining and appreciative, the want of suitable telephonic symbols and code of conventionalities is painfully felt. There is, for such a conscientious mind, a constant struggle to adjust relations between those who overhear the conversation at his end, and the person listening at the

other. The necessity for strained attention renders this impossible. He is conscious that his own one-sided conversation has the air of an absurdity, and the result is a feeling of great discomfort. To begin with, there is no such thing as conveying a smile through a telephone. For "the 'little language' of a look, a tone, a tune, a touch," as Miss Phelps has it, there are no telephonic terms. Even after one has passed the first stage of a novice, who feels that if one is to talk through a telephone one must say something clever, one is appalled by the baldness of communication, the lack of anything in the way of suggestion. The telegraph has a language of its own, and we employ interpreters. We have dashed into the use of the telephone with our mother-tongue, and it refuses to become part of a mechanism, however ingenious. But, to leave the general for the particular, it is certainly unfortunate that there have not been supplied technicalities for the beginning and the ending of communication. None are provided, and people have drifted into—what? "Halloo!" and "Good-by!" The first is sometimes elevated into "Who is it?" or Yankeeized into "Well?" or even softened into "How do you do?" But the word of the masses is still "Halloo!" Whether a grocer, a statesman, or a lover be addressed, still this graceful formula.

But far worse is the use of "good-by." Are the sacred associations of that word to be as nothing in our ears accustomed to the sound of the march of modern improvement? Is this word—which trembling lips and sobbing breaths have found so hard to utter from time immemorial—to be employed to let the baker know that one loaf of bread is enough, and that we are to give no order for cake? What pictures of broken-hearted partings! of long, sad good-bys! of Burns and his Nancy! of countless others with their "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by!" Or, even if it be said in a lighter mood, as a mere wish for a pleasant hour, or a simple "Good luck to you!" or a mere conven-

tionality, it is far above the "Go, now, about your business, I am going about mine!" which is what is, after all, its meaning through the telephone.

Rob it of all sentiment we never could, however lightly we murmured it, till we closed our negotiations for canned tomatoes with "Good-by!" Why not use a word from another language, whose cabalistic sound should catch the popular fancy? Or let us cry "Hold!" or "Enough!" Or let us invent a word that shall have no other meaning. But it is too late, I fear, for concerted action on this point. Perhaps the desecration of our "Good-by!" has become too firmly a part of public life. It is something that must be left to sensibilities not yet callous, and to the wisdom of individual effort.

A. E.

Child Fetich-Worship.

THE paper upon "Children's Fancies," in a recent number of LIPPINCOTT'S, reminds me of an experience of my own childhood, and of a sort of fetich-worship which was a regular institution in our nursery, though known only to my elder brother, my next younger sister, and myself. How the thing grew up it is impossible for me to explain. My memory runs not back to the time when Pete, Joe, and their two bears were not the object of a very real though fitful *cultus* among us. Though very merry, we were extremely thoughtful children, and it goes without saying that in our religious and orthodox homes, where we drew in an acquaintance with the Westminster Catechism almost with our mother's milk, not only thoughts of God, of heaven and hell, of conscience and duty, but speculations on such high topics as free will and foreordination,—topics which puzzled Adam and the archangel, but by some process of childish logic were perfectly simple to us,—were a part of our mental furniture from our very babyhood. That this should be the case was not, in that day and among people of our creed, at all surprising; but that children at once so bright and so well taught should be such

thorough little fetich-worshippers as we certainly were, is, it appears to me, rather an anomalous circumstance. Pete and Joe were two wholly imaginary negroes, who lived up in the sky,—by no means in heaven, for they were anything but fit company for angels, but somewhere among the clouds, the motions of which they superintended. Thunder was the growling of their familiars, two brown bears, whom we saw so vividly by the eye of faith that I can recall them quite distinctly at this moment. I don't remember that we pretended to account for the lightning: that by itself seemed a very beautiful and perfectly innocuous manifestation; but the thunder was something very terrible, and only occurred when some one or other of us had told a lie. I suppose that every peal which resounded through our nursery in those eight or ten years when we lived there was an occasion of such terrified searchings of heart and such abject repentance as few grown people can conceive of. For our consciences were altogether too well trained for us not to have a general feeling of heinous guilt even when no particular instance of offending could be recalled. We knew—or supposed we knew—that thunder could kill, and we believed that it ought to kill us, and might indeed do so at any moment. And therefore a thunder-storm was always a time of wild and ungovernable terror, attributed by our elders to excessive nervousness of temperament, but in reality due entirely to sensitive consciences acted upon by our peculiar and quite original system of belief.

No words can describe the utter hatred and loathing which mingled with the abject fear with which we regarded these mysterious beings who had come unbidden into our pantheon. Our great delight was in wreaking our vengeance upon them in the early winter evenings, when by the nursery firelight our shadows danced upon the wall and were by us personified as Pete and Joe. Though we knew perfectly well that they were our own shadows, yet to us they became entirely that which we chose to fancy

them; and I shall never forget the thrills of almost fiendish joy which used to sweep over me as I belabored my own shadow with my little clinched fists, kicking it, spitting upon it, and generally maltreating it. At times I would forsake it to join in a general onslaught upon some other shadow,—my sister's or my brother's,—and then the whole party would rush again upon mine, with an outburst of wrath and vengeance which would have annihilated anything but a shadow. Though we were so horribly in earnest through it all, I remember that there was a grim sense of humor pervading the whole performance. We perceived, and were in a sense amused by, the utter folly and futility of it all. At times we would seem to be only half in earnest, running round and round the room in a pretended chase after a shadow, overtaking it at last when nearly exhausted, and calling to one another, "Here, I've caught him! Come hold him while I get a rope to tie

him with!" And then, when, of course, the shadow moved away, the frantic cries of "He's running away! Come help me hold him!" would recall us, and a general rush of the whole nursery, down to the very baby, would ensue, until Pete or Joe was overtaken and soundly pummelled.

Looking back on this time over more than thirty years, and remembering that during all this period of our history we were extremely and, I believe, thoroughly conscientious, thoughtful, duty-loving, and God-fearing children, I try in vain to reconcile the two lines of experience and make them in any degree harmonize or fit into one another. Certainly, no two sets of children who ever lived were more utterly unlike and incompatible with one another than we were with ourselves in our attitude toward God and the Christian faith, and in our worship and hatred of those utterly ridiculous and preposterous fetiches, Pete and Joe.

L. S. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton." By his Son. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

EDWARD BULWER, Lord Lytton, was pre-eminently a man whose biography should have been judiciously written, with an accurate sense of the true proportions of the various incidents in his career and an effort to concentrate the interest upon those special epochs in which his powers found their fitting opportunity and made their mark upon the age. Thus it seems a little unfortunate that he should have given the task of supplementing his autobiography to his son, who has carried out his father's injunctions to the letter, and withheld nothing which might be supposed to illustrate his "works by his life and his life by his works." By performing the pleasing and pious duty of telling everything that could be told, the present

Lord Lytton apparently believes that the reader will know everything concerning his subject that can be known. The actual result is that, although an acre of canvas is to be carefully painted over, the figure of the great romancer himself is almost utterly submerged in the vague, diffused, and unimportant details of the picture. The autobiography is so *naïve* that we are ready to humor the writer when we perceive that he is carried away by his own emotions and fails to distinguish the ideality of his youthful recollections from the actual every-day facts which encompassed him. But the autobiography was sufficient: one is willing to take for granted the fact that genius must soar, but the first ineffectual flappings of the half-fledged wings are unedifying. Thus the "illustrative" chapters are altogether superfluous, adding nothing to our idea of their subject, and diluting in a sea of

endless twaddle any clear impression Bulwer's own reminiscences may have given us.

Difficult although it is to separate what seems definite and real about Bulwer as a child from his pleasing and inspiring illusions concerning himself, he seems to have been a sensitive, precocious, and imaginative lad, with a strong bent toward whatever roused his emotions of awe, wonder, and admiration. An irresistible self-consciousness made him long to invest his own career with a romantic and ideal character, and unimportant events, which, no matter how touching and momentous they may seem at the time, soon become with most of us merged in the wider import and deeper meanings of real life, never lost their hold upon his imagination. Whether Bulwer would have taken himself so seriously if he had had the usual public-school education of an English boy remains a matter for speculation. All his home-training and much of his school-life served to foster his somewhat morbid characteristics and to hinder him from gaining a clear vision of the world about him. We should ourselves venture to surmise that with a sensible and every-day sort of bringing up he would not have spelled Sublime, Beautiful, and True with capitals. He published a book of poems at the age of sixteen, and was regarded as a "youthful prodigy." "I was tall and manly for my age," he writes, "prodigal of talk, full of high spirits, gay to overflowing, ready alike in verse and compliment. Women smiled on the young poet. Invitations showered upon me. My mother yielded to the flattery so sweet to a mother's heart; and, whilst little more than a child in years, I was introduced into the world as a young man. Dinners, routs, and balls diverted me from serious study. I was passionately fond of dancing, and amongst the last to leave the ball-room by the light of dawn. The middle-aged ladies took me home in their carriages, for I was but a boy. The young ones did not disdain me as a partner, for I was almost a man." Here was the preparation for "Pelham," which was in a few years to delight the world; while a year later came an equally precocious love-episode, which also had its imperishable effect upon him. "When that tragedy was over," he declares, "I felt myself changed for life. Henceforth melancholy became an essential part of my being; henceforth I contracted the disposition to be alone and to brood."

Out of this youthful romantic folly he was roused by the worthier interests and competitions of university life at Cambridge, where he belonged to the "Union" and gained considerable success as a speaker. Twice Macaulay came down from London to take part in the debates. "I remember well walking with him, Praed, Ord, and some others of the set, along the College Gardens, listening with wonder to that full and opulent converse, startled by knowledge so various, memory so prodigious. That walk left me in a fever of emulation. I shut myself up for many days in intense study, striving to grasp at an equal knowledge: the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer me to sleep." Many points of similarity to the career of Byron are naturally suggested by Bulwer's, and there may have been something more than coincidence in his pointing the resemblance by an intimate acquaintance with Lady Caroline Lamb. This adventure with a *grande dame* of many caprices, and a brief chronicle of his social successes in the Faubourg St.-Germain, close his autobiography. He could hardly have gone on without encountering embarrassments and difficulties; for it was upon his return from Paris that he met Miss Rosina Wheeler, who afterward became his wife, and with whom were connected disappointments, humiliations, and embitterments which must have made the ideal world much more pleasing than the real to the romancer. Bulwer fell in love with Miss Wheeler, but, as his mother withheld her consent for the marriage, his passion would probably have yielded to time and untoward circumstance but for the indomitable resolution of the young lady. The idea of her suffering ill health on his account, of her possible death from love of him, finally overrode all other considerations, and the two were finally married, in defiance of Mrs. Bulwer Lytton's prohibition, in the year 1827, when Bulwer was twenty-four years old. The first volume closes four years later, when, after a long estrangement from his mother, the two have been finally reconciled, when "Pelham" has given the youthful author a brilliant reputation and been followed by "The Disowned," "Dereux," and "Paul Clifford," and when, at the height of the Reform agitation, Bulwer has entered Parliament. It has been already made clear that his marriage is turning out unhappily, and that incompatibility of interests and tastes is likely to lead to disastrous estrangement.

The son's task is a delicate one; but he is likely to carry it out in the remaining volumes with the good feeling with which he has begun. It seems a distinct pity that he has encumbered the volumes of the biography with those unpublished youthful romances which ought never to have seen the light. One of the final chapters of this volume is devoted to Benjamin Disraeli, and gives a very characteristic correspondence between him and Bulwer, also an occult and mystical divination by the latter of Disraeli's future successes. It is called a "Geomantic Figure," dated 1860, and forecasts in a striking way the remaining glories of Lord Beaconsfield's career.

"Treasure Island." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE episode of the buccaneer in Washington Irving's story of "Wolfert Webber"—who rises out of the stormy deep in his great sea-chest, takes possession of the old Dutch inn, lords it over the inmates and visitors, and is always looking out to sea through a telescope for a jolly-boat in the offing—has too many striking points in common with Mr. Stevenson's old sea-dog at the "Admiral Benbow" to be overlooked in any notice of the fatally-absorbing story of "Treasure Island." But Mr. Stevenson can easily afford to owe some obligations both to Washington Irving and to Edgar Poe, in his "Gold-Bug," since out of the fragments that they left he has constructed a story so clever, so audacious, and so captivating that it seems as fresh as the first story told on the first day. It is not a story for a critic to pull apart, look at from different points of view, and hold in different lights. It is a story to be read at one sitting with a horror at once delicious and abominable, deepening at every movement. There is a great deal of atrocious murder in it; and, besides the crimes one encounters, there loom up behind "deeds without a name." The very refrain which all the pirates take up,—from Billy Bones to old Flint's ghost,—

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum,—

has in it something reckless, desperate, and suggestive of wickedness untold.

The interest begins when the old captain tells Jim Hawkins to keep his "weather-eye open for a seafaring man

with one leg;" and from that moment not only Jim but the reader is on the alert for the one-legged man,—watches for him, waits for him, and dreads him,—then, when he encounters him, half likes him.

The story tells of an expedition after the treasure of the old pirate Flint, who buried it in a far-away island, and gave the chart of the place to his mate Billy Bones. The latter lives in terror of the one-legged man, and finally dies just in time to escape a worse fate. He leaves the chart to fall into the possession of Jim Hawkins, Dr. Livesey, and Squire Trelawney, who fit out a vessel, make up a crew, and set out at once, and eventually bring back seven hundred thousand pounds coined in every mint of the world. The irony of the situation by which the one man whom Bones has feared, and whom those who inherit the map need to avoid, is the most important member of the party, gives it much grim humor, and heightens the sense of expectation. There is much capital characterization in the book; but the one-legged sailor is the masterpiece.

All that Mr. Stevenson has written possesses that individuality of flavor which is a trait belonging to genius. We should be inclined to say that in many respects he has done nothing better than "Treasure Island," which, although a book for boys, is likely to appeal quite as much to older readers.

Recent Novels.

"Newport." By George Parsons Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Vestigia." By George Fleming. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Beatrix Randolph." By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Hope's Heart-Bells." By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Old Lady Mary. A Story of the Seen and the Unseen." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THERE is much careful study of individualities and much felicity of description in Mr. Lathrop's "Newport," which shows to far better advantage in book form than read in parts as a serial. For it is not so much a story as a picture, in which all the component parts must be seen at once in order to blend with, modify, set off, and subdue each other. The author has a very good command of his subject, and sees Newport and makes

his readers see it in its different aspects and phases, with its pageants, its amusements, its faults, follies, and crimes,—set about by its “dark purple spheres of sea,” and arched over by its lovely skies. The glamour with which he invests the place itself, drawing, compelling, and at last almost transforming those who yield to its charm, is of course a pretty fiction; but it has its uses in the story, since the hero, Eugene Oliphant, who begins by disliking Newport, asking, “Isn’t the spirit of the place to be idly busy and to fill up the time with expensive nonsense?” is finally quite enthralled by it and becomes its chief victim. The real fact is that all mankind love amusement and interest, and that the more well dressed, well fed, and well appointed people are, the more easy-going they become in making the best of what is offered for their diversion and accepting it as their unquestioned routine. It is the outsiders, the lookers-on, the listeners, who are astonished at the tameness and frivolity of the talk and the pursuits of those who set the fashions of the world. Mr. Lathrop has succeeded in producing characters who, without faults of art or taste, go through their rôles, informing them with a spirit at once graceful and frivolous, petty and generous. He has avoided both the grotesque and the heroic, and has kept even his strongest characters well within bounds, too careful about the proportions of the whole to give too much prominence to such well-drawn minor characters as Mrs. Farley Blazer or Raish Porter. The other groups thus subordinated, Octavia Gifford, the leading character, is very clearly set before us. She is a widow whose married life has been so absolutely happy that not even her husband’s death can deprive her of the radiant outlook into life his love has given her. Thus, to come upon the disheartening secret that before he had ever loved her he had passionately wooed another woman (the dead wife of Eugene Oliphant) rouses both rebellion and resentment. She holds Oliphant guilty of having disclosed this cruel truth, and, with the knowledge that she has already attracted him, resolves to punish him. This impulse is both human and feminine, but its slow calculated working-out into premeditated action is neither. In her first enlightenment, while everything tottered, she might in blind rage have longed to punish somebody. But, one ideal lost, the necessity of worship would have led her to reinstate another, and,

cordially liking and enjoying the society of Oliphant as she did, she could not have remained permanently insensible to the signs of his passion, nor, when he disclosed it, have carried out her self-appointed rôle to the end. A woman’s logic is of the heart, not of the head, and the real Octavia would soon have forgiven Oliphant for a fault which she was clear-sighted enough to see he had never actually committed. Thus the catastrophe of the story, instead of being natural and effective, seems to us both faulty and false. It does not impress us as a decree of fate, but of mistaken results of clearly-understood springs of action, which give us pain to realize. The terrible catastrophe of the loss of the Newport boat on the Sound, and the death of little Effie, with all their realistic touches, leave an impression on the mind which must give tone and color to one’s reminiscences of the book. From Mr. Lathrop’s skill in seeing and reporting truly, and from certain very delicate strokes in his sketches of old Thorburn the tutor, Roger Deering, and Mrs. Blazer, we are inclined to predict for him higher successes than he has yet achieved. His young women we do not at all like, except, in a way, Vivian Ware; and the sooner he substitutes a healthier and less forced conception of the opposite sex in place of his present rather Frenchy ideal, the better it will be for the lasting power of his writings.

It is rather a novel motive for a story which George Fleming has chosen in “Vestigia,” and, well treated, might have been very effective. It is an episode in the life of a young man who, having inherited communistic ideas without realizing their meaning to himself, and having thoughtlessly drifted into a club of Red Republicans who make a catspaw of him, is appointed to be the assassin of King Humbert at the next review to be held in Rome. The emotions of a life-loving young fellow who acknowledges the fatal necessity of obedience to the decision of his leader, and at the same time feels a horror of the crime he is to be forced to commit, and an obstinate and growing disbelief not only in its righteousness but its practical efficacy, give room for both feeling and imagination. But, ingeniously contrived although the plot and incidents of “Vestigia” may be, they do not carry sufficient reality along with them to impress the reader. Dino de Rossi will not, we feel sure, be compelled to work out his doom to the bitter end.

Well as so pretty a young fellow may suit pathetic situations, he does not seem born for tragic ones. George Fleming invariably writes with delicacy and taste, with many piquant bits of description thrown in; but this last book, in general execution and pleasingness of detail, ill bears comparison with its predecessors.

"Beatrice Randolph" is a lively story, and, if the reader dismisses the facts, probabilities, and possibilities which the least acquaintance with a daily newspaper forces upon him, it may be called in many respects a very pretty one. With an ocean-cable which is useful for nothing if not to chronicle the movements and engagements of theatrical and operatic artists, it is hardly likely that, even if New York could be hoodwinked as to the identity of one of the greatest *divas* in the world, London and Paris would allow us to remain in the dark. But the fair Beatrice is so bewitching a figure that she is entitled to a fairy-land of her own outside the domain of the prosaic and every-day world. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has done nothing better than his presentation of this heroine, together with her father, who seems a very fair portrait of a Virginian of the old school. Why into this pretty and picturesque little world of ideas he had evoked he should have introduced so unnecessary and so repulsive a character as Jocelyn, we ask with disappointment and even annoyance. This false note mars the whole book, and shows us, alas! so much of the author's work does, a fair opportunity missed.

"Hope's Heart-Bells," in spite of its romantic title, is a very pretty and sensible story of a rural Quaker family, and, besides the pleasant diction of the Friends, preserves their just and kindly spirit and their quiet ways. Now that the Puritan girl has had her turn in literature and almost vanished, no heroine quite so well fulfils the novelist's ideal of an *ingénue* as the Quaker maiden, for her very limitations are an added charm, making her remain forever in great part an unsophisticated child, seeing with the pure, clear eyes of wonder, reverence, and faith. Hope herself is a very attractive creation, and we are glad to have her retain the pretty "thee" and "thy" in her speech to the end of her history.

Just as English papers were lamenting the departure of the good old family ghost, Mrs. Oliphant (for of course "Old Lady Mary" is by Mrs. Oliphant), whose prodigal powers always answer the full

meed of British requirement, has brought back the truant spirit and compelled it to perform a double duty,—to delight the lovers of the shadowy and the mysterious, and at the same time teach a practical lesson to every-day people,—to make their wills in season, not to reward a long life-service with unfaithfulness and ingratitude, but to repay it with substantial houses, money, and lands. A ghost like this, who, unlike the "fat boy," wanting "to make your flesh creep," is a very pretty and attractive ghost with a beautiful white shawl and a long sweeping dress, and lace on its head, and who goes about trying in the most painstaking way to undo the wrongs committed in its earthly life, is a very useful ghost indeed. And it can hardly happen that a pleasing and pretty fable of this kind, which brings home to every reader the blindness and self-indulgence of mortals and a possible after-realization of the meaning of such blindness and self-indulgence, will fail to effect some practical results. There are not enough such ghosts in this world of flesh and blood.

Books Received.

The Elements of Political Economy. By Emile de Laveleye. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Short History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Creators of the Age of Steel. By W. T. Jeans. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Locke's Theory of Knowledge, with a Notice of Berkeley. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., D.L., President of Princeton College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Hessians and the other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War. By Edward J. Lowell. With Maps and Plans. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Creation; or, The Biblical Cosmogony in the Light of Modern Science. By Arnold Guyot, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Due West; or, Round the World in Ten Months. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Unity of Nature. By The Duke of Argyll. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Life and Times of the Right Hon. John Bright. By William Robertson. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, and New York.